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Love-Letters
BETWEEN A
N O B L E M A N
AND HIS
SISTER;
WITH THE
HISTORY
OF THEIR
ADVENTURES.

IN THREE PARTS.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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Love-Letters

BETWEEN

OF A MAN

AND HIS

SISTERS

WITH THE

HISTORY OF



ADVENTURES

IN THE

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OF

THE

The Epistle

*both for dispensing and receiving of Love
as your self. you having all in your Power
for that is acceptable to Women and de-*
THO. CONDON, Esq;

S I R,

HAVING, when I was at *Paris* last Spring, met with a little Book of Letters, call'd, *L'intregue de Philander & Sylvia*, I had a particular Fancy besides my Inclinations to translate it into *English*, which I have done as faithfully as I could; only where he speaks of the Ingratitude of *Cesar* to the King, I have added a Word or two to his Character, that might render it a little more parallel to that of a modern Prince, in our Age; for the rest I have kept close to the *French*.

The Letters are soft and amorous; and besides my Esteem and Obligation to you, I think it no where so proper to address so much tender Passion, as to a Man whom Heaven and Nature has so well form'd

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both for dispensing and receiving of Love as your self, you having all in your Person that is acceptable to Women and desired by Men, and when you please can make your self as absolutely the Joy of the one, as the Envy of the other; to this is join'd a Virtue, such as I believe the World has rarely produc'd in a Man of your Youth, Fortune and Advantages; you have all the Power of the Debauchery of the Age, without the Will; you early saw the Follies of the Town, and the Greatness of your Mind, disdain'd that common Road of living, shunn'd then the foppish Practice; your well-judging Pride chose rather to be singular, and sullenly retire, than herd with that noisy Croud, that eternally fit out Business enough to stock the Town with Wit and Lampoons, and the Stage with Fops, Fools and Cowards: If I might give my real Judgment, you are above Flattery, and one can almost say no good or generous Thing that one cannot justify in you, no Virtue you cannot lay a Claim to; many your Modesty hides from the World, and many more you have, which

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which Envy will not confess; for that just Value you set upon your self, by shunning the publick Haunts, Cabals and Conversations of the Town, in spite of all your Wit and Goodness, gives Occasion for Malice to revenge it self on you a thousand little ways; witness a late mistaken Story of an Amour of yours, so often urg'd with Heat, and told so much to your Disadvantage, by those who have not the Happiness of knowing your true Principles of Honour, your real good Nature, your common Justice, or Sense of Humanity, to be such, as not to be capable of so base, silly and unmannerly a Practice, and so needless and poor a Design: For my part, Sir, I am vain and proud of the Belief, that I have the Capacity and Honour to know and understand your Soul (did I not too well the Story also) and am well assur'd it has not a Grain, not a Thought of so foolish a Principle, so unnecessary and dishonest: And I dare affirm, that since the Imposition of the late Popish Plot upon the Town, there has not so ridiculous and nonsensical a History

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pass'd for authentick with unthinking Man; but you should give 'em leave to rail, since you have so vast Advantages above 'em.

Sir, I would fain think that in the Character of *Philander* there is a great Resemblance of your self as to his Person, and that Part of his Soul that was possess'd with Love: He was a *French Whig*, 'tis true, and a most apparent Traitor, and there, I confess, the Comparison fails extremely; for sure no Man was ever so incorrigible, so harden'd in Toryism as your self, so fearless, so bold, so resolute, and confirm'd in Loyalty; in the height of all Dangers and Threatnings, in the blessed Age of Swearing, and the hopeful Reign of Evidences, you undaunted held forth for the Royal Cause, with such Force of Reason and undeniable Sense, as those that were not converted, at least were startled; and I shall never forget the happy things I have heard you say on that glorious Subject, with a Zeal so fervent, yet so modest and gentle, your Argument so solid, just, so generous and so very hearty, as

has

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has begot you Applauses and Blessings round the Board: A thousand Instances, a History I could write of your Discourses and Acts of Loyalty, but that even your Enemies allow, and I will spare it here, and only say, you are an Honour and a Credit to the Cause that's proud to own you.

In this you are far distant to my amorous Hero; but at least for my own Satisfaction, and that I may believe *Sylvia* truly happy, give me leave to fancy him such a Person as your self; and then I cannot fail of fancying him too, speaking at the Feet of *Sylvia*, pleading his Right of Love with the same Softness in his Eyes and Voice, as you can do when you design to conquer; when e'er you spread your Nets for Game, you need but look abroad, fix and resolve, tho' you, unlike the forward Youth of this Age, so nicely pursue the Quarry, it is not all, or any Game you fly at, not every Bird that comes to Net can please your delicate Appetite; tho' you are young as new Desire, as beautiful as Light, as amorous as a God,

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and waston as a *Cupid*, that smiles, and shoots, and plays, and mischiefs all his fond Hours away: Pray Heaven you be not reserv'd, like our Hero, for some Sister; 'tis an ill Sign when so much Beauty passes daily unregarded, that your Love is reserv'd to an End as malicious as that of our *Philander's*.

Perhaps you'll be out of Humour, and cry, Why the Devil didst thou dedicate the Letters of a Whig to me? But to make you amends, Sir, pray take notice, *Sylvia* is a true Tory in every part; if but to love a Whig be not Crime enough in your Opinion to pall your Appetite, and for which even her Youth and Beauty cannot make an Atonement; Commodity which rarely fails in the Trade of Love, tho' never was so low a Market for Beauty of both Sexes, yet he that's fortify'd and stor'd like happy you, need never fear to find his Price; for Wit and good Humour bear still a Rate, and have an Intrinsic Value, while the other is rated by Opinion, and is at best but a curious Picture, where one and the same
dull

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dull silent Charms make up the Days
while the other is always new, and (to
use your own Expression) is a Book where
one turns over a new Leaf every Minute,
and finds something diverting, in Eternal
new Discoveries; it elevates ones Spirits,
charms the Soul, and improves ones Stock,
for every one has a longer Date of hear-
ing than seeing, and the Eyes are sooner
satiated than the Ear; therefore do not
depend too much on Beauty, 'tis but a
half Conquest you will make when you
shew the Man only, you must prove him
too; give the soft Sex a Sight of your fine
Mind as well as your fine Person; but
you are a lazy Lover, and lye fallow for
want of Industry; you rust your Stock of
hoarded Love, while you gaze only and
return a single Sigher; believe me, Friend,
if you continue to fight at that single
Weapon, there will be no great Store of
Wounds given or taken on either side;
you must speak and write if you would be
happy, since you can do it so infinitely to
purpose; who can be happy without Love?
for me, I never number'd those dull Days
amongst

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amongst those of my Life, in which I had
not my Soul fill'd with that soft Passion.
To love! why 'tis the only Secret in Na-
ture that restores Life to all the Felicities and
Charms of living; and to me there seems
nothing so strange as to see People walk
about, laugh, do the Acts of Life, and
impertinently trouble the World, without
knowing any thing of that soft, that noble
Passion, or without so much as having an
Intrigue or an Amusement, (as the *French*
call it) with any dear She, no real Love
or Concettre; perhaps these Letters may
have the good Fortune to rouse and make
you look into your Heart, turn over your
Store, and lavish out a little to divert the
Toils of Life; you us'd to say, that even
the Fatigues of Love had a vast Pleasure
in 'em; *Philander* was of your Mind, and
I (whose Advice you like that Friend you
have honour'd me with the Title of) have
even prefer'd all the Torments of Love,
before dully living without it. Live then
and love, thou gay, thou glorious young
Man, whom Heaven has blest with all the
Sweets of Life besides; live then and love;
and

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and what's an equal Blessing, live and be
belov'd by some dear Maid, as nobly born
as *Sylvia*, as witty and as gay and soft as
she, (to you, who know no other Want,
no other Blessing) this is the most advan-
tagious one he can wish you, who is,

S I R,

Your obliged, and most

Humble Servant, &c.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

IN the Time of the Rebellion of the true Protestant Hugonots in Paris, under the Conduct of the Prince of Conde (whom we will call Cesar) many illustrious Persons were drawn into the Association, amongst which there was one, whose Quality and Fortune (join'd with his Youth and Beauty) render'd him more elevated in the Esteem of the gay Part of the World than most of that Age. In his tender Tears (unhappily enough) he chanc'd to fall in Love with a Lady, whom we will call Myrtila, who had Charms enough to engage any Heart; she had all the Advantages of Youth and Nature; a Shape excellent; a most agreeable Stature, not too tall, and far from low, delicately proportion'd; her Face a little enclin'd round, soft, smooth and white; her Eyes were blue, a little languishing, and full of Love and Wit; a Mouth curiously made, dimpled, and full of sweetness; Lips round soft, plump and red; white Teeth, firm and even; her Nose a little Roman, and which gave a noble Grace to her lovely Face; her Hair light brown; a Neck and Bosom delicately turn'd, white and rising; her Arms and Hands exactly shap'd; to this a Vivacity of Youth engaging; a Wit quick and flowing; a Humour gay, and an Air unre-

sistibly

The Argument.

astibly charming; and nothing was wanting to complete the Joys of the young Philander, (so we call our amorous Hero) but Myrtilla's Heart, which the illustrious Cesario had before possess'd; however, consulting her Honour and her Interest, and knowing all the Arts as Women do to feign a Tendernefs; she yields to marry him: While Philander, who scorn'd to owe his Happiness to the Commands of Parents, or to chaffer for a Beauty, with her Consent steals her away, and marries her. But see how transitory is a violent Passion; after being satiated, he flights the Prize he had so dearly conquer'd; some say the Change was occasion'd by her too visibly continu'd Love to Cesario; but whatever 'twas, this was most certain, Philander cast his Eyes upon a young Maid, Sister to Myrtilla, a Beauty, whose early Bloom promis'd Wonders when come to Perfection; but I will spare her Picture here, Philander in the following Epistles will often enough present it to your View: He lov'd and languish'd, long before he durst discover his Pain; her being Sister to his Wife, nobly born, and of undoubted Fame, render'd his Passion too criminal to hope for a Return, while the young lovely Sylvia (so we shall call the noble Maid) sigh'd out her Hours in the same Pain and Languishment for Philander, and knew not that 'twas Love, 'till she betraying it innocently to the o'erjoy'd Lover and Brother, he soon taught her to understand 'twas Love----- he pursues it, she permits it, and at last yields, when being discover'd in the criminal Intrigue, she flies with him; he absolutely quits Myrtilla, lives some time in a Village near Paris, call'd St. Denis, with this betray'd Unfortunate, 'till being found out,

and

The Argument.

and like to be apprehended, (one for the Rape, the other for the Flight) she is forc'd to marry a Cadet, a Creature of Philander's, to bear the Name of Husband only to her, while Philander had the intire Possession of her Soul and Body: Still the League went forward, and all things were ready for a War in Paris; but 'tis not my Business here to mix the rough Relation of a War, with the soft Affairs of Love; let it suffice, the Hugonots were defeated, and the King got the Day, and every Rebel lay at the Mercy of his Sovereign. Philander was taken Prisoner, made his Escape to a little Cottage near his own Palace, not far from Paris, writes to Sylvia to come to him, which she does, and in spite of all the Industry to re-seize him, he got away with Sylvia.

After their Flight, these Letters were found in their Cabinets, at their House at St. Denis, where they both liv'd together, for the space of a Year, and they are as exactly as possible plac'd in the Order they were sent, and were those suppos'd to be written towards the latter End of their Amours.

Love-

Love-Letters.

PART I.

To SYLVIA.

THough I parted from you resolv'd to obey your impossible Commands, yet know oh charming *Sylvia*! that after a thousand Conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) reign absolute Monarch in my Soul, and soon banish'd that Tyrant thence. That cruel Counsellor that would suggest to you a thousand fond Arguments to hinder my noble Pursuit; *Sylvia* came in view! her unresistable *Idea*! with all the Charm of blooming Youth, with all the Attractions of Heav'nly Beauty! loose, wanton, gay, all flowing her bright Hair, and languishing her lovely Eyes, her Dress all negligent as when I saw her last, discovering a thousand ravishing Graces, round white small Breasts, delicate Neck, and rising Bosom, heav'd with Sighs she would in vain conceal; and all besides, that nicest Fancy can imagine surprizing——Oh I dare not think on, lest my Desires grow mad and raving; let it suffice, oh adorable *Sylvia*! I think and know enough to justify that Flame in me, which our weak Alliance of Brother and Sister has render'd so criminal; but he that adores *Sylvia*, should do it at an uncommon rate;

'tis not enough to sacrifice a single Heart, to give you a simple Passion, your Beauty should like it self produce wondrous Effects; it should force all Obligations, all Laws, all Ties even of Natures self: You, my lovely Maid, were not born to be obtain'd by the dull Methods of ordinary loving; and 'tis in vain to prescribe me Measures; and oh much more in vain to urge the Nearness of our Relation. What Kin, my charming *Sylvia*, are you to me? No Ties of Blood forbid my Passion? and what's a Ceremony impos'd on Man by Custom? what is it to my divine *Sylvia*, that the Priest took my Hand and gave it to your Sister? What Alliance can that create? Why should a Trick devised by the wary old, only to make Provision for Posterity, tie me to an Eternal Slavery? No, no, my charming Maid, 'tis Nonsense all; let us (born for mightier Joys) scorn the dull *beaten Road*, but let us love like the first Race of Men, nearest ally'd to God, promiscuously they lov'd, and possess'd, Father and Daughter, Brother and Sister met, and reap'd the Joys of Love without Controul, and counted it Religious Coupling, and 'twas encourag'd too by Heav'n it self: Therefore start not (too nice and lovely Maid) at Shadows of things that can but frighten Fools. Put me not off with these Delays; rather say you but dissimbled Love all this while, than now 'tis born, to die again with a poor Fright of Nonsense. A Fit of Honour! a Fantom imaginary, and no more; no, no, represent me to your Soul more favourably, think you see me languishing at your Feet, breathing out my last in Sighs and kind Reproaches, on the pitiless *Sylvia*; reflect when I am dead, which will be the more afflicting Object, the Ghost (as you are pleas'd to call it) of your murder'd Honour, or the pale and bleeding one of

The lost *Philander*.

*I have liv'd a whole Day,
and yet no Letter from Sylvia.*

TO PHILANDER.

OH why will you make me own (oh too importunate *Philander*!) with what Regret I made you promise to prefer my Honour before your Love?

I confess with Blushes, which you might then see kindling in my Face, that I was not at all pleas'd with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wish'd you would obstinately have deny'd Obedience to my just Commands; have pursu'd your criminal Flame, and have left me raving on my Undoing: For when you were gone, and I had Leisure to look into my Heart, alas! I found whether you oblig'd or not, whether Love or Honour were prefer'd, I, unhappy! I, was either way inevitably lost. Oh! what pitiless God, fond of his wondrous Power, made us the Objects of his Almighty Vanity? Oh why were we two made the first Precedents of his new found Revenge? for sure no Brother ever lov'd a Sister with so criminal a Flame before: At least my unexperienc'd Innocence ne'er met with so fatal a Story: And 'tis in vain (my too charming Brother) to make me insensible of our Alliance; to persuade me I am a Stranger to all but your Eyes and Soul.

Alas, your fatally kind Industry is all in vain. You grew up a Brother with me; the Title was fix'd in my Heart, when I was too young to understand your subtle Distinctions, and there it thriv'd and spread; and 'tis now too late to transplant it, or alter its native Property: Who can graft a Flower on a contrary Stalk? The Rose will bear no Tulips, nor the Hyacinth the Poppy, no more will the Brother the Name of Lover. Oh! spoil not the natural Sweetness and Innocence we now retain, by an Endeavour fruitless and destructive; no, no, *Philander*, dress your self in what Charms you will, be powerful as Love can make you in your soft

Argument—yet, oh yet, you are my Brother still,—
But why, oh cruel and eternal Powers, was not *Philander* my Lover before you destin'd him a Brother?
or why, being a Brother, did you, malicious and spiteful
Powers, destine him a Lover! Oh, take either Title
from him, or from me a Life which can render me no
Satisfaction, since your cruel Laws permit it not for
Philander, nor his to bless the now

Unfortunate

Wednesday Morning.

SYLVIA.

TO PHILANDER.

AFTER I had dismiss'd my Page this Morning with
my Letter, I walk'd (fill'd with sad soft Thoughts
of my Brother *Philander*) into the Grove, and com-
manding *Melinda* to retire, who only attended me,
I threw my self down on that Bank of Grass where
we last disputed the dear but fatal Business of our
Souls: Where our Prints (that invited me) still re-
main on the press'd Greens: There with ten thousand
Sighs, with Remembrance of the tender Minutes we
pass'd then, I drew your last Letter from my Bosom,
and often kiss'd and often read it over; but oh, who
can conceive my Torment, when I came to that fatal
Part of it, where you say you gave your Hand to my
Sister? I found my Soul agitated with a thousand diffe-
rent Passions, but all insupportable, all mad and raving;
sometimes I threw my self with Fury on the Ground,
and press'd my panting Heart to the Earth; then rise
in Rage and tear my Heart, and hardly spare that Face
that taught you first to love; then fold my wretched
Arms to keep down rising Sighs that almost rend my
Breast, I traverse swiftly the conscious Grove; with
my distracted show'ring Eyes directed in vain to pity
le

PART I. *Love-Letters.*

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less Heav'n, the lovely silent Shade favouring my Complaints, I cry aloud, Oh God! *Philander's* marry'd, the lovely charming thing for whom I languish is marry'd!—That fatal Word's enough, I need not add to whom. Marry'd's enough to make me curse my Birth, my Youth, my Beauty, and my Eyes that first betray'd me to the undoing Object: Curse on the Charms you have flatter'd, for every fancy'd Grace has help'd my Ruin on; now like Flowers that wither unseen and unpossess'd in Shades, they must die and be no more, they were to no end created, since *Philander's* marry'd: Marry'd! oh Fate, oh Hell, oh Torture and Confusion! Tell me not 'tis to my Sister, that Addition is needless and vain: To make me eternally wretched, there needs no more than that *Philander's* marry'd! than that the Priest gave your Hand away from me; to another, and not to me; tir'd out with Life I need no other Pass-port than this Repetition, *Philander's* marry'd! 'Tis that alone is sufficient to lay in her cold Tomb,

The wretched and despairing

Wednesday Night,
Bellfont.

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

TWICE last Night, oh unfaithful and unloving Sylvia! I sent the Page to the old Place for Letters, but he returned the Object of my Rage, because without the least Remembrance from my fickle Maid: In this Torment, unable to hide my Disorder, I suffered my self to be laid in Bed; where the restless Torments of the Night exceeded those of the Day, and are not even by the Languisher himself to be express'd; but the returning Light brought a short Slumber on it's

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Wings;

Wings; which was interrupted by my atoning Boy, who brought two Letters from my adorable *Sylvia*: He wak'd me from Dreams more agreeable than all my watchful Hours could bring, for they are all tortur'd. — And even the softest mix'd with a thousand Despairs, Difficulties and Disappointments, but these were all Love, which gave a loose to Joys undeny'd by Honour! And this way my charming *Sylvia*, you shall be mine, in spite of all the Tyrannies of that cruel Hinderer; Honour appears not, my *Sylvia*, within the close drawn Curtains, in Shades and gloomy Light the Fantom frights not, but when one beholds its Blushes, when it's attended and adorn'd, and the Sun sees its false Beauties; in silent Groves and Grotto's, dark Alcoves, and lonely Recesses, all its Formalities are laid aside; it was then, and there methought my *Sylvia* yielded, with a faint Struggle and a soft Resistance; I heard her broken Sighs, her tender whispering Voice, that trembling cry'd, — Oh! Can you be so cruel. — Have you the Heart — Will you undo a Maid, because she loves you? Oh! Will you ruin me because you may? — My faithless — My unkind — then sigh'd and yielded, and made me happier than a triumphing God! But this was still a Dream, I wak'd and sigh'd, and found it vanish'd all! But o', my *Sylvia*, your Letters were substantial Pleasure, and pardon your Adorer if he tell you, even the Disorder you express is infinitely dear to him, since he knows it all the Effects of Love; Love, my Soul! which you in vain oppose; pursue it, Dear, and call it not Undoing, or else explain your Fear, and tell me what your soft, your trembling Heart gives that cruel Title to? Is it undoing to love? And love the Man you say has Youth and Beauty to justify that Love? A Man that adores you with so submissive and perfect a Resignation; a Man that did not only love first, but is resolv'd to die in that agreeable Flame; in my Creation I was form'd for Love, and destin'd for my *Sylvia*, and she for her

Philander:

Philander: And shall we, can we disappoint our Fate? No, my soft Charmer, our Souls were touch'd with the same Shafts of Love before they had a Being in our Bodies, and can we contradict Divine Decree?

Or is it undoing, Dear, to bless *Philander* with what you must some time or other sacrifice to some hated, loath'd Object, (for *Sylvia* can never love again;) and are those Treasures for the dull conjugal Lover to rifle? Was the Beauty of Divine Shape created for the cold Matrimonial Embrace? And shall the Eternal Joys that *Sylvia* can dispense, be return'd by the clumsy Husband's careless, forc'd, insipid Duties? Oh, my *Sylvia*, shall a Husband (whose Insensibility will call those Raptures of Joy! Those heavenly blisses! The drudgery of Life) shall he I say receive 'em? While your *Philander*, with the very thought of the Excess of Pleasure the least Possession would afford, faints o'er the Paper that brings here his Eternal Vows.

Oh! where, my *Sylvia*, lies the undoing then? My Quality and Fortune are of the highest Rank amongst Men, my Youth gay and fond, my Soul all soft, all Love; and all *Sylvia*'s! I adore her, I am sick of Love and sick of Life, 'till she yields she is all mine!

You say, my *Sylvia*, I am marry'd, and there my Happiness is shipwreck'd; but *Sylvia*, I deny it, and will not have you think it: No, my Soul was marry'd to yours in its first Creation; and only *Sylvia* is the Wife of my sacred, my everlasting Vows; of my solemn considerate Thoughts, of my ripen'd Judgment, my mature Considerations. The rest are all repented and forgot, like the hasty Follies of unsteady Youth, like Vows breath'd in Anger, and die perjur'd as soon as vented, and unregarded either of Heaven or Man. Oh! why should my Soul suffer for ever, why Eternal Pain for the unheedy short-liv'd Sin of my unwilling Lips? Besides, this fatal thing call'd Wife, this unlucky Sister, this *Myrtilla*, this stop to all my Heav'n, that breeds such fatal Differences in our Affairs, this *Myr-*

tilla, I say, first broke her Marriage Vows to me; I blame her not, nor is it reasonable I should, she saw the young *Cesario*, and lov'd him. *Cesario*, whom the envying World in spite of Prejudice must own, has irresistible Charms, that Godlike Form, that Sweetness in his Face, that Softness in his Eyes and delicate Mouth; and every Beauty besides that Women doat on, and Men envy: That lovely Composition of Man and Angel! with the Addition of his eternal Youth and illustrious Birth, was form'd by Heaven and Nature for universal Conquest! And who can love the charming Hero at a cheaper rate than being undone? And she that would not venture Fame, Honour, and a Marriage Vow for the Glory of the young *Cesario*'s Heart, merits not the noble Victim; Oh! would I could say so much for the young *Philander*, who would run a thousand times more hazards of Life and Fortune for the adorable *Sylvia*, than that amorous Hero ever did for *Myrtilla*, though from that Prince I learn'd some of my Disguises for my Thefts of Love, for he like *Jove* courted in several Shapes; I saw 'em all, and suffer'd the Delusion to pass upon me; for I had seen the lovely *Sylvia*; yes I had seen her, and lov'd her too: But Honour kept me yet Master of my Vows; but when I knew her false, when I was once confirm'd,—when by my own Soul I found the dissembled Passion of hers, when she could no longer hide the Blushes or the Paleness that seiz'd at the Approaches of my disorder'd Rival, when I saw Love dancing in her Eyes, and her false Heart beat with nimble Motions, and soft trembling seiz'd every Limb, at the Approach or Touch of the Royal Lover, then I thought my self no longer oblig'd to conceal my Flame for *Sylvia*; nay, e'er I broke Silence, e'er I discover'd the hidden Treasure of my Heart, I made her Falshood plainer yet: Even the Time and Place of the dear Assignations I discover'd; Certainty! happy Certainty! broke the dull heavy Chain, and I with Joy submitted to my shameful Freedom, and caress'd my
gene-

generous Rival; nay, and by Heav'n I lov'd him for't, pleas'd at the resemblance of our Souls, for we were secret Lovers both, but more pleas'd that he lov'd *Myrtilla*, for that made way to my Passion for the adorable *Sylvia*!

Let the dull, hot-brain'd, jealous Fool upbraid me with cold Patience: Let the fond Coxcomb, whose Honour depends on the frail Marriage Vow, reproach me, or tell me that my Reputation depends on the feeble Constancy of a Wife, persuade me it is Honour to fight for an unretreivable and unvalu'd Prize, and that because my Rival has taken leave to Cuckold me, I shall give him leave to kill me too; unreasonable Nonsense grown to Custom. No, by Heav'n! I had rather *Myrtilla* should be false, (as she is) than wish and languish for the happy Occasion; the Sin's the same, only the Act's more generous: Believe me, my *Sylvia*, we have all false Notions of Virtue and Honour, and surely this was taken up by some despairing Husband in Love with a fair Jilting Wife, and then I pardon him; I should have done as much: For only she that has my Soul can engage my Sword, she that I love and my self, only commands and keeps my Stock of Honour: For *Sylvia*! the Charming, the Distracting *Sylvia*! I could fight for a Glance or Smile, expose my Heart for her dearer Fame, and wish no Recompence, but breathing out my last Gasps into her soft, white, delicate Bosom. But for a Wife! that Stranger to my Soul, and whom we wed for Interest and Necessity,—A Wife, a light, loose, unregarding Property, who for a momentary Appetite will expose her Fame, without the noble End of loving on; she that will abuse my Bed, and yet return again to the loath'd conjugal Embrace, back to the Arms so hated, that even strong Fancy of the absent Youth belov'd, cannot so much as render supportable. Curse on her, and yet she kisses, fawns and dissembles on, hangs on his Neck, and makes the Sot believe:—Damn her, Brute; I'll whistle'r off,

and let her down the Wind, as *Othello* says. No, I adore the Wife, that when the Heart is gone, boldly and nobly pursues the Conqueror, and generously owns the Whore, — Not poorly adds the nauseous Sin of Jilting to't: That I could have born, at least commended; but this can never pardon; at worst then the World had said her Passion had undone her, she lov'd, and Love at worst is worthy of Pity. No, no, *Myrtilla*, I forgive your Love, but never can your poor Diffimulation. One drives you but from the Heart you value not, but t'other to my eternal Contempt. One deprives me but of thee, *Myrtilla*, but t'other entitles me to a Beauty more surprizing, renders thee no Part of me; and so leaves the Lover free to *Sylvia*, without the Brother.

Thus, my excellent Maid, I have sent you the Sense and Truth of my Soul, in an Affair you have often hinted to me, and I take no Pleasure to remember: I hope you will at least think my Aversion reasonable; and that being thus undisputably freed from all Obligations to *Myrtilla* as a Husband, I may be permitted to lay Claim to *Sylvia*, as a Lover, and marry my self more effectually by my everlasting Vows, than the Priest by his common Method could do to any other Woman less belov'd, there being no other way at present left by Heav'n, to render me *Sylvia's*

Eternal happy Lover, and

I die to see you.

PHILANDER.

TO SYLVIA.

WHEN I had sealed the inclosed, *Brilliard* told me you were this Morning come from *Bellfont*, and with infinite Impatience have expected seeing you here; which deferr'd my sending this to the old Place; and

and I am so vain (oh adorable *Sylvia*!) as to believe my fancy'd Silence has given you Disquiets; but sure, my *Sylvia* could not charge me with Neglect; no, she knows my Soul, and lays it all on Chance, or some strange Accident, she knows no Business could divert me. No, were the Nation sinking, the great Senate of the World confounded, our glorious Designs betray'd and ruin'd, and the vast City all in Flames; like *Nero*, unconcern'd, I would sing my everlasting Song of Love to *Sylvia*; which no Time or Fortune shall untune. I know my Soul, and all its Strength, and how it is fortify'd, the charming *Idea* of my young *Sylvia* will for ever remain there; the Original may fade, Time may render it less fair, less blooming in my Arms, but never in my Soul; I shall find thee there the same gay glorious Creature that first surprized and enslaved me, believe me, ravishing Maid, I shall. Why then, oh why, my cruel *Sylvia*! are my Joys delay'd? why am I by your rigorous Commands kept from the Sight of my Heav'n, my eternal Bliss? An Age, my fair Tormentor's, past; four tedious live-long Days are number'd o'er, since I beheld the Object of my lasting Vows, my eternal Wishes; how can you think, oh unreasonable *Sylvia*! that I could live so long without you? and yet I am alive I find it by my Pain, by Torments of Fears and Jealousies insupportable; I languish and go downward to the Earth; where you will shortly see me laid without your recalling Mercy. 'Tis true I move about this unregarded World, appear every Day in the great Senate-House, at Clubs, Cabals, and private Consultations; (for *Sylvia* knows all the Business of my Soul, even its Politicks of State as well as Love) I say I appear indeed, and give my Voice in publick Business; but oh my Heart more kindly is employ'd, that and my Thoughts are *Sylvia's*! ten thousand times a Day I breath that Name, my busie Fingers are eternally tracing out those six mystick Letters; a thousand Ways on every thing I touch, form
Words,

Words, and make them speak a thousand Things, and all are *Sylvia* still; my melancholy Change is evident to all that see me, which they interpret many mistaken ways; our Party fancy I repent my League with them, and doubting I'll betray the Cause, grow jealous of me, till by new Oaths, new Arguments, I confirm them; then they smile all, and cry I am in Love; and this they would believe, but that they see all Women that I meet or converse with are indifferent to me, and so can fix it no where; for none can guess it *Sylvia*; thus while I dare not tell my Soul, no not even to *Cesario*, the stifled Flame burns inward, and torments me so, that (unlike the thing I was) I fear *Sylvia* will lose her Love, and Lover too; for those few Charms she said I had, will fade, and this fatal Distance will destroy both Soul and Body too; my very Reason will abandon me, and I shall rave to see thee; restore me, oh restore me then to *Bellfont*, happy *Bellfont*, still blest with *Sylvia's* Presence! permit me, oh permit me into those sacred Shades, where I have been so often (too innocently) blest! Let me survey again the dear Character of *Sylvia* on the smooth Birch; oh when shall I sit beneath those Boughs, gazing on the young Goddess of the Grove, hearing her sigh for Love, touching her glowing small white Hands, beholding her killing Eyes languish, and her charming Bosom rise and fall with short-breath'd uncertain Breath; Breath as soft and sweet as the restoring Breeze that glides o'er the new-blown Flowers: But oh what is it? What Heav'n of Perfumes, when it inclines to the ravish'd *Philander*, and whispers Love, it dares not name aloud?

What Power with-holds me then from rushing on thee, from pressing thee with Kisses; folding thee in my transported Arms, and following all the Dictates of Love without Respect or Awe! What is it, oh my *Sylvia*, can detain a Love so violent and raving, and so wild; admit me, sacred Maid, admit me again to those soft Delights, that I may find, if possible, what Di-

vinity

vinity (envious of my Bliss) checks my eager Joys, my raging Flame; while you too make an Experiment (worth the Trial) what 'tis makes *Sylvia* deny her

Impatient Adorer,

PHILANDER.

My Page is ill, and I am oblig'd to trust Brilliard with these to the dear Cottage of their Rendezvous; send me your Opinion of his Fidelity: And ah! remember I die to see you.

To PHILANDER.

NOT yet? — not yet? oh ye dull tedious Hours when will you glide away? and bring that happy Moment on, in which I shall at least hear from my *Philander*; eight and forty tedious ones are past, and I am here forgotten still; forlorn, impatient, restless every where; not one of all your little Moments (ye undiverting Hours) can afford me Repose; I drag ye on, a heavy Load; I count ye all, and bless ye when you are gone; but tremble at the approaching ones, and with a Dread expect you; and nothing will divert me now; my Couch is tiresome, and my Glass is vain; my Books are dull, and Conversation insupportable; the Grove affords me no Relief; nor even those Birds to whom I have so often breath'd *Philander's* Name, they sing it on their perching Boughs; no nor the reviewing of his dear Letters, can bring me any Ease. Oh what Fate is reserved for me! For thus I cannot live; nor surely thus I shall not die. Perhaps *Philander's* making a Trial of Virtue by this Silence. Pursue it, call up all your Reason, my lovely Brother, to your Aid, let us be wise and silent, let us try what that

•will

will do towards the Cure of this too infectious Flame; let us, oh let us, my Brother, sit down here, and pursue the Crime of Loving on no farther. Call me Sister—Swear I am so, and nothing but your Sister: And forbear, oh forbear, my charming Brother, to pursue me farther with your soft bewitching Passion; let me alone, let me be ruin'd with Honour, if I must be ruin'd.—For oh! 'twere much happier I were no more, than that I should be more than *Philander's* Sister; or he than *Sylvia's* Brother: Oh let me ever call you by that cold Name, 'till that of Lover be forgotten:—Ha!—Methinks on the sudden a fit of Virtue informs my Soul, and bids me ask you for what Sin of mine, my charming Brother, you still pursue a Maid that cannot fly: Ungenerous and unkind! why did you take advantage of those Freedoms I gave you as a Brother? I smil'd on you, and sometimes kiss'd you too;—But for my Sister's sake, I play'd with you, suffer'd your Hands and Lips to wander where I dare not now; all which I thought a Sister might allow a Brother, and knew not all the while the Treachery of Love: Oh none, but under that intimate Title of a Brother, could have had the Opportunity to have ruin'd me; that, that betray'd me; I play'd away my Heart at a Game I did not understand; nor knew I when 'twas lost, by degrees so subtle, and an Authority so lawful, you won me out of all. Nay then too, even when all was lost, I would not think it Love. I wonder'd what my sleepless Nights, my waking eternal Thoughts, and slumbring Visions of my lovely Brother meant: I wonder'd why my Soul was continually fill'd with Wishes and new Desires; and still concluded 'twas for my Sister all, 'till I discover'd the Cheat by Jealousie; for when my Sister hung upon your Neck, kiss'd, and caress'd that Face that I ador'd, oh how I found my Colour change, my Limbs all trembled, and my Blood inrag'd, and I could scarce forbear reproaching you; or crying out, Oh why this Fondness, Brother? Some-

times

times you perceiv'd my Concern, at which you'd smile; for you who had been before in Love, (a Curse upon the fatal time) could guess at my Disorder; then would you turn the wanton play on me: When sullen with my Jealousie and the Cause, I fly your soft Embrace, yet wish you would pursue and overtake me, which you ne'er fail'd to do, where after a kind Quarrel all was pardon'd, and all was well again: While the poor injur'd Innocent, my Sister, made her self sport at our delusive Wars; still I was ignorant, 'till you in a most fatal Hour inform'd me I was a Lover. Thus was it with my Heart in those blest Days of Innocence; thus it was won and lost; nor can all my Stars in Heav'n prevent, I doubt prevent my Ruin. Now you are sure of the fatal Conquest, you scorn the trifling Glory, you are silent now; oh I am inevitably lost, or with you, or without you: And I find by this little Silence and Absence of yours, that 'tis most certain I must either die, or be *Philander's*

SYLVIA.

If Dorillus come not with a Letter, or that my Page, whom I have sent to his Cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot support my Life: for oh, Philander, I have a thousand wild distracting Fears, knowing how you are involv'd in the Interest you have espous'd with the young Cesario: How Danger surrounds you, how your Life and Glory depends on the frail Secresie of Villains and Rebels: Oh give me leave to fear eternally your Fame and Life, if not your Love; if Sylvia could command, Philander should be Loyal as he's Noble; and what generous Maid would not suspect his Vows to a Mistress, who breaks 'em with his Prince and Master! Heaven preserve you and your Glory.

To

TO PHILANDER.

ANother Night, oh Heav'ns, and yet no Letter come! Where are you, my *Philander*? What happy Place contains you! If in Heaven, why does not some posting Angel bid me haste after you? if on Earth, why does not some little God of Love bring the grateful Tidings on his painted Wings! if sick, why does not my own fond Heart by sympathy inform me? But that is all active, vigorous, wishing, impatient of delaying, silent, and busie in Imagination: If you are false, if you have forgotten your poor believing and distracted *Sylvia*, why does not that kind Tyrant Death, that meager welcome Vision of the despairing, old and wretched, approach in dead of Night, approach my restless Bed, and tole the dismal Tidings in my frighted listning Ears, and strike me for ever silent, lay me for ever quiet, lost to the World, lost to my faithless Charmer! But if a sense of Honour in you has made you resolve to prefer mine before your Love, made you take up a noble fatal Resolution never to tell me more of your Passion; this were a Trial, I fear my fond Heart wants Courage to bear; or is it a Trick, a cold Fit only assum'd to try how much I love you? I have no Arts, Heav'n knows, no Guile or double Meaning in my Soul, 'tis all plain native Simplicity, fearful and timorous as Children in the Night, trembling as Doves pursu'd; born soft by Nature, and made tender by Love; what, oh! what will become of me then? Yet would I were confirm'd in all my Fears: For as I am, my Condition is yet more deplorable; for I'm in doubt, and Doubt is the worst Torment of the Mind: Oh *Philander*, be merciful, and let me know the worst; do not be cruel while you kill, do it with Pity to the wretched *Sylvia*; oh let me quickly know whether you are at all, or are the most impatient and unfortunate

*I rave, I die for
some Relief.*

SYLVIA'S.
To

TO PHILANDER.

AS I was going to send away this enclos'd, *Dorillus* came with two Letters; oh, you cannot think, *Philander*, with how much Reason you call me fickle Maid; for could you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unresolv'd between violent Love, and cruel Honour, you would say 'twere impossible to fix me any where; or be the same thing for a Moment together: There is not a short Hour pass'd thro' the swift Hand of Time, since I was all despairing, raging Love, jealous, fearful and impatient; and now, now that your fond Letters have dispers'd those Demons, those tormenting Counsellors, and given a little Respite, a little Tranquillity to my Soul; like States luxurious grown with Ease, it ungratefully rebels against the Sovereign Power that made it great and happy; and now that Traitor Honour heads the Mutineers within; Honour, whom my late mighty Fears had almost famish'd and brought to nothing, warm'd and reviv'd by thy new protected Flame, makes War against Almighty Love! and I, who but now nobly resolv'd for Love, by an Inconstancy natural to my Sex, or rather my Fears, am turn'd over to Honour's Side: So the despairing Man stands on the River's Bank, design'd to plunge into the rapid Stream, 'till Coward-Fear seizing his timorous Soul, he views around once more the flowery Plains, and looks with wishing Eyes back to the Groves, then sighing stops, and cries, I was too rash, forsakes the dangerous Shore, and hastes away. Thus indiscreet was I, was all for Love, fond and undoing Love! But when I saw it with full Tide flow in upon me, one Glance of glorious Honour makes me again retreat. I will — I am resolv'd — and must be brave! I cannot forget I am Daughter to the great *Beralti*, and Sister to *Myrtilla*, a yet unspotted Maid, fit to produce a Race of glorious Hero's! And can

Philan.

Philander's Love set no higher Value on me than base poor Prostitution? Is that the price of his Heart?— Oh how I hate thee now! or would to Heaven I could. —Tell me not, thou charming Beguiler, that *Myrtilla* was to blame; was it a Fault in her, and will it be Virtue in me? And can I believe the Crime that made her lose your Heart, will make me Mistress of it? No, if by any Action of hers the noble House of the *Beralti* be dishonour'd, by all the Actions of my Life it shall receive Additions of Lustre and Glory! Nor will I think *Myrtilla's* Virtue lessen'd for your mistaken Opinion of it, and she may be as much in vain pursu'd, perhaps, by the Prince *Cesario*, as *Sylvia* shall be by the young *Philander*: The envying World talks loud, 'tis true; but oh, if all were true that busie Babbler says, what Lady has her Fame? What Husband is not a Cuckold? Nay, and a Friend to him that made him so? And it is in vain, my too subtle Brother, you think to build the Trophies of your Conquests on the Ruin of both *Myrtilla's* Fame and mine: Oh how dear would your inglorious Passion cost the great unfortunate House of the *Beralti*, while you poorly ruin the Fame of *Myrtilla*, to make way to the Heart of *Sylvia*! Remember, oh remember once your Passion was as violent for *Myrtilla*, and all the Vows, Oaths, Protestations, Tears and Prayers you make and pay at my Feet, are but the faint Repetitions, the feeble Echo's of what you sigh'd out at hers. Nay, like young *Paris* fled with the fair Prize; your fond, your eager Passion made it a Rape. Oh perfidious! —Let me not call it back to my remembrance. — Oh let me die, rather than call to mind a Time so fatal; when the lovely false *Philander* vow'd his Heart, his faithless Heart away to any Maid but *Sylvia*: — Oh let it not be possible for me to imagine his dear Arms ever grasping any Body with Joy but *Sylvia*! And yet they did, with Transports of Love! Yes, yes, you lov'd! by Heaven you lov'd this false, this perfidious

dious *Myrtilla*; for false she is; you lov'd her, and I'll have it so; nor shall the Sister in me plead her Cause. She is false beyond all Pardon; for you are beautiful as Heav'n it self can render you; a Shape exactly form'd, not too low, nor too tall, but made to beget soft Desire and everlasting Wishes in all that look on you; but your Face! your lovely Face! inclining to round, large piercing languishing black Eyes, delicate proportion'd Nose, charming dimpled Mouth, plump red Lips, inviting and swelling, white Teeth, small and even, fine Complexion, and a beautiful Turn! All which you had an Art to order in so ingaging a manner that it charm'd all the Beholders, both Sexes were undone with looking on you; and I have heard a witty Man of your Party swear your Face gain'd more to the League and Association than the Cause, and has curs'd a thousand times the false *Myrtilla*, for preferring *Cesario* (less beautiful) to the adorable *Philander*; to add to this Heav'n! how you spoke, when e'er you spoke of Love! in that you far surpass'd the young *Cesario*! as young as he, almost as great and glorious; oh perfidious *Myrtilla*, oh false, oh foolish and ingrate!—That you abandon'd her was just, she was not worth retaining in your Heart, nor could be worth defending with your Sword:—But grant her false; oh *Philander*! How does her Perfidy intitle you to me? False as she is, you still are married to her; inconstant as she is, she is still your Wife; and no Breach of the Nuptial Vow can untie the fatal Knot; and that is a Mystery to common Sense; sure she was born for Mischief; and Fortune, when she gave her you, design'd the Ruin of us all; but most particularly

The Unfortunate

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

MY Soul's eternal Joy, my *Sylvia*! what have you done, and oh how durst you, knowing my fond Heart, try it with so fatal a Stroke? What means this severe Letter? and why so eagerly at this time? Oh the Day! Is *Myrtilla's* Virtue so defended? Is it a Question now whether she is false or not? Oh poor, oh frivolous Excuse! You love me not; by all that's good, you love me not; to try your Power you have flatter'd and feign'd, oh Woman! false charming Woman! you have undone me, I rave and shall commit such Extravagance that will ruin both: I must upbraid you, fickle and inconstant, I must, and this Distance will not serve, 'tis too great; my Reproaches lose their Force; I burst with Resentment, with injur'd Love; and you are either the most faithless of your Sex, or the most malicious and tormenting: Oh I am past Tricks, my *Sylvia*, your little Arts might do well in a beginning Flame, but to a settled Fire that is arriv'd to the highest degree, it does but damp its Fierceness, and instead of drawing me on, would lessen my Esteem, if any such Deceit were capable to harbour in the Heart of *Sylvia*; but she is all Divine, and I am mistaken in the meaning of what she says. Oh my Adorable, think no more on that dull false thing a Wife; let her be banish'd thy Thoughts, as she is my Soul; let her never appear, though but in a Dream, to fright our solid Joys, or true Happiness; no, let us look forward to Pleasures vast and unconfin'd, to coming Transports, and leave all behind us that contributes not to that Heav'n of Bliss: Remember, oh *Sylvia*, that five tedious Days are past since I sigh'd at your dear Feet; and five Days, to a Man so madly in Love as your *Philander*, is a tedious Age; 'tis now six a Clock in the Morning, *Brilliard* will be with you by eight, and by ten I may have your Permission to see you, and then

then I need not say how soon I will present my self before you at *Bellfont*; for Heav'n's sake, my eternal Blessing, if you design me this Happiness, contrive it so, that I may see no body that belongs to *Bellfont*, but the fair, the lovely *Sylvia*; for I must be more Moments with you, than will be convenient to be taken Notice of, lest they suspect our Business to be Love, and that Discovery, yet may ruin us. Oh! I will delay no longer, my Soul is impatient to see you, I cannot live another Night without it; I die, by Heav'n, I languish for the appointed Hour; you will believe, when you see my languid Face, and dying Eyes, how much and great a Sufferer in Love I am.

My Soul's Delight, you may perhaps deny me from your Fear; but oh, do not, though I ask a mighty Blessing; *Sylvia's* Company alone, silent, and perhaps by Dark: — Oh tho' I faint with the Thought only of so bless'd an Opportunity, yet you shall secure me, by what Vows, what Imprecations or Ties you please; bind my busie Hands, blind my ravish'd Eyes, command my Tongue, do what you will; but let me hear your Angel's Voice, and have the transported Joy of throwing my self at your Feet; and if you please, give me leave (a Man condemn'd eternally to Love) to plead a little for my Life and Passion; let me remove your Fears; and tho' that mighty Task never make me intirely happy, at least it will be a great Satisfaction to me to know, that 'tis not thro' my own Fault that I am the

Most Wretched

PHILANDER.

I have order'd *Brilliard* to wait your Commands at *Dorillus's* Cottage, that he may not be seen at *Bellfont*: Resolve to see me to Night, or I shall come without Order, and injure both: My dear damn'd Wife is dispos'd of at a Ball *Cesario* makes to Night; the Opportunity will be lucky, not that I fear her Jealousie; but the Effects of it.

To PHILANDER.

I Tremble with the Apprehension of what you ask: How shall I comply with your fond Desires? My Soul bodes some dire Effect of this bold Enterprise, for I must own (and blush while I do own it) that my Soul yields Obedience to your soft Request, and even whilst I read your Letter, was diverted with the Contrivance of seeing you: For though, as my Brother, you have all the Freedoms imaginable at *Bellfont* to entertain and walk with me, yet it would be difficult and prejudicial to my Honour, to receive you alone any where without my Sister, and cause a Suspicion, which all about me now are very far from conceiving, except *Melinda*, my faithful Confident, and too fatal Counsellor; and but for this fear, I know, my charming Brother, three little Leagues should not five long Days separate *Philander* from his *Sylvia*: But, my lovely Brother, since you beg it so earnestly, and my Heart consents so easily, I must pronounce my own Doom, and say, Come, my *Philander*, whither Love or soft Desire invites you; and take this Direction in the Management of this mighty Affair. I would have you, as soon as this comes to your Hands, to haste to *Dorillus's* Cottage, without your Equipage, only *Brilliard*, whom I believe you may trust both from his own Discretion, and your vast Bounties to him; wait there 'till you receive my Commands, and I will retire betimes to my Apartment, pretending not to be well; and as soon as the Evening's Obscurity will permit, *Melinda* shall let you in at the *Garden Gate*, that is next the *Grove*, unseen and unsuspected; but oh, thou powerful Charmer, have a care, I trust you with my All: My dear, dear, my precious Honour, guard it well; for oh I fear my Forces are too weak to stand your shock of Beauties; you have Charms enough to justify my yielding; but yet, by Heav'n, I would not

for

for an Empire: But what is dull Empire to Almighty Love? The God subdues the Monarch; 'tis to your Strength I trust, for I am a feeble Woman; a Virgin quite disarm'd by two fair Eyes, an Angel's Voice and Form; but yet I'll die before I'll yield my Honour; no, though our unhappy Family have met Reproach from the imagined Levity of my Sister, 'tis I'll redeem the bleeding Honour of our Family, and my great Parents Virtues shall shine in me; I know it, for if it passes this Test, if I can stand this Temptation, I am Proof against all the World; but I conjure you aid me if I need it: If I incline but in a languishing Look, if but a Wish appear in my Eyes, or I betray Consent but in a Sigh; take not, oh take not the Opportunity, lest when you have done I grow raging mad, and discover all in the wild Fit. Oh who would venture on an Enemy with such unequal Force? What hardy Fool would hazard all at Sea, that sees the rising Storm come rouling on? Who but fond Woman, giddy heedless Woman, would thus expose her Virtue to Temptation? I see, I know my Danger yet I must permit it: Love, soft bewitching Love will have it so, that cannot deny what my feeble Honour forbids; and though I tremble with Fear, yet Love suggests, it will be an Age to Night: I long for my Undoing; for oh I cannot stand the Batteries of your Eyes and Tongue; these Fears, these Conflicts I have a thousand times a Day; it is pitiful sometimes to see me, on one Hand a thousand *Cupids* all gay and smiling present *Philander* with all the Beauties of his Sex, with all the Softness in his Looks and Language those Gods of Love, can inspire, with all the Charms of Youth adorn'd, bewitching all, and all transporting; on the other Hand, a poor lost Virgin languishing and undone, sighing her willing Rape to the deaf Shades and Fountains, filling the Woods with Cries, swelling the murmuring Rivulets with Tears, her noble Parents with a generous Rage reviling her, and her betray'd

Sister loading her bow'd Head with Curses and Reproaches, and all about her looking forlorn and sad. Judge, oh judge, my adorable Brother, of the Vastness of my Courage and Passion, when even this deplorable Prospect cannot defend me from the Resolution of giving you Admittance into my Apartment this Night, nor shall ever drive you from the Soul of your

SYLVIA.

TO SYLVIA.

I Have obey'd my *Sylvia's* dear Commands, and the Dictates of my own impatient Soul; as soon as I receiv'd them, I immediately took Horse for *Bellfont*, tho' I knew I should not see my Adorable *Sylvia* 'till Eight or Nine at Night; but oh 'tis wondrous Pleasure to be so much more near my eternal Joy; I wait at *Dorillus's* Cottage the tedious approaching Night that must shelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a Pleasure I faint but with imagining; 'tis now, my lovely Charmer, Three a Clock, and oh how many tedious Hours I am to languish here before the blessed One arrive! I know you love, my *Sylvia*, and therefore must guess at some part of my Torment, which yet is mix'd with a certain trembling Joy not to be imagin'd by any but *Sylvia*, who surely loves *Philander*; if there be Truth in Beauty, Faith in Youth, she surely loves him much; and much more above her Sex she is capable of Love, by how much more her Soul is form'd of a softer and more delicate Composition; by how much more her Wit's refin'd and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more she is oblig'd; if Passion can claim Passion in return, sure no Beauty was ever so much indebted to a Slave, as *Sylvia* to *Philander*; none ever lov'd like me! Judge then my Pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience

patience and Desires; and call me to your sacred Presence with all the speed of Love, and as soon as it is duskish, imagine me in the Meadow behind the Grove, 'till when think me employ'd in eternal Thoughts of *Sylvia*; restless, and talking to the Trees of *Sylvia*, sighing her charming Name, circling with folded Arms my panting Heart, (that beats and trembles the more, the nearer it approaches the happy *Bellfont*) and fortifying the feeble Trembler against a Sight so ravishing and surprizing; I fear to be sustain'd with Life, but if I faint in *Sylvia*'s Arms, it will be happier far than all the Glories of Life without her.

Send, my Angel, something from you to make the Hours less tedious: consider me, love me, and be as impatient as I, that you may the sooner find at your Feet your everlasting Lover,

PHILANDER.

From Dorillus's Cottage.

To PHILANDER.

I Have at last recover'd Sense enough to tell you, I have receiv'd your Letter by *Dorillus*, and which had like to have been discover'd; for he prudently enough put it under the Strawberries he brought me in a Basket, fearing he should get no other Opportunity to have given it me; and my Mother seeing them look so fair and fresh, snatch'd the Basket with a Greediness I have not seen in her before; while she was calling to her Page for a Porcellane Dish to put them out, *Dorillus* had an Opportunity to hint to me what lay at the Bottom: Heav'ns! had you seen my Disorder and Confusion; what should I do? Love had not one Invention in store, and here it was that all the Subtilty of Women abandon'd me. Oh Heav'ns, how cold and pale I grew, lest the most important Bu-

finess of my Life should be betray'd and ruin'd! but
 not to terrify you longer with Fears of my Danger,
 the Dish came, and out the Strawberries were pour'd,
 and the Basket thrown aside on the Bank where my
 Mother sat, (for we were in the Garden when we met
 accidentally *Dorillus* first with the Basket;) there were
 some Leaves of Fern put at the Bottom between the
 Basket and Letter, which by good Fortune came not
 out with the Strawberries, and after a Minute or two
 I took up the Basket, and walking carelessly up and
 down the Garden, gather'd here and there a Flower,
 Pinks and Jessamine, and filling my Basket, sat down
 again 'till my Mother had eat her Fill of the Fruit, and
 gave me an Opportunity to retire to my Apartment,
 where opening the Letter, and finding you so near,
 and waiting to see me, I had certainly sunk down on
 the Floor, had not *Melinda* supported me, who was
 only by; something so new, and 'till now so strange,
 seiz'd me at the Thought of so secret an Interview,
 that I lost all my Senses, and Life wholly departing,
 I rested on *Melinda* without Breath or Motion; the
 violent Effects of Love and Honour, the impetuous
 meeting Tides of the Extrems of Joy and Fear, rush-
 ing on too suddenly, overwhelm'd my Senses; and it
 was a pretty while before I recover'd Strength to get
 to my Cabinet, where a second time I open'd your
 Letter, and read it again with a thousand Changes of
 Countenance; my whole Mass of Blood was in that
 Moment so compos'd, that I chang'd from an Ague
 to a Fever several times in a Minute: Oh what will
 all this bring me to? And where will the raging Fit
 end? I die with that Thought, my guilty Pen slackens
 in my trembling Hand, and I languish and fall over
 the un-employ'd Paper; — Oh help me, some Di-
 vinity, — Or if you did, — I fear I should be an-
 gry: Oh *Philander*! a thousand Passions and distracted
 Thoughts croud to get out, and make their soft Com-
 plaints to thee; but oh they lose themselves with mix-
 ing;

ing; they are blended in a Confusion together, and Love nor Art can divide them, to deal them out in Order; sometimes I would tell you of my Joy at your Arrival, and my unspeakable Transports at the thought of seeing you so soon, that I shall hear your charming Voice, and find you at my Feet making soft Vows anew, with all the Passion of an impatient Lover, with all the Eloquence that Sighs and Cries, and Tears from those lovely Eyes can express; and sure that is enough to conquer any where, and to which coarse vulgar Words are dull. The Rhetorick of Love is half-breath'd, interrupted Words, languishing Eyes, flattering Speeches, broken Sighs, pressing the Hand, and falling Tears: Ah how do they not persuade, how do they not charm and conquer; 'twas thus, with these soft easy Arts, that *Sylvia* first was won; for sure no Arts of speaking could have talked my Heart away, though you can speak like any God: Oh whither am I driven? What do I say? 'Twas not my Purpose, not my Business here, to give a Character of *Philander*, no nor to speak of Love; but oh! like *Cowley's* Lute, my Soul will sound to nothing but to Love: Talk what you will, begin what Discourse you please, I end it all in Love, because my Soul is ever fix'd on *Philander*, and insensibly its Bias leads to that Subject; no, I did not, when I began to write, think of speaking one Word of my own Weakness, but to have told you with what resolv'd Courage, Honour and Virtue, I expect your coming; and sure so sacred a thing as Love was not made to ruin these, and therefore in vain, my lovely Brother, you will attempt it; and yet, oh Heav'ns! I gave a private Assignation, in my Apartment, alone and at Night; where Silence, Love and Shades, are all your Friends, where Opportunity obliges your Passion, while, Heav'n knows, not one of all these, nor any kind Power, is Friend to me; I shall be left to you and all these Tyrants expos'd, without other Guards than this boasted Virtue, which

which had need be wondrous to resist all these powerful Enemies of its Purity and Repose. Alas I know not its Strength, I never try'd it yet; and this will be the first time it has ever been expos'd to your Power; the first time I ever had Courage to meet you as a Lover, and let you in by stealth, and put my self unguarded into your Hands: Oh I die with the Apprehension of approaching Danger! and yet I have not Power to retreat; I must on, Love compels me, Love holds me fast; the smiling Flatterer promises a thousand Joys, a thousand ravishing Minutes of Delight; all innocent and harmless as his Mother's Doves: But oh they bill and kiss, and do a thousand things I must forbid *Philander*; for I have often heard him say with Sighs, that his Complexion render'd him less capable of the soft Play of Love, than any other Lover: I have seen him fly my very Touches, yet swear they were the greatest Joy on Earth: I tempt him even with my Looks from Virtue; and when I ask the Cause, or cry he is cold, he Vows 'tis because he dares not endure my Temptations; says his Blood runs hotter and fiercer in his Veins than any others does; nor has the oft repeated Joys reap'd in the Marriage Bed, anything abated that which he wish'd, but he fear'd would ruin me: Thus, thus whole Days we have sat, and gaz'd, and sigh'd; but durst not trust our Virtues with fond Dalliance.

My Page is come to tell me that Madam the Dutchess of ~~---~~ is come to *Bellfont*, and I am oblig'd to quit my Cabinet, but with infinite Regret, being at present much more to my Soul's Content employ'd; but Love must sometimes give place to *Devoir*, and Respect. *Dorillus* too waits, and tells *Melinda* he will not depart without something for his Lord, to entertain him till the happy Hour. The Rustick pleas'd me with the Concern he had for my *Philander*; oh my charming Brother, you have an Art to tame even Savages, a Tongue that would charm and engage

which

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Wildness it self, to Softness and Gentleness, and give the rough unthinking, Love; 'tis a tedious time to Night, how shall I pass the Hours?

TO SYLVIA.

SAY, fond Love, whither wilt thou lead me? Thou hast brought me from the noisie Hurries of the Town, to charming Solitude; from crouded Cabals, where mighty Things are resolving, to lonely Groves; to thy own Abodes where thou dwell'st; gay and pleas'd amongst the Rural Swains in shady homely Cottages; thou hast brought me to a Grove of Flowers, to the Brink of purling Streams, where thou hast laid me down to contemplate on *Sylvia*, to think my tedious Hours away in the softest Imagination a Soul inspir'd by Love can conceive; to increase my Passion by every thing I behold; for every Sound that meets the Sense is thy proper Musick, oh Love, and every thing inspires thy Dictates; the Winds around me blow soft, and mixing with wanton Boughs, continually play and kiss; while those, like a coy Maid in Love, resist, and comply by Turns; they, like a ravish'd vigorous Lover, rush on with a transported Violence, rudely embracing its Spring-dress'd Mistress, rustling her Native Order; while the pretty Birds on the dancing Branches incessantly make Love; upbraiding duller Man with his defective want of Fire: Man, the Lord of all! He to be flinted in the most valuable Joy of Life; Is it not pity? Here is no troublesome Honour, amongst the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Streams, fondly to give Laws to Nature, but uncontroul'd they play, and sing, and love; no Parents checking their dear Delights, no slavish Matrimonial Ties to restrain their nobler Flame. No Spies to interrupt their blest Appointments; but every little Nest

is free and open to receive the young fletch'd Lover; every Bough is conscious of their Passion, nor do the generous Pair languish in tedious Ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love, imbrace with their wingy Arms, and salute with their little opening Bills; this is their Courtship, this the amorous Complement, and this only the Introduction to all their following Happiness; and thus it is with the Flocks and Herds, while scanted Man, born alone for the Fatigues of Love, with industrious Toil, and all his boasting Arts of Eloquence, his God-like Image, and his noble Form, may labour on a tedious Term of Years, with Pain, Expence, and Hazard, before he can arrive at Happiness, and then too perhaps his Vows are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain. Tell me, oh you Fellow-Lovers, ye amorous dear Brutes, tell me, when ever you lay languishing beneath your Coverts, thus for your fair She, and durst not approach for fear of Honour? Tell me, by a gentle Bleat, ye little butting Rams, do you sigh thus for your soft, white Ewes? Do you lye thus conceal'd, to wait the coming Shades of Night, 'till all the cursed Spies are folded? No, no, even you are much more blest than Man, who is bound up to Rules, fetter'd by the nice Decencies of Honour.

My Divine Maid, thus were my Thoughts employ'd, when from the farthest end of the Grove, where I now remain, I saw *Dorillus* approach with thy welcome Letter; he tells you had like to have been surpriz'd in making it up; and he receiv'd it with much Difficulty: Ah *Sylvia*, should any Accident happen to prevent my seeing you to Night, I were undone for ever, and you must expect to find me stretch'd out, dead and cold under this Oak, where now I lye writing on its knotty Root. Thy Letter, I confess, is dear; it contains thy Soul, and my Happiness; but this After-story of the Surprise I long to be inform'd of, for from thence I may gather part of
my

my Fortune. I rave and die with fear of a Disappointment; not but I would undergo a thousand Torments and Deaths for *Sylvia*; but oh consider me, and let me not suffer if possible; for know, my charming Angel, my impatient Heart is almost broke, and will not contain it self without being nearer my adorable Maid, without taking in at my Eyes a little Comfort; no, I am resolv'd; put me not off with Tricks, which foolish Honour invents to jilt Mankind with; for if you do, by Heav'n I will forget all Considerations and Respect, and force my self with all the Violence of raging Love into the Presence of my cruel *Sylvia*; own her mine, and ravish my Delight; nor shall the happy Walls of *Bellfont* be of Strength sufficient to secure her; nay, persuade me not, for if you make me mad and raving, this will be the Effects on't: — Oh pardon me, my sacred Maid, pardon the Wildness of my frantick Love — I paused, took a Turn or two in the lone Path, consider'd what I had said, and found it was too much, too bold, too rude to approach my soft, my tender Maid: I am calm, my Soul, as thy bewitching Smiles; hush, as thy secret Sighs, and will resolve to die rather than offend my adorable Virgin; only send me Word what you think of my Fate, while I expect it here on this kind Mossie Bed where now I lie; which I would not quit for a Throne, since here I may hope the News may soonest arrive to make me happier than a God! which that nothing on my part may prevent, I here vow in the Face of Heav'n, I will not abuse the Freedom my *Sylvia* blesses me with; nor shall my Love go beyond the Limits of Honour. *Sylvia* shall command with a Frown, and fetter me with a Smile; prescribe Rules to my longing, ravish'd Eyes, and pinion my busie, fond, roving Hands, and lay at her Feet, like a tame Slave, her Adoring

P H Y L A N D E R.

TO PHILANDER.

Approach, approach, you sacred Queen of Night, and bring *Philander* veil'd from all Eyes but mine; approach at a fond Lover's Call, behold how I lye panting with Expectation, tir'd out with your tedious Ceremony to the God of Day; be kind, oh lovely Night, and let the Deity descend to his beloved *Thetis's* Arms, and I to my *Philander's*; the Sun and I must snatch our Joys in the same happy Hours; favour'd by thee, oh sacred, silent Night! See, see, the inamour'd Sun is hasting on apace to his expecting Mistress, while thou dull Night art slowly lingring yet. Advance, my Friend! my Goddess! and my Confident! hide all my Blushes, all my soft Confusions, my Tremblings, Transports, and Eyes all languishing.

Oh *Philander*! a thousand things I have done to divert the tedious Hours, but nothing can; all things are dull without thee. I am tir'd with every thing, impatient to end, as soon as I begin them; even the Shades and solitary Walks afford me now no Ease, no Satisfaction, and Thought but afflicts me more, that us'd to relieve. And I at last have Recourse to my kind Pen: For while I write, methinks I am talking to thee; I tell thee thus my Soul, while thou, methinks, art all the while smiling and listning by; this is much easier than silent Thought, and my Soul is never weary of this Converse; and thus I would speak a thousand things, but that still, methinks, Words do not enough express my Soul; to understand that right, there requires Looks; there is a Rhetorick in Looks; in Sighs and silent Touches that surpasses all; there is an Accent in the Sound of Words too, that gives a Sense and soft Meaning to little things, which of themselves are of trivial Value, and insignificant; and by the Cadence of the Utterance may express a Tender-

ness which their own Meaning does not bear; by this I would insinuate, that the Story of the Heart cannot be so well told by this way, as by Presence and Conversation; sure *Philander* understands what I mean by this, which possibly is Nonsense to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond Prattle of the thing belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to a Sense unconcern'd would appear even approaching to Folly! But *Philander*, who has the true Notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be said on that dear Subject; to him I venture to say any thing, whose kind and soft Imaginations can supply all my Wants in the Description of the Soul: Will it not, *Philander*? Answer me: — But oh, where art thou? I see thee not I touch thee not; but when I haste with Transport to embrace thee, 'tis Shadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Bosom: Why, oh why com'st thou not? Why art thou cautious, and prudently waitest the slow-pac'd Night: Oh cold, oh unreasonable Lover, why? — But I grow wild, and know not what I say: Impatient Love betrays me to a thousand Follies, a thousand Rashnesses: I die with Shame, but I must be undone, and it is no matter how, whether by my own Weakness, *Philander's* Charms, or both, I know not; but so it is destin'd, — Oh *Philander*, it is two tedious Hours Love has counted since you writ to me, yet are but a quarter of a Mile distant; what have you been doing all that live-long while? Are you not unkind? Does not *Sylvia* lie neglected and unregarded in your Thoughts? Huddled up confusedly with your graver Business of State, and almost lost in the ambitious Croud? Say, say, my lovely Charmer, is she not? Does not this fatal Interest your spouse, rival your *Sylvia*? Is she not too often remov'd thence to let in that haughty Tyrant Mistress? Alas, *Philander*, I more than fear she is? and oh, my adorable Lover, when I look forward on our coming Happiness, when ever I lay by the Thoughts of Honour,

nour, and give a loose to Love; I run not far in the pleasing Career, before that dreadful Thought stopp'd me on my Way: I have a fatal prophetick Fear, that gives a Check to my soft Pursuit, and tells me that thy unhappy Engagement in this League, this accursed Association, will one Day undo us both, and part for ever thee and thy unlucky *Sylvia*; Yes, yes, my dear Lord, my Soul does presage an unfortunate Event from this dire Engagement; nor can your false Reasoning, your fancy'd Advantages, reconcile it to my honest, good-natur'd Heart; and surely the Design is inconsistent with Love, for two such mighty Contradictions and Enemies, as Love and Ambition, or Revenge, can never sure abide in one Soul together, at least Love can but share *Philander's* Heart; when Blood and Revenge (which he miscalls Glory) rivals it, and has possibly the greatest part in it: Methinks, this Notion enlarges in me, and every Word I speak, and every Minute's Thought of it, strengthens its Reason to me; and give me leave (while I am full of the Jealousie of it) to express my Sentiments, and lay before you those Reasons, that Love and I think most substantial ones; what you have hitherto desired of me, oh unreasonable *Philander*, and what I (out of Modesty and Honour) deny'd, I have Reason to fear (from the absolute Conquest you have made of my Heart) that some time or other the charming Thief may break in and rob me of; for Fame and Virtue Love begins to laugh at. My dear unfortunate Condition being thus, it is not impossible, oh *Philander*, but I may one Day, in some unlucky Hour, in some soft bewitching Moment, in some spiteful, critical, ravishing Minute, yield all to the charming *Philander*; and if so, where, oh where is my Security, that I shall not be abandon'd by the lovely Victor? For it is not your Vows which you call sacred (and I alas believe so) that can secure me, tho' I, Heaven knows, believe them all, and am undone; you may keep them all

too, and I believe you will; but oh, *Philander*, in these fatal Circumstances you have engag'd your self; can you secure me my Lover? Your Protections you may, but not the dear Protestor. Is it not enough, oh *Philander*, for my eternal Unquiet, and Undoing, to know that you are marry'd, and cannot therefore be entirely mine; is not this enough, oh cruel *Philander*? But you must espouse a fatal Cause too, more pernicious than that of Matrimony, and more destructive to my Repose: Oh give me leave to reason with you, and since you have been pleas'd to trust and afflict me with the Secret, which, honest as I am, I will never betray; yet, yet give me leave to urge the Danger of it to you, and consequently to me, if you pursue it; when you are with me, we can think, and talk, and argue nothing but the mightier Business of Love; and it is fit that I, so fondly, and fatally lov'd by you, should warn you of the Danger. Consider, my Lord, you are born Noble, from Parents of untainted Loyalty; blest with a Fortune few Princes beneath Sovereignty are Masters of; blest with all gaining Youth, commanding Beauty, Wit, Courage, Bravery of Mind, and all that renders Men esteem'd and ador'd: What would you more? What is it, oh my charming Brother then, that you set up for? Is it Glory? Oh mistaken, lovely Youth, that Glory is but a glittering Light, that flashes for a Moment, and then it disappears; it is a false Bravery, that will bring an eternal Blemish upon your honest Fame and House; render your honourable Name hated, detested, and abominable in Story to after Ages; a Traytor! the worst of Titles, the most inglorious and shameful; what has the King, our good, our gracious Monarch done to *Philander*? How disoblig'd him? Or indeed, what Injury to Mankind? Who has he oppress'd? Where play'd the Tyrant, or the Ravisher? What cruel or angry thing has he committed in all the time of his fortunate and peaceable Reign over us?

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Whose Ox or whose Ass has he unjustly taken? What Orphan wrong'd, or Widow's Tears neglected? But all his Life has been one continued Miracle; all good, all gracious, calm and merciful: And this good, this Godlike King is mark'd out for Slaughter, design'd a Sacrifice to the private Revenge of a few ambitious Knaves and Rebels, whose Pretence is the publick Good, and doom'd to be basely murder'd: A Murder even on the worst of Criminals, carries with it a Cowardise so black and infamous, as the most abject Wretches, the meanest spirited Creature has an Abhorrence for. What! to murder a Man unthinking, unwarn'd, unprepar'd and undefended! oh barbarous! oh poor and most unbrave! What Villain is there lost to all Humanity, to be found upon the Face of the Earth, that, when done, dare own so hellish a Deed as the Murder of the meanest of his Fellow Subjects, much less the sacred Person of the King; the Lord's Anointed; on whose awful Face 'tis impossible to look without that Reverence wherewith one would behold a God! For 'tis most certain, that every Glance from his piercing wondrous Eyes, begets a trembling Adoration; for my part, I swear to you, *Philander*, I never approach his sacred Person, but my Heart beats, my Blood runs cold about me, and my Eyes overflow with Tears of Joy, while an awful Confusion seizes me all over; and I am certain should the most harden'd of your blood Rebels look him in the Face, the devilish Instruments of Death would drop from his sacrilegious Hand, and leave him confounded at the Feet of the Royal forgiving Sufferer; his Eyes have in them something so fierce, so majestick commanding, and yet so good and merciful, as would soften Rebellion itself into repenting Loyalty; and like *Caius Marius*, seem to forgive. — Who is it dares hurt the King? — They alone like his Guardian Angels, defend his sacred Person. Oh? what Pity it is, unhappy young Man, thy Education was not near the King.

'Tis plain, 'tis reasonable, 'tis honest, great and glorious to believe, what thy own Sense (if thou wilt but think and consider) will instruct thee in, that Treason, Rebellion and Murder, are far from the Paths that lead to Glory, which are as distant as Hell from Heaven. What is it then to advance? (since I say 'tis plain, Glory is never this way to be achiev'd) Is it to add more thousands to those Fortune has already so lavishly bestow'd on you? Oh my *Philander*, that's to double the vast Crime, which reaches already to Damnation: Would your Honour, your Conscience, your Christianity, or common Humanity suffer you to enlarge your Fortunes at the Price of another's Ruin; and make the Spoils of some honest, noble, unfortunate Family, the Rewards of your Treachery? Would you build your Fame on such a Foundation? Perhaps on the Destruction of some Friend or Kinsman. Oh barbarous and mistaken Greatness; Thieves and Robbers would scorn such Outrages, that had but Souls and Sense.

Is it for Addition of Titles? What Elevation can you have much greater than where you now stand fix'd? If you do not grow giddy with your fancied false Hopes, and fall from that glorious Height you are already arriv'd to, and which, with the honest Addition of Loyalty, is of far more Value and Lustre, than to arrive at Crowns by Blood and Treason. This will last; to Ages last; in Story last: While t'other will be ridicul'd to all Posterity, short-liv'd and reproachful here, infamous and accurs'd to all Eternity.

Is it to make *Cesar* King? Oh what is *Cesar* to my *Philander*? If a Monarchy you design, then why not this King, this great, this good, this Royal Forgiver? This, who was born a King, and born your King; and holds his Crown by Right of Nature, by Right of Law, by Right of Heaven itself; Heaven who has preserv'd him, and confirm'd him ours, by a thousand miraculous Escapes and Sufferings, and indulg'd

him ours by ten thousand Acts of Mercy, and endear'd him to us by his wondrous Care and Conduct, by securing of Peace, Plenty, Ease and luxurious Happiness, o'er all the fortunate Limits of his blessed Kingdoms: And will you? Would you destroy this wondrous Gift of Heav'n? this Godlike King, this real Good we now possess, for a most uncertain one; and with it the Repose of all the happy Nation? To establish a King without Law, without Right, without Consent, without Title, and indeed without even competent Parts, for so vast a Trust, or so glorious a Rule? One who never oblig'd the Nation by one single Act of Goodness or Valour, in all the Course of his Life; and who never signaliz'd himself to the Advantage of one Man of all the Kingdom: A Prince unfortunate in his Principles and Morals; and whose sole, single Ingratitude to his Majesty, for so many royal Bounties, Honours, and Glories heap'd upon him, is of it self enough to set any honest generous Heart against him. What is it bewitches you so? Is it his Beauty? Then *Philander* has a greater Title than *Cesar*; and not one other Merit has he, since in Piety, Chastity, Sobriety, Charity and Honour, he as little excels, as in Gratitude, Obedience and Loyalty. What then, my dear *Philander*? Is it his Weakness? Ah, there's the Argument: You all propose, and think to govern so soft a King: But believe me, oh unhappy *Philander*! nothing is more ungovernable than a Fool; nothing more obstinate, wilful, conceited, and cunning; and for his Gratitude, let the World judge what he must prove to his Servants, who has dealt so ill with his Lord and Master; how he must reward those that present him with a Crown; who deals so ungraciously with him who gave him Life, and who set him up an happier Object than a Monarch: No no, *Philander*; he that can cabal, and contrive to dethrone a Father, will find it easie to discard the wicked and hated Instruments, that assisted him to mount it

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decline him then, oh fond and deluded *Philander*, decline him early; for you of all the rest ought to do so, and not to set a helping Hand to load him with Honours, that chose you out from all the World to load with Infamy: Remember that; remember *Myrtilla*, and then renounce him; do not you contribute to the adorning of his unfit Head with a Diadem, the most glorious of Ornaments, who unadorn'd yours with the most inglorious of all Reproaches. Think of this, oh thou unconfidering, noble Youth; lay thy Hand upon thy generous Heart, and tell it all the Fears, all the Reasonings of her that loves thee more than Life. A thousand Arguments I could bring, but these few unstudied (falling in amongst my softer Thoughts) I beg you will accept of, 'till I can more at large deliver the glorious Argument to your Soul; let this suffice to tell thee, that, like *Cassandra*, I rave and prophesie in vain; this Association will be the eternal ruin of *Philander*; for let it succeed or not, either way thou art undone; if thou pursuest it, I must infallibly fall with thee, if I resolve to follow thy good or ill Fortune; for you cannot intend Love and Ambition, *Sylvia* and *Cesar* at once: No, persuade me not; the Title to one or t'other must be laid down, *Sylvia* or *Cesar* must be abandon'd: This is my fix'd Resolve, if thy too powerful Arguments convince not in spite of Reason, for they can do't; thou hast the Tongue of an Angel, and the Eloquence of a God, and while I listen to thy Voice, I take all thou say'st for wondrous Sense. — Farewel; about two Hours hence I shall expect you at the Gate that leads into the Garden Grove — Adieu! Remember

SYLVIA.

TO SYLVIA.

HOW comes my charming *Sylvia* so skill'd in the Mysteries of State? Where learnt her tender Heart the Notions of rigid Business? Where her soft Tongue, form'd only for the dear Language of Love, to talk of the Concerns of Nations and Kingdoms? 'Tis true, when I gave my Soul away to my dear Counsellor, I reserv'd nothing to my self, not even that Secret that so concern'd my Life, but laid all at her Mercy; my generous Heart could not love at a less rate, than to lavish all, and be undone for *Sylvia*; 'tis glorious Ruin, and it pleases me, if it advance one single Joy, or add one Demonstration of my Love to *Sylvia*; 'tis not enough that we tell those we love all they love to hear, but one ought to tell them too, every Secret that we know, and conceal no part of that Heart one has made a Present to the Person one loves; 'tis a Treason in Love not to be pardon'd: I am sensible that when my Story is told (and this happy one of my Love shall make up the greatest Part of my History) those that love not like me will be apt to blame me, and charge me with Weakness, for revealing so great a Trust to a Woman, and amongst all that I shall do to arrive at Glory, that will brand me with Feebleness; but, *Sylvia*, when Lovers shall read it, the Men will excuse me, and the Maids bless me! I shall be a fond admir'd Precedent for them to point out to their remiss reserving Lovers who will be reproach'd for not pursuing my Example. I know not what Opinion Men generally have of the Weakness of Women; but 'tis sure a vulgar Error, for were they like my adorable *Sylvia*, had they had her Wit, her Vivacity of Spirit, her Courage, her generous Fortitude, her Command in every graceful Look and Action, they were most certainly fit to rule and reign; and Man was only born robust and strong, to secure them on those Thrones they

are form'd (by Beauty, Softness, and a thousand Charms which Men want) to possess. Glorious Woman was born for Command and Dominion; and tho' Custom has usurp'd us the Name of Rule over all; we from the Beginning found our selves (in spite of all our boasted Prerogative) Slaves and Vassals to the Almighty Sex. Take then my Share of Empire, ye Gods! and give me Love! Let me toil to gain, but let *Sylvia* triumph and reign; I ask no more than the led Slave at her Chariot Wheels, to gaze on my charming Conqueress, and wear with Joy her Fetters! Oh how proud I should be to see the dear Victor of my Soul so elevated, so adorn'd with Crowns and Scepters at her Feet, which I had won; to see her smiling on the adoring Croud, distributing her Glories to young waiting Princes; there dealing Provinces, and there a Coronet. Heav'n's! methinks I see the lovely Virgin in this State, her Chariot slowly driving through the Multitude that press to gaze upon her, she dress'd like *Venus*, richly, gay and loose, her Hair and Robe blown by the flying Winds, discovering a thousand Charms to View; thus the young Goddess look'd, then when she drove her Chariot down descending Clouds, to meet the Lovesick Gods in cooling Shades; and so would look my *Sylvia*! Ah, my soft, lovely Maid; such Thoughts as these fir'd me with Ambition: For me, I swear by every Power that made me love, and made thee wondrous fair, I design no more by this great Enterprize than to make thee some glorious thing, elevated above what we have seen yet on Earth; to raise thee above Fate or Fortune, beyond that Pity of thy duller Sex, who understand not thy Soul, nor can ever reach the Flights of thy generous Love! No, my Soul's Joy, I must not leave thee liable to their little natural Malice and Scorn, to the Impertinence of their Reproaches. No, my *Sylvia*, I must on, the great Design must move forward; tho' I abandon it, 'twill advance; it is already too far to put a Stop to it; and now I am enter'd,

it is in vain to retreat; if we are prosperous, it will to all Ages be call'd a glorious Enterprize; but if we fail, it will be base, horrid and infamous; for the World judges of nothing but by the Success; that Cause is always good that is prosperous, that is ill which is unsuccessful. Should I now retreat, I run many Hazards; but to go on I run but one; by the first I shall alarm the whole Cabal with a Jealousie of my discovering, and those are Persons of too great Sense and Courage, not to take some private way of Revenge, to secure their own Stakes; and to make my self uncertainly safe by a Discovery indeed, were to gain a Refuge so ignoble, as a Man of Honour would scorn to purchase Life at; nor would that Baseness secure me. But in going on, oh *Sylvia*! when three Kingdoms shall lye unpossess'd, and be expos'd, as it were, amongst the ruffling Croud, who knows but the Chance may be mine, as well as any other's, who has but the same Hazard, and Throw for it? If the strongest Sword must do it, (as that must do it) why not mine still? Why may not mine still? Why may not mine be that fortunate one? *Cesar* has no more Right to it than *Philander*; 'tis true, a few of the Rabble will pretend he has a better Title to it, but they are a sort of easie Fools, lavish in nothing but Noise and Nonsense; true to Change and Inconstancy, and will abandon him to their own Fury for the next that cries Halloo: Neither is there one Part of fifty (of the Fools that cry him up) for his Interest, tho' they use him for a Tool to work with, he being the only great Man that wants Sense enough to find out the Cheat which they dare impose upon. Can any body of Reason believe, if they had design'd him good, they would let him bare-fac'd have own'd a Party so opposite to all Laws of Nature, Religion, Humanity, and common Gratitude? When his Interest, if design'd, might have been carry'd on better, if he had still disssembled, and stay'd in Court: No, believe me, *Sylvia*, the Politicians shew him, to render him odious to all

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Men of tolerable Sense of the Party; for what Reason soever they have who are disoblig'd (or at least think themselves so) to set up for Liberty, the World knows *Cesario* renders himself the worst of Criminals by it, and has abandon'd an Interest more glorious and easy than Empire, to side with and aid People that never did, or ever can oblige him; and he is so dull as to imagine that for his Sake, who never did us Service or Good, (unless Cuckolding us be good) we should venture Life and Fame to pull down a true Monarch, to set up his Bastard over us. *Cesario* must pardon me, if I think his Politicks are shallow as his Parts, and that his own Interest has undone him; for of what Advantage soever the Design may be to us, it really shocks ones Nature to find a Son engag'd against a Father, and to him such a Father. Nor, when time comes, shall I forget the Ruin of *Myrtilla*. But let him hope on——and so will I, as do a thousand more, for ought I know; I set out as fair as they, and will start as eagerly; if I miss it now, I have Youth and Vigour sufficient for another Race; and while I stand on Fortune's Wheel as she rolls it round, it may be my Turn to be o'th' Top; for when 'tis set in Motion, believe me, *Sylvia*, it is not easily fix'd: However let it suffice, I am now in, past a Retreat, and to urge it now to me, is but to put me into inevitable Danger; at best it can but set me where I was; that is worse than Death, when every Fool is aiming at a Kingdom; what Man of tolerable Pride and Ambition can be unconcern'd, and not put himself into a Posture of catching, when a Diadem shall be thrown among the Croud? It were Insensibility, stupid Dulness, not to lift a Hand, or make an Effort to snatch it as it flies: Though the glorious falling Weight should crush me, it is great to attempt; and if Fortune do not favour Fools, I have as fair a Grasp for it as any other Adventurer.

This, my *Sylvia*, is my Sense of a Business you so much dread; I may rise, but I cannot fall; therefore,
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my *Sylvia*, urge it no more; Love gave me Ambition, and do not divert the glorious Effects of your wondrous Charms, but let them grow, and spread, and see what they will produce for my lovely *Sylvia*, the Advantages will most certainly be hers: — But no more: How came my Love so dull to entertain thee so many Minutes thus with Reasons for an Affair, which one soft Hour with *Sylvia* will convince to what she would have it; believe me, it will, I will sacrifice all to her Repose, nay, to her least Command, even the Life of

(My Eternal Pleasure)

Your PHILANDER.

I have no longer Patience, I must be coming towards the Grove, tho' it will do me no good, more than knowing I am so much nearer my adorable Creature.

I conjure you burn this, for writing in haste I have not counterfeited my Hand.

To SYLVIA.

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

MY Charmer, I wait your Commands in the Meadow behind the Grove, where I saw *Dorinda*, *Dorillus* his Daughter, entring with a Basket of Cowslips for *Sylvia*, unnecessarily offering Sweets to the Goddess of the Groves, from whence they (with all the rest of their gaudy Fellows of the Spring) assume their ravishing Odours. I take every Opportunity of telling my *Sylvia* what I have so often repeated, and shall be ever repeating with the same Joy while I live, that I love my *Sylvia* to Death and Madness; that my Soul is on the Wrack, till she send me the happy advancing Word. And yet believe me, lovely Maid, I

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could grow old with waiting here the blessed Moment, though set at any distance (within the Compass of Life, and impossible to be 'till then arriv'd to) but when I am so near approach'd it, Love from all Parts rallies and hastens to my Heart for the mighty Encounter, 'till the poor panting overloaded Victim dies with the pressing Weight. No more,——You know it, for it is, and will be eternally *Sylvia's*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Remember, my Adorable, it is now seven a Clock: I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting and looking on the slow-pac'd Minutes. Eight will quickly arrive, I hope, and then it is dark enough to hide me; think where I am, and who I am, waiting near Sylvia, and her Philander.

I think, my dear Angel, you have the other Key of these Tablets, if not, they are easily broke open: You have an Hour good to write in, *Sylvia* and I shall wait unemploy'd by any Thing but Thought. Send me Word how you were like to have been surpriz'd; it may possibly be of Advantage to me in this Night's dear Adventure. I wonder'd at the Superscription of my Letter indeed, of which *Dorillus* could give me no other Account, than that you were surpriz'd, and he receiv'd it with difficulty; give me the Story now, do it in Charity, my Angel. Besides, I would employ all thy Moments, for I am jealous of every one that is not Dedicated to *Sylvia's Philander*.

T O P H I L A N D E R.

I Have receiv'd your Tablets, of which I have the Key, and Heav'n only knows (for Lovers cannot, unless they lov'd like *Sylvia*, and her *Philander*) what Pains and Pantings my Heart sustain'd at every Thought they

they brought me of thy near Approach; every Moment I start, and am ready to faint with Joy, Fear, and something not to be express'd that seizes me. To add to this, I have busy'd my self with dressing my Apartment up with Flowers, so that I fancy the Ceremonious Business of the Light looks like the Preparations for the dear Joy of the Nuptial Bed; that too is so adorn'd and deck'd with all that's sweet and gay; all which possesses me with so ravishing and solemn a Confusion, that it is even approaching to the most profound Sadness it self. Oh *Philander*, I find I am fond of being undone; and unless you take a more than mortal Care of me, I know this Night some fatal Mischiefe will befall me; what it is I know not, either the Loss of *Philander*, my Life, or my Honour, or altogether, which a Discovery only of your being alone in my Apartment, and at such an Hour will most certainly draw upon us: Death is the least we must expect, by some Surprize, or other, my Father being rash, and extremely jealous, and the more so of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would enrage him like the Discovery of an Interview like this; though you have Liberty to range the House of *Bellfont* as a Son, and are indeed at home there; but when you come by stealth, when he shall find his Son and Virgin Daughter, the Brother and the Sister so retir'd, so entertain'd, — What but Death can ensue? Or what is worse, Eternal Shame? Eternal Confusion on my Honour? What Excuse, what Evasions, Vows and Protestations will convince him, or appease *Myrtilla's* Jealousy; *Myrtilla*, my Sister, and *Philander's* Wife? Oh God! that cruel Thought will put me into Ravings; I have a thousand Streams of killing Reflections which flow from that Original Fountain! Curse on the Alliance that gave you a Welcome to *Bellfont*. Ah *Philander*, could you not have stay'd ten short Years longer; Alas, you thought that was an Age in Youth, but it is but a Day in Love: Ah could not your eager Youth

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have led you to a thousand Diversions, a thousand times have baited in the long Journey of Life without hurrying on to the last Stage, to the last Retreat, but the Grave; and to me seem as irrecoverable, as impossible to retrieve thee? — Could no kind Beauty stop thee on thy Way, in Charity or Pity? *Philander* saw me then. And though *Myrtilla* was more fit for his Caresses, and I but capable to please with Childish Prattle; oh could he not have seen a promising Bloom in my Face, that might have foretold the future Conquests I was born to make? Oh! was there no prophetick Charm that could bespeak your Heart, engage it, and prevent that fatal Marriage? You say, my adorable Brother, we were destin'd from our Creation for one another; that the Decrees of Heav'n, or Fate, or both, design'd us for this mutual Passion: Why then, oh why did not Heav'n, Fate, or Destiny, do the mighty Work, when first you saw my Infant Charms? But oh, *Philander*, why do I vainly rave? Why call in vain on Time that's fled and gone? Why idly wish for ten Years Retribution? That will not yield a Day, an Hour, a Minute: No, no, 'tis past, 'tis past and flown for ever, as distant as a thousand Years to me, as irrecoverable. Oh *Philander*, what hast thou thrown away? Ten glorious Years of ravishing Youth, of unmatch'd heav'nly Beauty, on one that knew not half the Value of it! *Sylvia* was only born to set a Rate upon it, was only capable of Love, such Love as might deserve it: Oh why was that charming Face ever laid on any Bosom that knew not how to sigh, and pant, and heave at every Touch of so much distracting Beauty! Oh why were those dear Arms, whose soft Pressings ravish where they circle, destin'd for a Body cold and dull, that could sleep insensibly there, and not so much as dream the while what the transporting Pleasure signify'd; but unconcern'd receive the wondrous Blessings, and never knew its Price, or thanked her Stars? She has thee all the Day to gaze upon, and yet she
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lets thee pass her careless Sight, as if there were no Miracles in view: She does not see the little Gods of Love that play eternally in thy Eyes; and since she never receiv'd a Dart from thence, believes there's no Artillery there. She plays not with thy Hair, nor weaves her snowy Fingers in thy Curls of Jet, sets it in Order, and adores its Beauty: The Fool with Flaxen-Wigg had done as well for her; a dull, white Coxcomb had made as good a Property; a Husband is no more, at best no more. Oh thou charming Object of my eternal Wishes, why wert thou thus dispos'd? Oh save my Life, and tell me what indifferent Impulse oblig'd thee to these Nuptials: Had *Myrtilla* been recommended or forc'd by the Tyranny of a Father into thy Arms, or for base Lucre thou hadst chosen her, this had excus'd thy Youth and Crime; Obedience or Vanity I could have pardon'd,——But oh——'twas Love; Love, my *Philander*! thy raving Love, and that which has undone thee was a Rape rather than Marriage; you fled with her. Oh Heavens, mad to possess, you stole the unloving Prize!——Yes, you lov'd her, false as you are, you did; perjur'd and faithless. Lov'd her;——Hell and Confusion on the Word; it was so——Oh *Philander*, I am lost——

This Letter was found torn in Pieces.

To Monsieur, the Count of——

My Lord,

THESE Peices of Paper which I have put together as well as I could, were writ by my Lady to have been sent by *Dorinda*, when on a sudden she rose in Rage from her Seat, tore first the Paper, and then her Robes and Hair, and indeed nothing has escap'd the Violence of her Passion; nor could my

Prayer

Prayers or Tears retrieve them, or calm her: 'Tis however chang'd at last to mighty Passions of weeping, in which Employment I have left her on her Repose, being commanded away. I thought it my Duty to give your Lordship this Account, and to send the pieces of Paper, that your Lordship may guess at the Occasion of the sudden Storm which ever rises in that fatal Quarter; but in putting them in Order, I had like to have been surpriz'd by my Lady's Father; for my Lord, the Count, having long solicited me for Favours, and taking all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me alone in my Chamber, employ'd in serving your Lordship; I had only time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him, having given him an Assignment to Night in the Garden-Grove, to give him the hearing to what he says he has to propose to me: Pray Heaven all things go right to your Lordship's With this Evening, for many ominous Things happen'd to Day. Madam, the Countess, had like to have taken a Letter writ for your Lordship to Day; for the Dutchess of——coming to make her a Visit, came on a sudden with her into my Lady's Apartment, and surpriz'd her writing in her Dressing-Room, giving her only time to slip the Paper into her Comb-Box. The first Ceremonies being pass'd, as Madam, the Dutchess, uses not much, she fell to commend my Lady's Dressing-Plate, and taking up the Box, and opening it, found the Letter, and laughing cry'd, Oh, have I found you making Love? At which my Lady, with an infinite Confusion, would have retriev'd it,——But the Dutchess not quitting her hold, cry'd——Nay, I am resolv'd to see in what manner you write to a Lover, and whether you have a Heart tender or cruel; at which she began to read aloud, my Lady to blush and change Colour a hundred times in a Minute; I ready to die with Fear; Madam the Countess, in infinite Amazement, my Lady interrupting every Word the Dutchess read, by Prayers and Intreaties, which height-

heighten'd her Curiosity, and being young and airy, regarded not the Indecency, to which she preferr'd her Curiosity, who still laughing, cry'd, she was resolv'd to read it out, and know the Constitution of her Heart; when my Lady, whose Wit never fail'd her, cry'd, I beseech you, Madam, let us have so much Complaisance for *Melinda* as to ask her Consent in this Affair, and then I am pleas'd you should see what Love I can make upon Occasion: I took the Hint, and with a real Confusion, cry'd — I implore you, Madam, not to discover my Weakness to Madam, the Dutchess; I would not for the World — be thought to love so passionately, as your Ladyship, in favour of *Alexis*, has made me profess, under the Name of *Sylvia* to *Philander*. This encourag'd my Lady, who began to say a thousand pleasant things of *Alexis*, *Dorillus* his Son, and my Lover, as your Lordship knows, and who is no inconsiderable Fortune for a Maid, enrich'd only by your Lordship's Bounty. My Lady, after this, took the Letter, and all being resolv'd it should be read, she her self did it, and turn'd it so prettily into Burlesque Love by her manner of reading it, that made Madam, the Dutchess, laugh extreamly; who, at the End of it, cry'd to my Lady — Well, Madam, I am satisfy'd you have not a Heart wholly insensible of Love, that could so express it for another. Thus they rally'd on, till careful of my Lover's Repose, the Dutchess urg'd the Letter might be immediately sent away; at which my Lady readily folding up the Letter, writ, *For the Constant Alexis*, on the Out-side: I took it, and begg'd I might have Leave to retire to write it over in my own Hand; they permitted me, and I carry'd it, after sealing it, to *Dorillus*, who waited for it, and wondring to find his Son's Name on it, cry'd — — Mistress *Melinda*, I doubt you have mistook my present Business; I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and you give me one from your self to my Son *Alexis*; 'twill be very welcome

to *Alexis* I confess, but at this time I had rather oblige my Lord than my Son: I laughing reply'd, He was mistaken, that *Alexis*, at this time, meant no other than my Lord, which pleas'd the good Man extremely, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and so went his way satisfy'd; as every Body was, except the Countess, who fancy'd something more in it than my Lady's Inditing for me; and after Madam the Dutches was gone, she went ruminating and pensive to her Chamber, from whence I am confident she will not depart to Night, and will possibly set Spies in every Corner; at least 'tis good to fear the worst, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this Night's Assignment: As soon as the Coast is clear, I'll wait on your Lordship, and be your Conductor, and in all things else am ready to shew my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

and most obedient Servant,

MELINDA.

Sylvia has given Orders to wait on your Lordship as soon as all is clear.

TO MELINDA.

OH *Melinda*, what have you told me? Stay me with an immediate Account of the Recovery and Calmness of my adorable weeping *Sylvia*, or I shall enter *Bellfont* with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me, 'till I make my Way to my charming Tourner: Oh God! *Sylvia* in a Rage! *Sylvia* in any Passion but that of Love? I cannot bear it, no, by heav'n I cannot; I shall do some Outrage either on my self or at *Bellfont*. Oh thou dear Advocate of my

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tenderest Wishes, thou Confident of my never dying Flame, thou kind administering Maid, send some Relief to my breaking Heart—Haste and tell me, *Sylvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes sparkle with Smiles, or if they languish, say 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys; that her dear Hands are no more employ'd in Exercises too rough and unbecoming their Native Softness. O eternal God! tearing perhaps her Divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her charming Face and Bosom, the Joy and Wish of all Mankind that look upon her: Oh charm her with Prayers and Tears, stop her dear Fingers from the rude Assaults, bind her fair Hands; repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's fainting with the News of her Unkindness and Outrage on her lovely self; but tell her too, I die adoring her; tell her I rave, I tear, I curse my self, — for so I do; tell her I would break out into a Violence that should set all *Bellfont* in a Flame, but for my Care of her. Heaven and Earth should not restrain me, — no, they should not, — But her least Frown should still me, tame me, and make me a calm Coward: Say this, say all, say any thing to charm her Rage and Tears. Oh I am mad, stark mad, and ready to run on that frantic Business I die to think her guilty of: Tell her how it would grieve her to see me torn and mangled; to see that Hair she loves ruffled and diminish'd by Rage, violated by my insupportable Grief, my self quite bereft of all Sense but that of Love, but that of Adoration for my charming, cruel Insensible, who is possess'd with every Thought, with every Imagination that can render me unhappy, born away with every Fancy that is in disfavour of the wretched *Philander*. Oh *Melinda*, write immediately, or you will behold me enter a most deplorable Object of Pity.

When I receiv'd yours, I fell into such a Passion that I forc'd my self back to *Dorillus* his House, but my Transports had hurry'd me to *Bellfont*, where

should have undone all: But as I can rest no where, I am now returning to the Meadow again, where I will expect your Aid, or die.

*From Dorillus his Cottage,
almost Nine a Clock.*

TO PHILANDER.

I Must own, my charming *Philander*, that my Love is now arriv'd to that Excess, that every Thought which before but compos'd me, now puts me into a Violence of Rage unbecoming my Sex; or any thing but the mighty Occasion of it, Love, and which only had Power to calm what it had before ruff'd into a destructive Storm: But like the anger'd Sea, which raps and heaves, and retains still an uneasy Motion long after the rude Winds are appeas'd and hush'd to Silence; my Heart beats still, and heaves with the sensible Remains of the late dangerous Tempest of my Mind, and nothing can absolutely calm me but the Approach of the all-powerful *Philander*; though that Thought possesses me with ten thousand Fears, which I know will vanish all at thy Appearance, and assume no more their dreadful Shapes 'till thou art gone again: Bring me then that kind Cessation, bring me my *Philander*, and set me above the Thoughts of Cares, Frights, or any other Thoughts but those of tender Love: Hasten then, thou charming Object of my eternal Wishes, and of my new Desires; hasten to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul,—But oh, be wondrous careful there, do not betray the easie Maid that trusts thee amidst all her sacred Store.

'Tis almost dark, and my Mother is retir'd to her Chamber, my Father to his Cabinet, and has left all that Apartment next the Garden wholly without Spies. I have, by trusty *Dorillus*, sent you a Key *Melinda* got made to the Door, which leads from the Garden

to the Back-stairs to my Apartment, so carefully lock'd, and the Original Key so closely guarded by my jealous Father: That Way I beg you to come; a Way but too well known to *Philander*, and by which he has made many an Escape to and from *Myrtilla*. Oh damn that Thought, what makes it torturing me,—let me change it for those of *Philander*, the Advantage will be as great as bartering Hell for Heaven; haste then, *Philander*: But what need I bid thee, Love will lend thee his Wings; thou who command'st all his Artillery, put them on, and fly to thy Languishing

*Oh I faint with the dear
Thought of thy Approach.*

S T L V I A.

To the Charming Sylvia.

WITH much ado, with many a Sigh, a panting Heart, and many a languishing Look back towards happy *Bellfont*, I have recover'd *Dorillus* his Farm, where I threw me on a Bed, and lay without Motion, and almost without Life for two Hours; 'till at last, through all my Sighs, my great Concern, my Torment, my Love and Rage broke Silence, and burst into all the different Complaints both soft and mad by turns, that ever possess'd a Soul extravagantly seiz'd with frantick Love; ah, *Sylvia*, what did not I say? How did I not curse, and who, except my charming Maid? For yet my *Sylvia* is a Maid: Yes, yes, ye envying Powers she is, and yet the sacred and inestimable Treasure was offer'd a trembling Victim to the o'erjoy'd and fancy'd Deity, for then and there I thought my self happier than a Triumphant God; but having overcome all Difficulties, all the Fatigues and Toils of Love's long Sieges, vanquish'd the mighty Fantom of the Fair, the Giant Honour, and routed all the numerous Host of Womens little Reasonings, pass'd all the Bounds of

peevish

peevish Modesty; nay, even all the loose and filken Counterscarps that fenc'd the sacred Fort, and nothing stopp'd my glorious Pursuit: Then; then, ye Gods, just then, by an Over-transport, to fall just fainting before the furrendring Gates, unable to receive the yielding Treasure! Oh *Sylvia*! what *Demon*, malicious at my Glory, seiz'd my Vigour? What God, envious of my mighty Joy, rendred me a shameful Object of his Raillery? Snatch'd my (till then) never failing Power, and left me dying on thy charming Bosom. Heav'ns, how I lay! silent with Wonder, Rage and Extasie of Love, unable to complain, or rail, or storm, or seek for Ease, but with my Sighs alone, which made up all my Breath; my mad Desires remain'd, but all unactive, as Age or Death it self, as cold and feeble, as unfit for Joy, as if my youthful Fire had long been past, or *Sylvia* had never been blest with Charms. Tell me, thou wondrous perfect Creature, tell me, where lay the hidden Witchcraft? Was *Sylvia's* Beauty too Divine to mix with mortal Joys? Ah no, 'twas Ravishing, but Human all. Yet sure 'twas so approaching to Divinity, as chang'd my Fire to awful Adoration, and all my wanton Heat to reverend Contemplation.—But this is Nonsense all, 'twas something more that gave me Rage, Despair and Torments insupportable: No, 'twas no dull Devotion, tame Divinity, but mortal killing Agony, unlucky Disappointment, unnatural Impotence. Oh! I am lost, enchanted by some Magick Spell: Oh, what can *Sylvia* say? What can she think of my fond Passion; she'll swear 'tis all a Cheat, I had it not. No, it could not be; such Tales I've often heard, as often laugh'd at too, of disappointed Lovers; would *Sylvia* believe (as sure she may) mine was Excess of Passion: What! my *Sylvia*! being arriv'd to all the Joy of Love, just come to reap the glorious Recompence, the full Reward, the Heav'n for all my Sufferings, do I lye gazing only, and no more? A dull, a feeble unconcern'd Admirer!

Oh my eternal Shame!—Curse on my Youth; give me, ye Powers, old Age, for that has some Excuse, but Youth has none: 'Tis Dullness, stupid Insensibility: Where shall I hide my Head when this lewd Story's told? When it shall be confirm'd, *Philander* the young, the brisk and gay *Philander*, who never fail'd the Woman he scarce wish'd for, never baulk'd the Amorous conceited Old, nor the Ill-favour'd Young; yet when he had extended in his Arms the Young, the charming Fair and longing *Sylvia*, the untouch'd, unspotted, and 'till then, unwishing lovely Maid, yielded, defenceless, and unguarded all, he wanted Power to seize the trembling Prey: Defend me, Heav'n, from Madness. Oh *Sylvia*, I have reflected on all the little Circumstances that might occasion this Disaster, and damn me to this degree of Coldness, but I can fix on none: I had, 'tis true, for *Sylvia*'s sake, some Apprehensions of Fear of being surpriz'd; for coming through the Garden, I saw at the farther end a Man, at least I fancy'd by that Light it was a Man; who perceiving the Glimps of something approach from the Grove, made softly towards me, but with such Caution, as if he fear'd to be mistaken in the Person, as much as I was to approach him: And reminding what *Melinda* told me, of an Assignment she had made to *Monsieur* the Count——imagin'd it him; nor was I mistaken when I heard his Voice calling in low Tone——*Melinda*.——At which I mended my Pace, and e'er he got half way the Garden recover'd the Door, and softly unlocking it, got in unperceiv'd, and fasten'd it after me, well enough assur'd that he saw not which way I vanish'd: However it fail'd not to alarm me with some Fears on your dear Account, that disturb'd my Repose, and which I thought then not necessary to impart to you, and which indeed all vanish'd at the Sight of my adorable Maid: When entering thy Apartment, I beheld thee extended on a Bed of Roses, in Garments, which, if possible, by their wanton loose Negligence and Gaiety,

augmented

augmented thy natural Charms: I trembling fell on my Knees by your Bed-side, and gaz'd a while, unable to speak for Transports of Joy and Love: You too were silent, and remain'd so, so long that I ventur'd to press your Lips with mine, which all their eager Kisses could not put in Motion, so that I fear'd you fainted; a sudden Fright, that in a Moment chang'd my Fever of Love into a cold Ague Fit; but you reviv'd me with a Sigh again, and fir'd me a-new, by pressing my Hand, and from that silent soft Incouragement, I, by degrees, ravish'd a thousand Blissess; yet still between your tempting charming Kisses, you would cry——Oh, my *Philander*, do not injure me,——be sure you press me not to the last Joys of Love;——Oh have a Care, or I am undone for ever: restrain your roving Hands,——Oh whither would they wander,——my Soul, my Joy, my everlasting Charmer, oh whither would you go?——Thus with a thousand Cautions more, which did but raise what you design'd to calm, you made me but the madder to possess: Not all the Vows you bid me call to mind, could now restrain my wild and head-strong Passion; my raving, raging (but my soft) Desire: No, *Sylvia*, no, it was not in the Power of feeble Flesh and Blood to find Resistance against so many Charms; yet still you made me swear, still I protested, but still burnt on with the same torturing Flame, 'till the vast Pleasure even became a Pain: To add to this, I saw, (yes, *Sylvia*, not all your Art and Modesty could hide it) I saw the ravishing Maid as much inflam'd as I; she burnt with equal Fire, with equal Languishment: Not all her Care could keep the Sparks conceal'd, but it broke out in every Word and Look; her trembling Tongue, her feeble fainting Voice betray'd it all; Sighs interrupting every Syllable; a Languishment I never saw till then dwelt in her charming Eyes that contradicted all her little Vows; her short and double Breathings heav'd her Breast, her swelling snowy Breast, her hands that grasp'd me trembling as they

clos'd, while she permitted mine unknown, unheeded to traverse all her Beauties, 'till quite forgetting all I'd faintly promis'd, and wholly abandoning my Soul to Joy, I rush'd upon her, who all fainting lay beneath my useless Weight, for on a sudden all my Power was fled, swifter than Lightning hurry'd through my infecbled Veins, and vanish'd all: Not the dear lovely Beauty which I prest, the dying Charms of that fair Face and Eyes, the Clasps of those soft Arms, nor the bewitching Accent of her Voice, that murmur'd Love half smother'd in her Sighs, nor all my Love, my vast, my mighty Passion, could call my fugitive Vigour back again: Oh no, the more I look—the more I touch'd and saw, the more I was undone. Oh pity me, my too too lovely Maid, do not revile the Faults which you alone create. Consider all your Charms at once expos'd, consider every Sense about me ravish'd, o'ercome with Joys too mighty to be supported, no wonder if I sell a shameful Sacrifice to the fond Deity: Consider how I waited, how I strove, and still burnt on, and every tender Touch still added Fuel to the vigorous Fire, which by your Delay consum'd it self in Burning! I want Philosophy to make this out, or Faith to fix my Unhappiness on any Chance or natural Accident; but this, my charming *Sylvia*, I am sure, that had I lov'd you less, I'd been less wretched: Nor had we parted, *Sylvia*, on so ill Terms, nor had I left you with an Opinion so disadvantageous for *Philander*, but for that unhappy Noise at your Chamber-door, which alarming your Fear, occasion'd your Recovery from that dear Trance, to which Love and soft Desire had reduc'd you, and me from the most tormenting silent Agony that disappointed Joy ever possess'd a fond expecting Heart with. Oh Heav'n's! to have my *Sylvia* in my Power, favour'd by Silence, Night and safe Retreat! then, then, to lye a tame cold Sigher only, as if my *Sylvia* gave that Assignment alone by stealth, undrest, all loose and languishing, fit for the mighty

Business of the Night, only to hear me prattle, see me gaze, or tell her what a pretty Sight it was to see the Moon shine through the dancing Boughs. O Damn my harden'd Dullness, — But no more, — I am all Fire and Madness at the Thought, — But I was saying, *Sylvia*, we both recover'd then when the Noise alarm'd us. I long to know whether you think we were betray'd, for on that Knowledge rests a mighty Part of my Destiny: I hope we are not, by an Accident that befel me at my going away, which (but for my untimely Force of leaving my lovely *Sylvia*, which gave me Pains insupportable) would have given me great Diversion. You know our Fear of being discover'd occasion'd my Disguise, for you found it necessary I should depart, your Fear had so prevail'd, and that in *Melinda's* Night-gown and Head-dress: Thus attir'd, with much ado, I went and left my Soul behind me, and finding no Body all along the Gallery, nor in my Passage from your Apartment into the Garden, I was a thousand Times about to return to all my Joys, when in the midst of this almost ended Dispute, I saw by the Light of the Moon (which was by good Fortune under a Cloud, and could not distinctly direct the Sight) a Man making towards me with cautious Speed, which made me advance with the more haste to recover the Grove, believing to have escap'd him under the Covert of the Trees: for retreat I could not, without betraying which way I went; but just at the Entrance of the Thicket, he turning short made up to me, and I perceiv'd it *Monsieur* the Count, who taking me for *Melinda*, who it seems he expected, caught hold of my Gown as I would have pass'd him, and cry'd, Now *Melinda*, I see you are a Maid of Honour, — Come retire with me into the Grove, where I have a Present of a Heart and something else to make you, that will be of more Advantage to you than that of *Alexis*, though something younger. — I all confounded knew not what

what to reply, nor how, lest he should find his Mistake, at least if he discover'd not who I was: Which Silence gave him Occasion to go on, which he did in this manner: What not a Word, *Melinda*, or do you design I shall take your Silence for Consent? if so, come my pretty Creature, let us not lose the Hour Love has given us; at this he would have advanc'd, leading me by the Hand, which he press'd and kiss'd very amorously: Judge, my adorable *Sylvia*, in what a fine Condition your *Philander* then was in. What should I do? to go had disappointed him worse than I was with thee before; not to go, betray'd me: I had much ado to hold my Countenance, and unwilling to speak. While I was thus employ'd in Thought, *Monsieur*——pulling me (eager of Joys to come,) and I holding back, he stopp'd and cry'd, Sure, *Melinda*, you came not hither to bring me a Denial. I then reply'd, whispering,——Softly, Sir, for Heav'n's sake (sweetning my Voice as much as possible) consider I'm a Maid, and would not be discover'd for the World. Who can discover us? reply'd my Lover, what I take from thee shall never be miss'd, not by *Alexis* himself upon thy Wedding Night; ——Come ——sweet Child, come: —— With that I pull'd back and whisper'd ——Heav'n's! would you make a Mistress of me? ——Says he ——A Mistress, what would'st thou be a Cherubin? then I reply'd as before ——I am no Whore, Sir, ——No, crys he, but I can quickly make thee one, I have my Tools about me, Sweet-heart, therefore let's lose no time; but fall to work: This last Raillery from the brisk old Gentleman, had in spite of Resolution almost made me burst out into a loud Laughter, when he took more Gravity upon him, and cry'd ——Come, come, *Melinda*, why all this foolish Argument at this Hour in this Place, and after so much serious Courtship; believe me, I'll be kind to thee for ever; with that he clapt fifty Guineas in a Purse into one Hand, and something else that shall be

nameless

nameless into the other, Presents that had been both worth *Melinda's* Acceptance: All this while was I studying an Evasion; at last, to shorten my pleasant Adventure, looking round, I cry'd softly, Are you sure, Sir, we are safe — for Heav'n's sake step towards the Garden Door and see, for I would not be discover'd for the World. — Nor I, cry'd he — but do not fear, all's safe: — However see (whisper'd I) that my Fear may not disturb your Joys. With that he went toward the House, and I slipping into the Grove, got immediately into the Meadow, where *Alexis* waited my coming with *Brilliard*, so I left the expecting Lover, I suppose, ranging the Grove for his fled Nymph, and I doubt will fall heavy on poor *Melinda*, who shall have the Guineas, either to restore or keep, as she and the angry Count can agree: I leave the Management of it to her Wit and Conduct.

This Account I thought necessary to give my Chamber, that she might prepare *Melinda* for the Assault, who understanding all that pass'd between us, may so dispose of Matters, that no Discovery may happen by Mistake, and I know my *Sylvia* and she can find a thousand Excuses for the suppos'd *Melinda's* Flight. But, my adorable Maid, my Business here was not to give an Account of my Adventure only, nor of my Ravings, but to tell my *Sylvia*, on what my Life depends; which is, in a Permission to wait on her again this ensuing Night; make no Excuse, for if you do, by all I adore in Heav'n and Earth I'll end my Life here where I receiv'd it. I'll say no more, nor give your Love Instructions, but wait impatiently here the Life or Death of your

PHILANDER.

'Tis Six a Clock, and yet my Eyes have not clos'd themselves to sleep: *Alexis* and *Brilliard* give me hopes of a kind Return to this, and have brought their Flute and Violin to charm me into a Slumber: If *Sylvia* love, as I am sure she does, she'll wake me with a dear Consent to see me, if not, I only wake to sleep for ever.

To

To my Fair *CHARMER*.

WHEN I had seal'd the inclos'd, my Page, whom I had order'd to come to me with an Account of any Business extraordinary, is this Morning arriv'd with a Letter from *Cesario*, which I have sent here inclos'd, that my *Sylvia* may see how little I regard the World, or the mighty Revolution in hand, when set in Competition with the least hope of beholding her adorable Face, or hearing her charming Tongue when it whispers the soft Dictates of her tender Heart into my ravish'd Soul; one Moment's Joy like that surmounts an Age of dull Empire. No, let the busie unregarded Rout perish, the Cause fall or stand alone for me: Give me but Love, Love and my *Sylvia*; I ask no more of Heav'n; to which vast Joy could you but imagine (Oh wondrous Miracle of Beauty!) how poor and little I esteem the valu'd Trifles of the World, you would in return condemn your Part of it, and live with me in silent Shades for ever. Oh! *Sylvia*, what hast thou this Night to add to the Soul of thy

P H I L A N D E R.

To the Count of _____

ILL allow you my Dear, to be very fond of so much Beauty as the World must own adorns the lovely *Sylvia*: I'll permit Love too to Rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival Glory; haste then, my Dear, to the Advance of that, make no delay, but with the Morning's Dawn let me find you in my Arms, where I have something that will surprize you to relate to you: You were last Night expected at --- It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Persons whose Interest renders them enough jealous. We have two new Ad-

vancers

vancers come in of Youth and Mony, teach them not Negligence; be careful, and let nothing hinder you from taking Horse immediately, as you value the Repose and Fortune of,

My Dear,

Your CESARIO.

I call'd last Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whisper'd me——if I had any earnest Business with you, he knew where to find you; I soon imagin'd where, and bid him call within an Hour for this, and post with it immediately, though dark.

TO PHILANDER.

AH! What have I done, *Philander*, and where shall I hide my guilty blushing Face? Thou hast undone my eternal Quiet: Oh, thou hast ruin'd my everlasting Repose, and I must never, never look abroad again: Curse on my Face that first debauch'd my Virtue, and taught thee how to love! Curse on my tempting Youth, my Shape, my Air, my Eyes, my Voice, my Hands, and every Charm that did contribute to my fatal Love, a lasting Curse on all——But those of the adorable *Philander*, and those——even in this raging Minute, my furious Passion dares not approach with an indecent Thought: No, they are sacred all, Madness it self would spare 'em, and shouldst thou now behold me as I sit, my Hair dishevell'd, ruffled and disorder'd, my Eyes bedewing every Word I write, when for each Letter I let fall a Tear; then (press'd with Thought) starting, I dropp'd my Pen, and fell to rave anew, and tear those Garments whose loose Negligence help'd to betray me to my shameful Ruin, wounding my Breast, but want the Resolution to wound it as I ought; which when I but propose, Love stays the Thought,

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raging and wild as 'tis, the Conqueror checks it, with whispering only *Philander* to my Soul; the dear Name calms me to an Easiness, gives me the Pen into my trembling Hand, and I pursue my silent soft Complaint: Oh! shouldst thou see me thus, in all these sudden different changes of Passion, thou wouldst say, *Philander*, I were mad indeed; Madness it self can find no stranger Motions: And I would calmly ask thee, for I am calm again, How comes it, my adorable *Philander*, that thou canst possess a Maid with so much Madness? Who art thy self a Miracle of Softness, all Sweet and all Serene, the most of Angel in thy Composition that ever mingled with Humanity; the very Words fall so gently from thy Tongue, — are utter'd with a Voice so ravishingly soft, a Tone so tender and so full of Love, 'twould charm even Frenzy, calm rude Distraction, and Wildness would become a silent Listener; there's such a sweet Serenity in thy Face, such Innocence and Softness in thy Eyes, should desert Savages but gaze on thee, sure they would forget their native Forest Wildness, and be inspir'd with easie Gentleness: Most certainly this God-like Power thou hast. Why then? Oh tell me in the Agony of my Soul, why must those Charms that bring Tranquillity and Peace to all, make me alone a wild, unseemly Raver? Why has it contrary Effects on me? Oh! all I act and say is perfect Madness: Yet this is the least unaccountable Part of my most wretched Story; — Oh! I must ne'er behold thy lovely Face again, for if I should, sure I should blush my Soul away; no, no, I must not, nor ever more believe thy dear deluding Vows; never thy charming perjur'd Oaths, after a Violation like to this. Oh Heav'n, what have I done? Yet by Heav'n I swear, I dare not ask my Soul, lest it inform me how I was to blame, unless that fatal Minute would instruct me how to revenge my Wrongs upon my Heart, my fond betraying Heart, — Despair and Madness seize me, Darkness and Horror hide me from human

human Sight, after an Easiness like this;—What, to yield,——To yield my Honour! Betray the Secrets of my Virgin Wishes.——My new Desires, my unknown shameful Flame,——Hell and Death! Where got I so much Confidence? Where learn'd I the harden'd and unblushing Folly? To wish was such a Fault, as is a Crime unpardonable to own; to shew Desire is such a Sin in Virtue as must deserve Reproach from all the World; but I, unlucky I, have not only betray'd all these, but with a Transport void of Sense and Shame, I yield to thy Arms——I'll not endure the Thought——By Heav'n! I cannot; there's something more than Rage that animates that Thought: Some Magick Spell, that in the midst of all my Sense of Shame keeps me from true Repentance; this angers me, and makes me know my Honour but a Fantom: Now I could curse again my Youth and Love; but Oh! when I have done, alas, *Philander*, I find my self as guilty as before; I cannot make one firm Resolve against thee, or if I do, when I consider thee, they weigh not all one lovely Hair of thine. 'Tis all in vain, the charming Cause remains, *Philander's* still as lovely as before, 'tis him I must remove from my fond Eyes and Heart, him I must banish from my Touch, my Smell, and every other Sense; by Heav'n! I cannot bear the mighty Pressure, I cannot see his Eyes, and touch his Hands, smell the Perfume every Pore of his breaths forth, taste thy soft Kisses, hear thy charming Voice, but I am all on a Flame: No, 'tis these I must exclaim on, not my Youth, 'tis they debauch my Soul, no natural Propensity in me to yield, or to admit of such destructive Fires. Fain I would put it off, but 'twill not do, I am the Aggressor still; else why is not every living Maid undone, that does but touch or see thee? Tell me why? No, the Fault's in me, and thou art innocent.——Were but my Soul less delicate, were it less sensible of what it loves and likes in thee, I yet were dully happy; but oh, there is a Nicety there so charm'd,

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so apprehensive of thy Beauties, as has betray'd me to Unrest for ever: — Yet something I will do to tame this lewd Betrayer of my Right, and it shall plead no more in thy Behalf; no more, no more disperse the Joys which it conceives thro' every Vein (cold and insensible by Nature) to kindle new Desires there. — No more shall fill me with unknown Curiosity; no, I will in spite of all the Perfumes that dwell about thee, in spite of all the Arts thou hast of looking, of speaking and of touching, I will, I say, assume my native Temper, I will be calm, be cold and unconcern'd, as I have been to all the World, — but to *Philander*. — The Almighty Power he has is unaccountable: — By yonder breaking Day that opens in the East, opens to see my Shame — I swear — by that great Ruler of the Day, the Sun, by that Almighty Power that rules them both, I swear — I swear, *Philander*, charming lovely Youth! thou art the first e'er kindled soft Desires about my Soul, thou art the first that ever did inform me that there was such a sort of Wish about me. I thought the Vanity of being belov'd made up the greatest part of the Satisfaction; 'twas Joy to see my Lovers sigh about me, adore and praise me, and increase my Pride by every Look, by every Word and Action; and him I fancy'd best I favour'd most, and he pass'd for the happy Fortune; him I have suffer'd too to kiss and press me, to tell me all his Tale of Love, and sigh, which I would listen to with Pride and Pleasure, permitted it, and smil'd him kind Returns; nay, by my Life, then thought I lov'd him too, tho' I could have been content to have pass'd my Life at this gay rate, with this fond hoping Lover, and thought no farther than of being great, having rich Coaches, shewing Equipage, to pass my Hours in dressing, in going to the Opera's and the Tower, make Visits where I list, be seen at Balls; and having still the Vanity to think the Men would gaze and languish where I came, and all the Women envy me; I thought no farther on — But thou

thou, *Philander*, hast made me take new Measures, I now can think of nothing but of thee, I loath the Sound of Love from any other Voice, and Conversation makes my Soul impatient, and does not only dull me into Melancholy, but perplexes me out of all Humour, out of all patient Sufferance, and I am never so well pleas'd when from *Philander*, as when I am retir'd, and curse my Character and Figure in the World, because it permits me not to prevent being visited; one Thought of thee is worth the World's Enjoyment; I hate to dress, I hate to be agreeable to any Eyes but thine; I hate the Noise of Equipage and Crouds, and would be more content to live with thee in some lone shaded Cottage, than be a Queen, and hinder'd by that Grandeur one Moment's Conversation with *Philander*: May'st thou despise and loath me, a Curse the greatest that I can invent, if this be any thing but real honest Truth. No, no, *Philander*, I find I never lov'd till now, I understood it not, nor knew what those Sighs and Pressings meant which others gave me; yet every speaking Glance thy Eyes put on, inform my Soul what 'tis they plead and languish for: If you but touch my Hand, my Breath grows faint and short, my Blood glows in my Face, and runs with an unusual Warmth thro' every Vein, and tells my Heart what 'tis *Philander* ails, when he falls sighing on my Bosom; oh then, I fear, I answer every Look, and every Sigh and Touch, in the same silent but intelligible Language, and understood, I fear, too well by thee: 'Till now I never fear'd Love as a Criminal. Oh tell me not, mistaken foolish Maids, true Love is innocent, ye cold, ye dull, ye unconsidering Lovers; tho' I have often heard it from the grave and wise, and preach'd my self that Doctrine: I now renounce it all, 'tis false, by Heav'n! 'tis false, for now I love, and know it all a Fiction; yes, and love so, as never any Woman can equal me in Love, my Soul being all compos'd (as I have often said) of softer Materials. Nor is it Fancy sets my Rates on Beauty,

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there's an intrinsic Value in thy Charms, which surely none but I am able to understand, and to those that view thee not with my judging Eyes, Ugliness fancy'd would appear the same, and please as well. If all could love or judge like me, why does *Philander* pass so unregarded by a thousand Women, who never sigh'd for him? What makes *Myrtilla*, who possesses all, looks on thee, feels thy Kisses, hears thee speak, and yet wants Sense to know how blest'd she is, 'tis want of Judgment all; and how, and how can she that judges ill, love well?

Granting my Passion equal to its Object, you must allow it infinite, and more in me than any other Woman, by how much more my Soul is compos'd of Tenderness; and yet I say I own, for I may own it, now Heav'n and you are Witness of my Shame, I own with all this Love, with all this Passion, so vast, so true and so unchangeable, that I have Wishes, new unwonted Wishes; at every Thought of thee, I find a strange disorder in my Blood, that pants and burns in every Vein, and makes me blush, and sigh, and grow impatient, ashamed and angry; but when I know it the effects of Love, I am reconcil'd, and wish and sigh a-new; for when I sit and gaze upon thy Eyes, thy languishing, thy lovely dying Eyes, play with thy soft white Hand, and lay my glowing Cheeks to thine—oh God! what Language can express my Transport! All that is tender, all that is soft Desire, seizes every trembling Limb, and 'tis with Pain conceal'd.—Yes, yes, *Philander*, 'tis the fatal Truth, since thou hast found it, I confess it too, and yet I love thee dearly; long, long it was that I essay'd to hide the guilty Flame, if Love be Guilt; for I confess I did dissemble a Coldness which I was not Mistress of: There lyes a Woman's Art, there all her boasted Virtue, it is but well dissembling, and no more—But mine, alas, is gone, for ever fled; this, this feeble Guard that should secure my Honour, thou hast betray'd, and left it quite defenceless.

fenceless. Al! what's a Woman's Honour when 'tis so poorly guarded! No wonder that you conquer with such Ease, when we are only safe by the mean Arts of base Diffimulation, an Ill as shameful as that to which we fall. Oh silly Refuge! What foolish Nonsense fond Custom can persuade! Yet so it is; and she that breaks her Laws, loses her Fame, her Honour and Esteem. Oh Heav'ns! how quickly lost it is! Give me, ye Powers, my Fame, and let me be a Fool; let me retain my Virtue and my Honour, and be a dull Insensible. — But, oh! where is it? I have lost it all; 'tis irrecoverably lost. Yes, yes, ye charming perjur'd Man, 'tis gone, and thou hast quite undone me. —

What tho! I lay extended on my Bed, undrest, unapprehensive of my Fate, my Bosom loose and easy of Access, my Garments ready, thin and wantonly put on, as if they would with little Force submit to the fond straying Hand: What then, *Philander*, must you take the Advantage? Must you be perjur'd because I was tempting? 'Tis true, I let you in by Stealth by Night, whose silent Darkness favour'd your Treachery; but oh, *Philander*, were not your Vows as binding by a glimmering Taper, as if the Sun with all his awful Light had been a Looker on? I urg'd your Vows as you press'd on, — But oh, I fear it was in such a way, so faintly and so feebly I upbraided you as did but more advance your Perjuries. Your Strength increas'd, but mine alas declin'd; till I quite fainted in your Arms, left you triumphant Lord of all; No more my faint Demials do persuade, no more my trembling Hands resist your Force, unregarded lay the Treasure which you toil'd for, betray'd and yielded to the lovely Conqueror. — But oh tormenting, — when you saw the Store, and found the Prize no richer, with what Contempt; (yes, false dear Man) with what Contempt you view'd the unvalu'd Trophy: What, despis'd! Was all you call a Heav'n of Joy and Beauty expos'd to View, and then neglected? Were all your Prayers

heard your Wishes granted, and your Toils rewarded, the trembling Victim ready for the Sacrifice; and did you want Devotion to perform it? And did you thus receive the expected Blessing? — Oh — by Heaven I'll never see thee more, and it will be Charity to thee, for thou hast no Excuse in store that can convince my Opinion that I am hated, loath'd, — I cannot bear that Thought, — or if I do, it shall only serve to fortify my fix'd Resolve never to see thee more. — And yet I long to hear thy false Excuse; let it be quickly then; 'tis my Disdain invites thee — To strengthen which, there needs no more than that you let me hear your poor Defence. — But 'tis a tedious time to that slow Hour wherein I dare permit thee, but hope not to incline my Soul to love: No, I am yet safe if I can stop but here, but here be wise, resolve and be my self.

TO PHILANDER.

AS my Page was coming with the inclos'd, he met Alexis at the Gate with yours, and who would not depart without an Answer to it; — to go or stay is the Question. Ah, Philander! why do you press a Heart too ready to yield to Love and you! Alas, I fear you guess too well my Answer, and your own Soul might save me the blushing Trouble of a Reply. I am plung'd in past hope of a Retreat; and since my Fate has pointed me out for Ruin, I cannot fall more gloriously. Take then, Philander, to your dear Arms, a Maid that can no longer resist, who is disarm'd of all defensive Power: She yields, she yields, and does confess it too; and sure she must be more than mortal, that can hold out against thy Charms and Vows. Since I must be undone, and give all away,

I'll do it generously, and scorn all mean Reserves: I will be brave in Love, and lavish all; nor shall *Philander* think I love him well, unless I do. Take, charming Victor, then, what your own Merits, and what Love has given you; take, take, at last, the dear Reward of all your Sighs and Tears, your Vows and Sufferings. But since, *Philander*, 'tis an Age to Night, and till the approach of those dear silent Hours, thou know'st I dare not give thee admittance; I do conjure thee, go to *Cesario*, whom I find too pressing, not to believe the Concerns great; and so jealous I am of thy dear Safety, that every thing alarms my Fears: Oh! satisfy 'em then and go, 'tis early yet, and if you take Horse immediately, you will be there by eight this Morning; go, I conjure you; for tho' 'tis an unspeakable Satisfaction to know you are so near me, yet I prefer your Safety and Honour to all Considerations else. You may soon dispatch your Affair, and render your self time enough on the Place appointed, which is where you last Night waited, and 'twill be at least eight at Night before 'tis possible to bring you to my Arms. Come in your Chariot, and do not heat your self with Riding; have a care of me and my Life in the Preservation of all I love. Be sure you go, and do not, my *Philander*, out of a Punctilio of Love, neglect your dear Safety—Go then, *Philander*, and all the Gods of Love preserve and attend thee on thy way, and bring thee safely back to

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA,

O H, thou most charming of thy Sex! thou lovely dear Delight of my transported Soul! thou everlasting treasure of my Heart! what hast thou done? given me an Over-joy, that fails but very little of perform-

ing what Grief's Excess had almost finish'd before: Eternal Blessings on thee, for a Goodness so Divine; oh, thou most excellent and dearest of thy Sex! I know not what to do, or what to say. I am not what I was, I do not speak, nor walk, nor think as I was wont to do; sure the Excess of Joy is far above dull Sense, or formal thinking, it cannot stay for Ceremonious Method. I rave with Pleasure, rage with the dear Thought of coming Extasy. Oh *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*! my Soul, my vital Blood, and without which I could as well subsist — Oh, my adorable, my *Sylvia*! methinks I press thee, kiss thee, hear thee sigh, behold thy Eyes, and all the wondrous Beauty of thy Face; a solemn Joy has spread it self through every Vein, sensibly through every Artery of my Heart; and I can think of nothing but of *Sylvia*, the lovely *Sylvia*, the blooming flowing *Sylvia*? and shall I see thee? shall I touch thy Hands, and press thy dear, thy charming Body in my Arms, and taste a thousand Joys, a thousand Ravishments? oh God! shall I? oh *Sylvia*, say, but thou hast said enough to make me mad, and I, forgetful of thy Safety and my own, shall bring thy wild adoring Slave to *Belmont*, and throw him at thy Feet, to pay his humble Gratitude for this great Condescension, this vast Bounty.

Ah, *Sylvia*! how shall I live 'till Night? and you impose too cruelly upon me, in conjuring me to go to *Cesario*; alas! does *Sylvia* know to what she exposes her *Philander*? whose Joy is so transporting, great, that when he comes into the grave Cabal, he must betray the Story of his Heart, and, in lieu of the mighty Business there in Hand, be raving still on *Sylvia*, telling his Joy to all the amaz'd Listeners, and answering Questions that concern our great Affair, with something of my Love; all which will pass for Madness, and undo me: No, give me leave to rave in Silence, and unseen among the Trees, they'll humour my Deliries, answer my murmuring Joy, and Echoes flatter

it, repeat thy Name, repeat that *Sylvia's* mine! and never hurt her Fame; while the Cabals, Business and noisy Town will add Confusion to my present Transport, and make me mad indeed: No, let me alone, thou sacred lovely Creature, let me be calm and quiet here, and tell all the Insensibles I meet in the Woods what *Sylvia* has this happy Minute destin'd me: Oh, let me record it on every Bark, on every Oak and Beech, that all the World may wonder at my Fortune, and bless the generous Maid; let it grow up to Ages that shall come, that they may know the Story of our Loves, and how a happy Youth, they call'd *Philander*, was once so blest by Heav'n as to possess the charming, the ador'd and lov'd by all, the glorious *Sylvia*! a Maid, the most Divine that ever grac'd a Story; and when the Nymphs would look for an Example of Love and Constancy, let them point out *Philander* to their doubted Swains, and cry, Ah! love but as the young *Philander* did, and then be fortunate, and then reap all your Wishes: And when the Shepherd would upbraid his Nymph, let him but cry,——See here what *Sylvia* did to save the young *Philander*; but oh! there never will be such another Nymph as *Sylvia*; Heav'n form'd but one to shew the World what Angels are, and she was form'd for me, yes she was——in whom I would not quit my glorious Interest to reign a Monarch here, or any boasted gilded thing above! take all, take all, ye Gods, and give me but this happy coming Night! Oh, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*! by all thy promis'd Joys I am undone if any Accident should ravish this Night from me: This Night! No not for a Lease of Years to all Eternity would I throw thee away: Oh! I am all Flame, all joyful Fire and Softness; methinks 'tis Heaven where-ever I look around me, Air where I tread, and ravishing Musick when I speak, because 'tis all of *Sylvia*——Let me alone, oh let me cool a little, or I shall by an Excess of joyful Thought lose all my hop'd for Bliss. Remove a little from me; go, my *Sylvia*,

you are so excessive sweet, so wondrous dazzling, you press my Senses even to pain — away — let me take Air — let me recover Breath; Oh let me lay me down beneath some cooling Shade, near some refreshing Crystal murmuring Spring, and fan the gentle Air about me. I suffocate, I faint with this close loying, I must allay my Joy or be undone — I'll read thy cruel Letters, or I'll think of some sad melancholy Hour wherein thou hast dismiss'd me despairing from thy Presence; Or while you press me now to be gone with so much Earnestness, you have some Lover to receive and entertain; perhaps 'tis only for the Vanity to hear him tell his nauseous Passion to you, breath on your lovely Face, and daub your Garments with his fullsome Embrace: But oh, by Heav'n, I cannot think that Thought! and thou hast sworn thou canst not suffer it — if I should find thee false — but 'tis impossible — Oh! should I find *Foscario* visit thee, him whom thy Parents favour, I should undo you all, by Heav'n I should — but thou hast sworn, what need *Philander* more? Yes, *Sylvia*, thou hast sworn, and call'd Heav'n's Vengeance down when'er thou gavest a Look, or a dear smile in Love to that pretending Fop; Yet from his mighty Fortune there is danger in him — What makes that Thought torment me now? — be gone, for *Sylvia* loves me, and will preserve my Life —

I am not able, my adorable Charmer, to obey your Commands in going from the Sight of happy *Bellfont*; no, let the great Wheel of the vast Design roul on — or for ever stand still, for I'll not aid its Motion to leave the mightier Business of my Love unfinish'd; no, let Fortune and the duller Fools toil on — for I'll not bate a Minute of my Joys with thee to save the World, much less so poor a parcel of it; and sure there is more solid Pleasure even in these expecting Hours I wait to snatch my Bliss, than to be Lord of all the Universe without it: Then let me wait, my

Sylvia,

Sylvia, in those melancholy Shades that part *Bellfont* from *Dorillus's* Farm; perhaps my *Sylvia* may walk that Way so unattended, that we might meet and lose our selves for a few Moments in those intricate Retreats: Ah, *Sylvia*! I am dying with that Thought — Oh Heav'ns! what cruel Destiny is mine? whose fatal Circumstances do not permit me to own my Passion, and lay Claim to *Sylvia*, to take her without Controul to Shades and Palaces, to live for ever with her, to gaze for ever on her, to eat, to loll, to rise, to play, to sleep, to act over all the Pleasures and the Joys of Life with her — But 'tis in vain I rave, in vain employ my self in the Fools barren Business, wishing, — this Thought has made me sad as Death: Oh, *Sylvia*! I can ne'er be truly happy — adieu, employ thy self in writing to me, and remember my Life bears Date but only with thy Faith and Love.

PHILANDER.

Try, my Adorable, what you can do to meet me in the Wood this Afternoon, for there I'll live to Day.

TO PHILANDER.

O Bstinate *Philander*, I conjure you by all your Vows, by all your sacred Love, by those dear Hours this happy Night design'd in favour of you, to go without Delay to *Cesario*; 'twill be unsafe to disobey a Prince in his jealous Circumstances. The Fatigue of the Journey cannot be great, and you well know the Torment of my Fears! Oh! I shall never be happy, or think you safe, 'till you have quitted this fatal Interest: Go, my *Philander* — and remember what-ever Toils you take will be rewarded at Night in the Arms of

SYLVIA.

To

To SYLVIA.

WHatever Toils you take shall be rewarded in the Arms of *Sylvia*! ——— By Heav'n, I am inspir'd to act Wonders: Yes, *Sylvia*, yes, my adorable Maid, I am gone, I fly as swift as Lightning, or the soft Darts of Love shot from thy charming Eyes, and I can hardly stay to say ——— Adieu ———

To the LADY —

Dear Child,

LONG foreseeing the Misery whereto you must arrive, by this fatal Correspondence with my unhappy Lord, I have often, with Tears and Prayers, implor'd you to decline so dangerous a Passion: I have never yet acquainted our Parents with your Misfortunes, but I fear I must at last make use of their Authority for the Prevention of your Ruin. 'Tis not, my dearest Child, that part of this unhappy Story that relates to me that grieves me, but purely that of thine.

Consider, oh young noble Maid, the Infamy of being a Prostitute! and yet the Act it self in this fatal Amour is not the greatest Sin, but the Manner, which carries an unusual Horror with it; for 'tis a Brother too, my Child, as well as a Lover, one that has lain by thy unhappy Sister's Side so many tender Years, by whom he has a dear and lovely Off-spring, by which he has more fixt himself to thee by Relation and Blood: Consider this, oh fond heedless Girl! and suffer not a momentary Joy to rob thee of thy Eternal Fame, me of my Eternal Repose, and fix a Brand upon our noble House, and so undo us all. ——— Alas, consider, after an Action so shameful, thou must obscure thy self in some remote

remote Corner of the World, where Honesty and Honour never are heard of: No, thou canst not shew thy Face, but 'twill be pointed at for something monstrous; for a hundred Ages may not produce a Story so lewdly infamous and loose as thine. Perhaps (fond as you are) you imagine the sole Joy of being belov'd by him, will atone for those Affronts and Reproaches you will meet with in the censuring World: But, Child, remember and believe me, there is no lasting Faith in Sin; he that has broke his Vows with Heav'n and me, will be again perjur'd to Heav'n and thee, and all the World! — He once thought me as lovely, lay at my Feet, and sigh'd away his Soul, and told such pitious Stories of his Sufferings, such sad, such mournful Tales of his departed Rest, his broken Heart and everlasting Love, that sure I thought it had been a Sin not to have credited his charming Perjuries; in such a way he swore, with such a Grace he sigh'd, so artfully he mov'd, so tenderly he look'd. Alas, dear Child, then all he said was new, unusual with him, never told before; now 'tis a beaten Road, 'tis learn'd by Heart, and easily address'd to any fond believing Woman, the tatter'd, worn-out Fragments of my Trophies, the Dregs of what I long since drain'd from off his fickle Heart; then it was fine, then it was brisk and new, now pall'd and dull'd by being repeated often. Think, my Child, what your victorious Beauty merits, the Victim of a Heart unconquer'd by any but your Eyes: Alas, he has been my Captive, my humble whining Slave, disdain to put him on your Fetters now; alas, he can say no new thing of his Heart to thee, 'tis Love at second Hand, worn out, and all its gaudy Lustre tarnish'd; besides, my Child, if thou hadst no Religion binding enough, no Honour that could stay thy fatal Course, yet Nature should oblige thee, and give a Check to the unreasonable Enterprize. The Griefs and Dishonour of our noble Parents, who have been eminent for Virtue and Piety, ob suffer 'em not to be regarded

regarded in this censuring World as the most unhappy of all the Race of old Nobility; thou art the darling Child, the Joy of all, the last Hope left, the Refuge of their Sorrow; for they, alas, have had but unkind Stars to influence their unadvis'd Off-spring; no want of Virtue in their Education, but this last Blow of Fate must strike 'em dead: Think, think of this my Child, and yet retire from Ruin; haste, fly from Destruction which pursues thee fast; haste, haste, and save thy Parents and a Sister, or what's more dear, thy Fame; mine has already receiv'd but too many desperate Wounds, and all thro' my unkind Lord's growing Passion for thee, which was most fatally founded on my Ruin, and nothing but my Ruin could advance it; and when, my Sister, thou hast run thy Race, made thy self loath'd, undone and infamous as Hell, despis'd, scorn'd and abandon'd by all, lampoon'd, perhaps diseas'd; this faithless Man, this Cause of all will leave thee too, grow weary of thee, nauseated by use; he may perhaps consider what Sins, what Evils, and what Inconveniencies and Shames thou'st brought him to, and will not be the last shall loath and hate thee: For though Youth fancy it have a mighty Race to run of pleasing Vice and Vanity, the Course will end, the Goal will be arriv'd to at the last, where they will sighing stand, look back, and view the length of precious Time they've fool'd away; when travers'd o'er with Honour and Discretion, how glorious were the Journey, and with what Joy the weary'd Traveller lies down and basks beneath the Shades that end the happy Course.

Forgive, dear Child, this Advice, and pursue it; 'tis the Effect of my Pity, not Anger; nor could the Name of Rival ever yet have Power to banish that of Sister from my Soul — Farewel, remember me; pray Heav'n thou hast not this Night made a Forfeit of thy Honour, and that this which comes from a tender bleeding Heart may have the Fortune to inspire thee

thee with Grace to avoid all Temptations for the future, since they must end in Sorrow; which is the Eternal Prayer of,

Dearest Child,

Your Affectionate Sister.

TO PHILANDER.

ASK me not, my dearest Brother, the Reason of this sudden Change, ask me no more from whence proceeds this strange Coldness, or why this Alteration; it is enough my Destiny has not decreed me for *Philander*: Alas, I see my Error, and looking round about me, find nothing but approaching Horror and Confusion in my Pursuit of Love: Oh whither was I going, to what dark Paths, what everlasting Shades had smiling Love betray'd me, had I pursu'd him farther? but I at last have subdu'd his Force, and the fond Charmer shall no more renew his Arts and Flatteries; for I'm resolv'd as Heav'n, as fix'd as Fate and Death, and I conjure you trouble my Repose no more; for if you do (regardless of my Honour, which if you lov'd you would preserve) I'll do a Deed shall free me from your Importunities, that shall amaze and cool your vicious Flame. No more — remember you have a noble Wife, Companion of your Vows, and I have Honour, both which are worth preserving, and for which, though you want generous Love, you'll find neither that nor Courage wanting in *Sylvia*.

TO SYLVIA.

YES, my Adorable *Sylvia*, I will pursue you no farther; only for all my Pains, for all my Sufferings, for my tormenting sleepless Nights, and thought-
ful

ful anxious Days; for all my faithless Hopes, my Fears, my Sighs, my Prayers and my Tears, for my unquall'd and unbounded Passion, and my unwearied Pursuits in Love, my never dying Flame, and lastly, for my Death: I only beg, in Recompence for all, this last Favour from your Pity; That you will deign to view the bleeding Wound that pierc'd the truest Heart that ever fell a Sacrifice to Love; you'll find my Body lying beneath that spreading Oak, so sacred to *Philander*, since 'twas there he first took into his greedy ravish'd Soul the dear, the lost Confession of thy Passion, tho' now forgotten and neglected all. — Make what haste you can, you'll find there stretch'd out the mangled Carcass of the lost

PHILANDER.

Ah *Sylvia*! was it for this that I was sent in such haste away this Morning to *Cesaria*? Did I for this neglect the World, our great Affair, and all that Prince's Interest, and fly back to *Bellfont* on the Wings of Love? where in lieu of receiving a dear Blessing from thy Hand, do I find — Never see me more — good Heav'n — but, with my Life, all my Complaints are ended; only 'twould be some Ease, even in Death, to know what happy Rival 'tis has arm'd thy cruel Hand against *Philander's* Heart.

To PHILANDER.

STAY, I conjure thee stay thy Sacrilegious Hand; for the least Wound it gives the Lord of all my Wishes, I'll double on my Breast a thousand fold; stay then, by all thy Vows, thy Love, and all the Hopes, I swear thou hast this Night a full Recompence of all thy Pains from yielding *Sylvia*; I do conjure thee stay — for when the News arrives thou art no more, this poor, this lost, abandon'd Heart of mine shall fall

a Victim to thy Cruelty: No, live, my *Philander*, I conjure thee, and receive all thou canst ask, and all that can be given by

SYLVIA

TO PHILANDER.

O H, my charming *Philander*! how very ill have you recompens'd my last soft Commands? which were that you should live; and yet at the same Moment, while you are reading of the dear Obligation, and while my Page was waiting your kind Return, you desperately expos'd your Life to the Mercy of this innocent Rival, betraying unadvisedly at the same time my Honour, and the Secret of your Love, and where to kill, or to be kill'd, had been almost equally unhappy: 'Twas well my Page told me you disarm'd him in this Rencounter; yet you, he says, are wounded, some sacred Drops of Blood are fallen to the Earth and lost, the least of which are precious enough to ransom Captive Queens: Oh! haste, *Philander*, to my Arms for Cure, I die with Fear there may be Danger, haste, and let me bathe the dear, the wounded Part in Floods of Tears, lay to my warm Lips, and bind it with my torn Hair: Oh! *Philander*, I rave with my Concern for thee, and am ready to break all Laws of Decency and Duty, and fly, without considering, to thy Succour, but that I fear to injure thee much more by the Discovery, which such an unadvis'd Absence would make. Pray Heav'n the unlucky Adventure reach not *Bellfont*; *Fascario* has no reason to proclaim, and thou art too generous to boast the Conquest, and my Page was the only Witness, and he's as silent and as secret as the Grave: But why, *Philander*, was he sent me back without Reply? what meant that cruel silence——say, my *Philander*, will you not obey me? will you abandon me? can that dear Tongue be perjur'd?

perjur'd? and can you this Night disappoint your *Sylvia*? what have I done, oh obstinately cruel, irreconcilable — what, for my first Offence? a little poor Resentment and no more? a little faint Care of my gasping Honour, could that displease so much? besides I had a Cause, which you shall see; a Letter that would cool Love's hottest Fires, and turn it to Devotion; by Heav'n 'twas such a Check — such a Surprise — but you your self shall judge; if after that I could say less, than bid eternally farewell to Love — at least to thee — but I recanted soon; one sad dear Word, one soft relenting Line from thee, gain'd Love the Day again, and I despis'd the Censures of the duller World: Yes, yes, and I confess'd you had over-come, and did this merit no Reply? I ask'd the Boy a thousand times what you said, how and in what manner you received it, chid him, and laid your silent Fault on him, till he with Tears convinc'd me, and said he found you hastning to the Grove, — and when he gave you my Commands — you look'd up on him with such a stedfast, wild and fix'd Regard surveying him all o'er while you were opening it — as argu'd some unusual Motion in you; then cry'd, Be gone — I cannot answer Flattery — Good Heav'n what can you mean? but e'er he got to the farther End of the Grove, where still you walk'd a solemn Death-like Pace; he saw *Foscario* pass him unattended, and looking back saw your Rencontre, saw all that happen'd between you, then ran to your Assistance just as you parted; still you were roughly fullen, and neither took notice of his proffer'd Service, nor that you needed it, although you bled apace; he offer'd you his Aid to tie your Wounds up — but you reply'd — Be gone, and do not trouble me — Oh could you imagine I could live with this Neglect could you, my *Philander*? oh, what would you have me do! If nothing but my Death or Ruin can suffice for my Attonement, I'll sacrifice either with Joy

yes, I'll proclaim my Passion aloud, proclaim it at *Bellfont*, own the dear criminal Flame, fly to my *Philander's* Aid and be undone; for thus I cannot, no, I will not live, I rave, I languish, faint and die with Pain; say that you live, oh, say but that you live, say you are coming to the Meadow behind the Garden-grove in order to your Approach to my Arms: Oh, swear that all your Vows are true; oh, swear that you are *Sylvia's*; and, in return, I'll swear that I am yours without Reserve, whatever Fate is destin'd for your

SYLVIA.

I die with Impatience, either to see or hear from you; I fear 'tis yet too soon for the first—oh therefore save me with the last, or I shall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus his Farm, or seeking you where-e'er you cruelly have hid your self from

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, how have you in one Day destroy'd that Repose I have been designing so many years! Oh, thou false—but wondrous fair Creature! why did Heaven ordain so much Beauty and so much perfidy, so much excellent Wit and so much Cunning, things inconsistent in any but in *Sylvia* in one Divine Frame, but to undo Mankind: Yes, *Sylvia*, thou wert born to murder more believing Men than the happy and undone *Philander*. Tell me, thou charming Hypocrite, why hast thou thus deluded me? why, why was I made the miserable Object of thy fatal bow-breach? What have I done, thou lovely, fickle maid, that thou shouldst be my Murderer? And why shouldst thou call me from the Grave with such dear soft commands as would awake the very quiet Dead, to torture me anew, after my Eyes (curse on their fatal

G

Sense

Sense) were too sure Witnesses of thy Infidelity? Oh
 fickle Maid, how much more kind 't had been to have
 sent me down to Earth, with plain heart-breaking
 Truth, than a mean subtle Falshood, that has undone
 thy Credit in my Soul: Truth, tho' 'twere cruel, had
 been generous in thee, tho' thou wert perjur'd, false,
 forsworn——thou shouldst not have added to it that yet
 baser Sin of Treachery: You might have been pro-
 vok'd to have kill'd your Friend, but it were base to
 stab him unawares, defenceless and unwarn'd; smile in
 my Face, and strike me to the Heart; sooth me with
 all the tenderest Marks of Passion——nay, with an
 Invitation too, that would have gain'd a Credit in one
 that had been jilted o'er the World, flatter'd and ruin'd
 by all thy cozening Sex, and all to send me vain and
 pleas'd away, only to gain a Day to entertain another
 Lover in. Oh, fantastick Woman! destructive glo-
 rious Thing, what needed this Deceit? Hadst thou not
 with unwonted Industry persuaded me to have hasten'd
 to *Cesario*, by Heav'n, I had dully liv'd the tedious
 Day in traversing the flow'ry Meads and silent Groves,
 laid by some murmuring Spring had sigh'd away the
 often counted Hours, and thought on *Sylvia*, 'till the
 bless'd Minute of my ravishing Approach to her; had
 been a fond, believing and impos'd on Coxcomb, and
 never had dreamt the Treachery, never seen the Snake
 that bask'd beneath the gay, the smiling Flowers; se-
 curely thou hadst cozen'd me, reap'd thy new Joys, and
 made my Rival sport at the Expence of all my Happi-
 ness: Yes, yes, your hasty Importunity first gave me
 Jealousie, made me impatient with *Cesario*, and ex-
 cuse my self to him by a hundred Inventions; neglected
 all to hasten back, where all my Joys, where all my
 killing Fears and Torments resided——But when I came
 ——how was I welcom'd? With your confirming
 Billet; yes, *Sylvia*, how! let *Dorillus* inform you, be-
 tween whose Arms I fell dead, Shame on me, dead——
 and the first Thought my Soul conceiv'd when it

turn

turn'd, was, not to die in Jest. I answer'd your Commands, and hasten'd to the Grove, where——by all that's sacred, by thy self I swear (a dearer Oath than Heav'n and Earth can furnish me with) I did resolve to die; but oh, how soon my soft, my silent Passion turn'd to loud Rage, Rage easier to be born, to dire Despair, to Fury and Revenge; for there I saw *Foscario*, my young, my fair, my rich and powerful Rival, he hasten'd through the Grove all warm and glowing from the fair false ones Arms; the Blushes which thy Eyes had kindled were fresh upon his Cheeks, his Looks were sparkling with the new-blown Fire, his Heart so briskly burnt with, a glad, a peaceful Smile dress'd all his Face, trick'd like a Bridegroom, while he perfum'd the Air as he pass'd thro' it——None but the Man that loves and dotes like me is able to express my Sense of Rage: I quickly turn'd the Sword from my own Heart to send it to his elevated one, giving him only time to — draw — that was the Word, and I confess your Spark was wondrous ready, brisk with Success, vain with your new-given Favours he only cry'd——
If *Sylvia* be the Quarrel —— I am prepar'd ——
And he maintain'd your Cause with admirable Courage I confess, though Chance or Fortune luckily gave me his Sword, which I would fain have render'd back, and that way would have dy'd; but he refus'd to arm his Hand anew against the Man that had not took Advantage of him, and thus we parted: Then 'twas that Malice supported me with Life, and told me I should scorn to die for so perfidious and so ruinous a Creature; but charming and bewitching still, 'twas then I borrow'd so much Calmness of my lessening Anger to read the Billet o'er, your Page had brought me, which melted all the rough remaining Part of Rage away into tame Languishment: Ah, *Sylvia*! this Heart of mine was never form'd by Nature to hold out long in stubborn Sullenness; I am already on the excusing Part, and fain would think thee innocent and just; deceive me pretti-

ly, I know thou canst sooth my fond Heart, and ask how it could harbour a faithless Thought of *Sylvia*—do——flatter me, protest a little, swear my Rival saw thee not, say he was there by chance——say any thing; or if thou saw'st him, say with how cold a Look he was receiv'd——Oh, *Sylvia*, calm my Soul, deceive it, flatter it, and I shall still believe and love thee on——Yet should'st thou tell me Truth, that thou art false, by Heav'n I do adore thee so, I still should love thee on; should I have seen thee clasp him in thy Arms, print Kisses on his Cheeks and Lips, and more——so fondly and so dotingly I love, I think I should forgive thee; for I swear by all the Powers that pity frail Mortality, there is no Joy, no Life, no Heav'n without thee! Be false, be cruel, perjur'd, infamous, yet still I must adore thee; my Soul was form'd of nothing but of Love, and all that Love, and all that Soul is *Sylvia's*: But yet, since thou hast fram'd me an Excuse, be kind and carry it on;——to be deluded well, as thou can'st do't, will be the same to Innocence as loving: I shall not find the Cheat: I'll come then——and lay my self at thy Feet, and seek there that Repose, that dear Content which is not to be found in this vast World besides; though much of my Heart's Joy thou hast abated, and fix'd a Sadness in my Soul that will not easily vanish——Oh *Sylvia*, take care of me, for I am in thy Power, my Life, my Fame, my Soul are in thy Hands, be tender of the Victims, and remember if any Action of thy Life should shew a fading Love, that very Moment I perceive the Change, you shall find dead at your Feet the abandon'd

P H I L A N D E R

Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow, in order to my Approach towards Sylvia, the World affording no Repose to me, but when I am where the dear Charmer is.

To Philander in the Meadow.

AND can you be jealous of me, *Philander*? I mean so poorly jealous as to believe me capable of Falshood, of Vow-Breach, and what's worse, of loving any thing but the adorable *Philander*? Oh, I could not once believe so cruel a Thought could have entered into the Imaginations of a Soul so entirely possess'd with *Sylvia*, and so great a Judge of Love? Abandon me, reproach me, hate me, scorn me, whenever I harbour any thing in mind so destructive to my Repose and thine. Can I, *Philander*, give you a greater Proof of my Passion, of my faithful, never-dying Passion, than being undone for you? Have I any other Prospect in all this soft Adventure, but Shame, Dishonour, Reproach, eternal Infamy, and everlasting Destruction, even of Soul and Body: I tremble with Fear of future Punishment; but oh, Love will have no Devotion (mix'd with his Ceremonies) to any other Deity; and yet, alas, I might have lov'd another, and have been sav'd, or any Maid but *Sylvia*, might have possess'd without Damnation. But 'tis a Brother I pursue, 'tis a Sister gives her Honour up, and none but *Cannace*, that ever I read in Story, was ever found so wretched as to love a Brother with so criminal a Flame, and possibly I may meet her Fate. I have a Father too as great as *Æolus*, as angry and revengeful where his Honour is concern'd; and you found, my dearest Brother, how near you were last Night to a Discovery in the Garden: I have some Reason too to fear this Night's Adventure, for as ill Fate would have it (loaded with other Thoughts) I told not *Melinda* of your Adventure last Night with *Monsieur* the Count, who meeting her early this Morning, had like to have made a Discovery, if he have not really so already; she strove to shun him, but he cry'd out——*Melinda*, you cannot fly me by Light, as you did last Night in the

Dark—She turn'd and begg'd his Pardon, for neither coming nor designing to come, since she had resolv'd never to violate her Vows to *Alexis*: Not coming cry'd he, not returning again, you meant, *Melinda*; secure of my Heart and my Purse, you fled with both: *Melinda*, whose Honour was now concern'd and not reminding your Escape in her Likeness, blushing, she sharply denied the Fact, and with a Disdain that had laid aside all Respect, left him; nor can it be doubted, but he fancied (if she spoke Truth) there was some other Intrigue of Love carried on at *Bellfont*. Judge, my charming *Philander*, if I have not Reason to be fearful of thy Safety, and my Fame, and to be jealous that so wise a Man as *Monsieur* did not take that Parly to be held with a Spirit last Night, or that 'twas an Apparition he courted: But if there be no Boldness like that of Love, nor Courage like that of a Lover, sure there never was so great a *Heroine* as *Sylvia*. Undaunted, I resolve to stand the Shock of all, since 'tis impossible for me to leave *Philander* any Doubt or Jealousie that I can dissipate, and Heav'n knows how far I was from any Thought of seeing *Fostario*, when I urg'd *Philander* to depart. I have to clear my Innocence, sent thee the Letter I receiv'd two Hours after thy Absence, which falling into my Mother's Hands, whose Favourite he is, he had Permission to make his Visit, which within an Hour he did; but how received by me, be thou the Judge, when'er it is thy Fate to be oblig'd to entertain some Woman to whom thy Soul has an entire Aversion. I forced a Complaisance against my Nature endured his racking Courtship with a Fortitude that became the great Heart that bears thy sacred Image; as Martyrs do, I suffer'd without murmuring, or the least Sign of the Pain I endur'd—'Tis below the Dignity of my mighty Passion to justify it farther, let it plead its own Cause, it has a thousand ways to do it, and those all such as cannot be

be resisted, cannot be doubted, especially this last Proof of sacrificing to your Repose the never more to be doubted

S Y L V I A.

*About an Hour hence I shall
expect you to advance.*

To the LADY

Madam,

TIS not always the Divine Graces wherewith Heav'n has adorn'd your resplendent Beauties, that can maintain the innumerable Conquests they gain, without a noble Goodness, which may make you sensibly compassionate the poor and forlorn Captives you have undone: But most fair of your Sex, 'tis I alone that have a Destiny more cruel and severe, and find my self wounded from your very Frowns, and secur'd a Slave as well as made one; the very Scorn from those triumphant Stars, your Eyes, have the same Effects as if they shin'd with the continual Splendor of ravishing Smiles; and I can no more shun their killing Influence, than their all saving Aspects: And I shall expire contentedly, since I fall by so glorious a Fate, if you will vouchsafe to pronounce my Doom from that Storehouse of Perfection, your Mouth, from Lips that open like the blushing Rose, strow'd o'er with Morning Dew, and from a Breath sweeter than holy Incense; in order to which, I approach you, most excellent Beauty, with this most humble Petition, that you will deign to permit me to throw my unworthy self before the Throne of your Mercy, there to receive the Sentence of my Life or Death; a Happiness tho' incomparably too great for so mean a Vassal, yet with that Reverence and Awe I shall receive it, as I would the Sentence of the Gods, and which I will no more resist than I would the Thun-

derbolts of *Jove*, or the Revenge of angry *Juno*: For Madam, my immense Passion knows no *medium* between Life and Death, and as I never had the Presumption to aspire to the Glory of the first, I am not so abject as to fear I am wholly depriv'd of the Glory of the last: I have too long lain convicted, extend your Mercy, and put me now out of Pain: You have often wreck'd me to confess my Promethean Sin; spare the cruel Vulture of Despair, take him from my Heart in Pity, and either by killing Words, or blasting Lightning from those refulgent Eyes, pronounce the Death of,

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

F O S C A R I O.

To S Y L V I A.

My Everlasting Charmer,

I Am convinc'd and pleas'd, my Fears are vanish'd, and a Heav'n of solid Joy is open'd to my View, and I have nothing now in Prospect but Angel-Brightness, glittering Youth, dazzling Beauty, charming Sounds, and ravishing Touches, and all around me Ecstasies of Pleasure, unconceivable Transports without Conclusion; *Mahomet* never fancy'd such a Heav'n, not all his Paradise promis'd such lasting Felicity, or ever provided there the Recompence of such a Maid as *Sylvia*, such a bewitching Form, such soft, such glorious Eyes, where the Soul speaks and dances, and betray's Love's Secrets in every killing Glance, a Face, where every Motion, every Feature sweetly languishes, a Neck all tempting—and her lovely Breast inviting, presses from the eager Lips; such Hands, such clasping Arms, so white, so soft and slender! no, nor one of all his heav'nly

heav'nly Enjoyments, though promis'd Years of fainting in one continu'd Ecstasie, can make one Moment's Joy with charming *Sylvia*. Oh, I am wrapt (with bare Imagination) with a much vaster Pleasure than any other dull Appointment can dispense——Oh, thou Blessing sent from Heav'n to ease my Toils of Life! Thou sacred dear Delight of my fond doting Heart, oh, whither wilt thou lead me, to what vast heights of Love? into Extremes as faral and as dangerous as those Excesses were that render'd me so cold in your Opinion. Oh, *Sylvia, Sylvia*, have a care of me, manage my over-joy'd Soul, and all its eager Passions, chide my fond Heart, be angry if I faint upon thy Bosom, and do not with thy tender Voice recal me, a Voice that kills out-right, and calls my fleeting Soul out of its Habitation: Lay not such charming Lips to my cold Cheeks, but let me lye extended at thy Feet untouch'd, unfigh'd upon, unpress'd with Kisses: Oh, change those tender, trembling Words of Love into rough Sounds and Noises unconcern'd, and when you see me dying, do not call my Soul to mingle with thy Sighs; yet should'st thou bate one Word, one Look or Tear, by Heav'n, I should be mad; oh, never let me live to see Declension in thy Love! no, no, my Charmer, I cannot bear the least suppos'd Decay in those dear Fondnesses of thine; and sure none e'er became a Maid so well, nor ever were receiv'd with Adorations like to mine!

Pardon, my adorable *Sylvia*, the Rashness of my Passion in this Rancounter with *Foscario*; I am satisfy'd he is too unhappy in your Disfavour to merit the being so in mine; but 'twas sufficient I then saw a Joy in his Face, a pleas'd Gaiety in his Looks to make me think my Rage reasonable, and my Quarrel just; by the Style he writes, I dread his Sense less than his Person; but you, my lovely Maid, have said enough to quit me of my Fears for both——the Night comes on————I cannot call it envious, though it rob me

me of the Light that should assist me to finish this, since it will more gloriously repay me in a happier Place——Come on then, thou blest Retreat of Lovers, I forgive thy Interruptions here, since thou wilt conduct to the Arms of *Sylvia*——the adoring

PHILANDER.

If you have any Commands for me, this Weeder of the Gardens, whom I met in going in thither, will bring it back; I wait in the Meadow, and date this from the dear Primrose-Bank, where I have sat with Sylvia.

TO PHILANDER.

After the happy Night.

TIS done; yes, *Philander*, 'tis done, and after that what will not Love and Grief oblige me to own to you? Oh, by what insensible Degrees a Maid in Love may arrive to say any thing to her Lover without Blushing! I have known the time, the blest innocent time, when but to think I lov'd *Philander*, would have cover'd my Face with Shame, and to have spoke it would have fill'd me with Confusion——have made me tremble, blush, and bend my guilty Eyes to Earth, not daring to behold my charming Conqueror while I made that bashful Confession——though now I am grown bold in Love, yet I have known the time when being at Court, and coming from the Presence, being offer'd some officious Hand to lead me to my Coach, I have shrunk back with my Aversion to your Sex, and have conceal'd my Hands in my Pockets to prevent their being touch'd——a Kiss would turn my Stomach, and amorous

Look

looks (though they would make me vain) gave me
Hate to him that sent them, and never any Maid re-
solv'd so much as I to tread the Paths of Honour, and
had many Precedents before me to make me careful:
Thus I was arm'd with Resolution, Pride and Scorn,
against all Mankind; but alas, I made no Defence a-
gainst a Brother, but innocently lay expos'd to all his
attacks of Love, and never thought it criminal 'till
it kindled a new Desire about me, Oh, that I should
not die with Shame to own it——Yet see (I say)
how from one soft Degree to another, I do not only
confess the shameful Truth, but act it too; what
with a Brother——Oh Heav'ns! a Crime so mon-
strous and so new——But by all thy Love, by those
surprising Joys so lately experienced——I never
will——No, no, I never can——repent it: Oh in-
corrigible Passion! oh harden'd Love! At least I might
have some Remorse, some Sighing after my poor de-
parted Honour; but why should I dissemble with the
Powers Divine; that know the Secrets of a Soul doom'd
to eternal Love? Yet I am mad, I rave and tear my
self, traverse my guilty Chamber in a disorder'd, but
soft Confusion; and often opening the conscious
Curtains, survey the Print where thou and I were last
Night laid, surveying it with a thousand tender Sighs,
and kiss and press thy dear forsaken Side, imagine over
all our solemn Joys, every dear Transport, all our ra-
vishing repeated Bliss'es; then almost fainting, languish-
ing, cry——*Philander*, oh, my charming little God!
then lay me down in the dear Place you press'd, still
warm and fragrant with the sweet Remains that thou
hast left behind thee on the Pillow. Oh, my Soul's
joy! my dear, eternal Pleasure! what Softness hast
thou added to my Heart within a few Hours? But
oh *Philander*——if (as I've oft been told) Possessi-
on, which makes Women fond and doting, should
make thee cold, and grow indifferent——it nauseated
with repeated Joy, and having made a full Discovery
of

of all that was but once imaginary, when Fancy render'd every thing much finer than Experience, oh, how were I undone! For me, by all the Inhabitants of Heav'n I swear, by thy dear charming self, and by thy Vows——thou so transcend'st all Fancy, all dull Imagination, all wond'ring Ideas of what Man was to me, that I believe thee more than human! some Charm Divine dwells in thy Touches; besides all these, thy charming Look, thy Love, the Beauties that adorn thee, and thy Wit, I swear there is a Secret in Nature that renders thee more dear, and fits thee to my Soul; do not ask it me, let it suffice, 'tis so, and is not to be told; yes, by it I know thou art the Man created for my Soul, and he alone that has the Power to touch it; my Eyes and Fancy might have been diverted, I might have favour'd this above the other, prefer'd that Face, that Wit, or Shape, or Air——but to concern my Soul to make that capable of something more than Love, 'twas only necessary that *Philander* should be form'd, and form'd just as he is, that Shape, that Face, that Height, that dear Proportion; I would not have a Feature, not a Look, not a Hair alter'd, just as thou art, thou art an Angel to me, and I, without considering what I am, what I might be, or ought, without considering the fatal Circumstances of thy being marry'd (a Thought that shocks my Soul whene'er it enters) or whatever other Thought that does concern my Happiness or Quiet, have fix'd my Soul to Love and my *Philander*, to love thee with all thy Disadvantages, and glory in my Ruin; these are my firm Resolves——these are my Thoughts. But thou art gone, with all the Trophies of my Love and Honour, gay with the Spoils, which now perhaps are unregarded: The Mystery's now reveal'd, the mighty Secret's known, and now will be no Wonder or Surprise: But hear my Vows, by all on which my Life depends I swear——if ever I perceive the least Decay of Love in thee, if e'er thou

break

break'st an Oath, a Vow, a Word, if e'er I see Repentance in thy Face, or Coldness in thy Eyes (which Heav'n divert) by that bright Heav'n I'll die; you may believe me, since I had the Courage and durst love thee, and after that durst sacrifice my Fame, lose all to justify that Love, will, when a Change so fatal shall arrive, find Courage too to die; yes, die, *Philander*, assure thy self I will, and therefore have a Care of

S T L V I A.

To PHILANDER.

OH, where shall I find Repose, where seek a silent Quiet, but in my last Retreat, the Grave! I say not this, my dearest *Philander*, that I do or ever can repent my Love, though the fatal Source of all: For already we are betray'd, our Race of Joys, our Course of stol'n Delight is ended e'er begun. I chid, alas, at Morning's Dawn, I chid you to be gone, and yet, Heav'n knows, I grasp'd you fast, and rather would have dy'd than parted with you; I saw the Day come on, and curs'd its busie Light, and still you cry'd one blessed Minute more, before I part with all the Joys of Life! and Hours were Minutes then, and Day grew old upon us unawares, 'twas all abroad, and had call'd up all the Household Spies to pry into the Secrets of our Loves, and thou, by some Tale-bearing Flatterer, wert seen in passing through the Garden; the News was carry'd to my Father, and a mighty Consult has been held in my Mother's Apartment, who now refuses to see me; while I, possess'd with Love, and full of Wonder at my new Change, lull'd with dear Contemplation, (for I am alter'd much since Yesterday, however thou hast charm'd me) imagining none knew our Theft of Love, but only Heav'n and *Melinda*. But oh, alas, I had no sooner finish'd this inclos'd, but my Father enter'd my Cabinet, but 'twas with such a Look

—as

—as soon inform'd me all was betray'd to him; while he gaz'd on me with Fierceness in his Eyes which so surpriz'd and frighted me, that I, all pale and trembling, threw my self at his Feet; he, seeing my Disorder, took me up, and fix'd so steadfast and so sad a Look upon me, as would have broken any Heart but mine, supported with *Philander's* Image; I sigh'd and wept—and silently attended when the Storm should fall, which turn'd into a Shower so soft and piercing I almost dy'd to see it; at last delivering me a Paper—Here, (cry'd he, with a Sigh and Trembling interrupted Voice) read what I cannot tell thee. Oh *Sylvia*, cry'd he,—thou Joy and Hope of all my age Years, thou Object of my Dotage, how hast thou brought me to my Grave with Sorrow? so left me with the Paper in my Hand: Speechless, unmov'd a while I stood, 'till he awak'd me by new Sighs and Cries; for passing through my Chamber by Chance, or by Design, he cast his melancholy Eyes towards my Bed and saw the dear Disorder there, unusual—then cry'd—Oh, wretched *Sylvia*, thou art lost! and left me almost fainting. The Letter, I soon found, was one you'd sent from *Dorillus* his Farm this Morning after you had parted from me, which has betray'd me all, but how it came into their Hands I since have understood; for, as I said, you were seen passing through the Garden, from thence (to be confirm'd) they dogg'd you to the Farm, and waiting there your Motions, saw *Dorillus* come forth with a Letter in his Hand, which though he soon conceal'd, yet not so soon but it was taken notice of, when hast'ning to *Bellfont* the nearest Way, they gave an Account to *Monseur*, my Father who going out to *Dorillus*, commanded him to deliver him the Letter; his Vassal durst not disobey, but yielded it with such Dispute and Reluctancy as he durst maintain with a Man so great and powerful; before *Dorillus* return'd you had taken Horse, so that you are a Stranger to our Misfortune—What shall I do

who

where shall I seek a Refuge from the Danger that threatens us? A sad and silent Grief appears throughout *Bellfont*, and the Face of all things are chang'd, yet none knows the unhappy Cause but *Monsieur* my Father, and *Madam* my Mother, *Melinda* and my self? *Melinda* and my Page are both dismiss'd from waiting on me, as suppos'd Confidants of this dear Secret, and Strangers, Creatures of *Madam* the Countess, put about me. Oh *Philander*, what can I do? thy Advice, or I am lost: But how, alas, shall I either convey these to thee, or receive any thing from thee, unless some God of Love, in Pity of our Miseries, should offer us his Aid? I'll try to corrupt my new Boy, I see Good-nature, Pity and Generosity in his Looks, he's well born too, and may be honest.

Thus far, *Philander*, I had writ when Supper was brought me, for yet my Parents have not deign'd to let me come into their Presence; those that serve me tell me *Myrilla* is this afternoon arriv'd at *Bellfont*; all's mighry close carry'd in the Countess's Apartment. I tremble with the Thought of what will be the Result of the great Consultation: I have been tempting of the Boy, but I perceive they have strictly charg'd him not to obey me; he says, against his Will he shall betray me, for they will have him search'd; but he has promis'd me to see one of the Weeders, who working in the Garden, into which my Window opens, may from thence receive what I shall let down; if it be true, I shall get this fatal Knowledge to you, that you may not only prepare for the worst, but contrive to set at Liberty

The unfortunate Sylvia.

My Heart is ready to break, and my Eyes are drown'd in Tears: Oh *Philander*, how much unlike the last will this fatal Night prove! Farewel, and think of Sylvia.

This

This was writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

P*hilander*, all that I dreaded, all that I fear'd is fallen upon me: I have been arraign'd, and convicted; three Judges, severe as the three infernal ones, sat in Condemnation on me, a Father, a Mother, and a Sister; the Fact, alas, was too clearly prov'd and too many circumstantial Truths appear'd against me, for me to plead not guilty. But, oh Heav'ns! had you seen the Tears and heard the Prayers, Threats, Reproaches and Upbraidings—these from an injur'd Sister, those my Heart-broken Parents; a tender Mother here, a railing and reviling Sister there—an angry Father, and a guilty Conscience—thou wouldst have wonder'd at my Fortitude, my Courage, and my Resolution, and all from Love! for surely I had died, had not thy Love, thy powerful Love supported me; thro' all the Accidents of Live and Fate, that can and will support me; in the midst of all their Clamours and their Railings I had from that a secret and soft Repose within, that whisper'd me, *Philander* loves me still; discarded and renounc'd by my fond Parents, Love still replies, *Philander* still will own thee; thrown from thy Mother's and thy Sister's Arms, *Philander's* still are open to receive thee: And tho' I rave and almost die to see them grieve, to think that I am the fatal Cause who makes so sad Confusion in our Family; (for, oh, 'tis pitious to behold my Sister's Sighs and Tears, my Mother's sad Despair, my Father's raging and his weeping, by melancholy Turns;) yet even these deplorable Objects, that would move the most obdurate, stubborn Heart to Pity and Repentance, render not mine relenting; and yet I am wondrous pitiful by Nature, and I can weep and faint to see the sad Effects of my loose, wanton Love, yet cannot find Repentance for the dear, charming Sin;
and

and yet, should'st thou behold my Mother's Languishment, no bitter Words proceeding from her Lips, no Tears fall from her down-cast Eyes, but silent and sad as Death she sits, and will not view the Light; should'st thou, I say, behold it, thou would'st, if not repent, yet grieve that thou hadst lov'd me: Sure Love has quite confounded Nature in me, I could not else behold this fatal Ruin without revenging it upon my stubborn Heart; a thousand times a Day I make new Vows against the God of Love, but 'tis too late, and I'm as often perjur'd—Oh, should the Gods revenge the broken Vows of Lovers, what Love-sick Man, what Maid betray'd like me, but would be damn'd a thousand times? for every little Love-quarrel, every kind Resentment makes us swear to love no more; and every Smile, and every flattering Softness from the dear Injurer, makes us perjur'd: Let all the Force of Virtue, Honour, Interest join with my suffering Parents to persuade me to cease to love *Philander*, yet let him but appear, let him but look on me with those dear charming Eyes, let him but sigh, or press me to his fragrant Cheek, told me——and cry——Ah, *Sylvia*, can you quit me?—nay, you must not, you shall not, nay, I know you cannot, remember you are mine——There is such Eloquence in those dear Words, when utter'd with a Voice so tender and so passionate, that I believe 'em irresistible——alas, I find 'em so——and easily break all the feebl' Vows I make against thee; yes, I must be undone, perjur'd, forsworn, incorrigible, unnatural, disobedient, and any thing, rather than not *Philander's*——Turn then, my Soul, from these domestick, melancholy Objects, and look abroad, look forward for a while on charming Prospects; look on *Philander*, the dear, the young, the amorous *Philander*, whose very Looks infuse a tender Joy throughout the Soul, and chase all Cares, all Sorrows and anxious Thoughts from thence, whose wanton Play is softer than that of young fledg'd Angels, and when he looks,
H and

and sighs, and speaks, and touches, he is a very God: Where art thou, oh thou Miracle of Youth, thou charming, dear Undoer! Now thou hast gain'd the Glory of the Conquest, thou flightest the risted Captive: What, not a Line? Two tedious Days are past, and no kind Power relieves me with a Word, or any Tidings of *Philander*——and yet thou may'st have sent——but I shall never see it, till they raise up fresh Witnesses against me——I cannot think thee wavering or forgetful; for if I did, surely thou know'st my Heart so well, thou canst not think 'twould live to think another Thought: Confirm my kind Belief, and send to me——

There is a Gate well known to thee through which thou passest to *Bellfont*, 'tis in the Road about half a League from hence, an old Man opens it, his Daughter weeds in the Garden, and will convey this to thee as I have order'd her, by the same Messenger thou may'st return thine; and early as she comes I'll let her down a String, by which way unperceiv'd I shall receive 'em from her: I'll say no more, nor instruct you how you shall preserve your

S Y L V I A.

To S Y L V I A.

That which was left in her Hands by Monsieur, her Father, in her Cabinet.

My Adorable Sylvia.

I Can no more describe to thee the Torment with which I part from *Bellfont*, than I can that Heav'n of Joy I was rais'd to last Night by the transporting Effects of thy wondrous Love; both are to Excess and both killing, but in different kinds. Oh, *Sylvia* by all my unspeakable Raptures in thy Arms, by all thy Charm

Charms of Beauty, too numerous and too ravishing for Fancy to imagine—I swear——by this last Night, by this dear new Discovery, thou hast increas'd my Love to that vast Height, it has undone my Peace——all my Repose is gone——this dear, dear Night has ruin'd me, it has confirm'd me now I must have *Sylvia*, and cannot live without her, no, not a Day, an Hour——to save the World, unless I had the intire Possession of my lovely Maid: Ah, *Sylvia*, I am not that indifferent dull Lover that can be rais'd by one Beauty to an Appetite, and satisfy it with another, I cannot carry the dear Flame you kindle, to quench it in the Embraces of *Myrtilla*; no, by the eternal Powers, he that pretends to love, and loves at that coarse rate, needs fear no Danger from that Passion, he ne'er was born to love, or die for Love; *Sylvia*, *Myrtilla* and a thousand more were all the same to such a dull Insensible; no, *Sylvia*, when you find I can return back to the once left matrimonial Bed, despise me, scorn me: swear (as then thou justly may'st) I love not *Sylvia*: Let the hot Brute drudge on (he who is fir'd by Nature, not by Love, whom any Body's Kisses can inspire) and ease the necessary Heats of Youth; Love is a nobler Fire, which nothing can allay but the dear She that rais'd it; no, no, my purer Stream shall ne'er run back to the Fountain, whence 'tis parted, nay it cannot, it were as possible to love again, where one has ceas'd to love, as carry the Desire and Wishes back; by Heav'n, to me there's nothing so unnatural; no, *Sylvia*, it is you I must possess, you have compleated my undoing now, and I must die unless you give me all——but oh, I am going from thee——when are we like to meet——oh, how shall I support my absent Hours! Thought will destroy me, for 'twill be all on thee, and those at such a Distance will be insupportable——What shall I do without thee? If after all the Toils of dull insipid Life I could return and lay me down by thee, *Herculean* Labours would be soft and easie——the harsh Fa-

tiques of War, the dangerous Hurries of Affairs of
 State, the Business and the Noise of Life, I could sup-
 port with Pleasure, with wondrous Satisfaction, could
 treat *Myrtilla* too with that Respect, that generous Care
 as would become a Husband. I could be easie every
 where, and every one should be at Ease with me; now
 I shall go and find no *Sylvia* there, but sigh and wan-
 der like an unknown thing, on some strange foreign
 Shore; I shall grow peevish as a new wean'd Child,
 no Toys, no Bauble of the gaudy World will please
 my wayward Fancy: I shall be out of Humour, rail
 at every thing, in Anger shall demand, and sullenly
 reply to every Question ask'd and answer'd, and when
 I think to ease my Soul by a Retreat, a thousand soft
 Desires, a thousand Wishes wreck me, pain me to ra-
 ving, 'till beating the senseless Floor with my Feet
 ——— I cry'd aloud ——— My *Sylvia*! ——— thus, thus,
 my charming Dear, the poor *Philander* is employ'd
 when banish'd from his Heav'n! If thus it us'd to be
 when only that bright Outside was ador'd, judge now
 my Pain, now thou hast made known a thousand Gra-
 ces more ——— oh, pity me ——— for 'tis not in thy
 Power to guess what I shall now endure in Absence
 of thee; for thou hast charm'd my Soul to an Excess too
 mighty for a patient suffering: Alas, I die already ———
 I am yet at *Dorillus* his Farm, lingring on from one
 swift Minute to the other, and have not Power to go
 a thousand Looks all languishing I've cast from Eye
 all drown'd in Tears towards *Bellfont*, have sigh'd a
 thousand Wishes to my Angel, from a sad breaking
 Heart ——— Love will not let me go ——— and
 Honour calls me ——— alas, I must away; when shall we
 meet again? ah when, my *Sylvia*? ——— oh charming
 Maid ——— thou'lt see me shortly dead, for thus I can
 not live; thou must be mine, or I must be no more ———
 I must away ——— farewell ——— may all the softer
 Joys of Heav'n attend thee ——— adieu ——— I
 not to send a hundred times a Day, if possible; I've
 order

order'd *Alexis* to do nothing but wait for all that comes, and post away with what thou send'st to me—again adieu, think on me—and 'till thou call'st me to thee, imagine nothing upon Earth so wretched as *Sylvia's* own.

PHILANDER.

I know, my *Angel*, that passing through the Garden this Morning, I met *Eraſto*—I fear he ſaw me near enough to know me, and will give an Account of it; let me know what happens—adieu half dead, juſt taking Horſe to go from *Sylvia*.

To PHILANDER.

Written in a Leaf of a Table-Book.

I Have only time to ſay, on *Thursday* I am deſtin'd a Sacrifice to *Foſcario*, which Day finiſhes the Life of

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

From Dorillus his Farm.

Having and mad at the News your Billet brought me, I (without conſidering the Effects that would follow) am arriv'd at *Bellfont*; I have yet ſo much Patience about me, to ſuffer my ſelf to be conceal'd at *Dorillus* his Cottage; but if I ſee thee not to Night, or find no hopes of it—by Heav'n I'll ſet *Bellfont* all in a Flame but I will have my *Sylvia*; be ſure I'll do't—What? to be marry'd—*Sylvia* to be marry'd—and giv'n from *Philander*—Oh, never think it, thou forſworn fair Creature—What? give *Foſcario* that dear charming Body? Shall he be grasp'd

in those dear naked Arms? taste all thy Kisses, press thy snowy Breasts, command thy Joys, and rifle all thy Heav'n? Furies and Hell environ me if he do——Oh, *Sylvia*, faithless, perjur'd, charming *Sylvia*——and canst thou suffer it——Hear my Vows, oh fickle Angel——Hear me, thou faithless Ravisher! That fatal Moment that the daring Priest offers to join your Hands, and give thee from me, I'll sacrifice your Lover; by Heaven I will, before the Altar, stab him at your Feet; the holy Place, nor the Numbers that attend ye, nor all your Prayers nor Tears, shall save his Heart; look to't, and be not false——yet I'll not trust thy Faith; no, she that can think but falsely, and she that can so easily be perjur'd——for, but to suffer it is such a Sin——such an undoing Sin——that thou art surely damn'd! and yet, by Heav'n, that is not all the Ruin shall attend thee; no, lovely Mischief, no——you shall not scape till the Damnation Day; for I will rack thee, torture thee and plague thee, those few Hours I have to live, (if spiteful Fate prevent my just Revenge upon *Foscario*) and when I'm dead——as I shall quickly be kill'd by thy Cruelty——know, thou fair Murtherer, I will haunt thy Sight, be ever with thee, and surround thy Bed, and fright thee from the Ravisher; fright all thy loose Delights, and check thy Joys——Oh, I am mad!——I cannot think that Thought, no, thou shalt never advance so far in Wickedness, I'll save thee, if I can——Oh, my adorable, why dost thou torture me? How hast thou sworn so often and so loud that Heav'n I'm sure has heard thee, and will punish thee? How didst thou swear that happy blessed Night, in which I saw thee last, clasp'd in my Arms, weeping with eager Love, with melting Softness on my Bosom——remember how thou swor'st——oh, that dear Night——let me recover Strength——and then I'll tell thee more——I must repeat the Story of that Night, which thou perhaps (oh faithless!) hast forgot——that glorious Night, when all the Heav'ns were

gay

gay, and every favouring Power look'd down and
smil'd upon our Thefts of Love, that gloomy Night,
the first of all my Joys, the blessed'st of my Life—
trembling and fainting I approach'd your Chamber,
and while you met and grasp'd me at the Door, taking
my trembling Body in your Arms——remember
how I fainted at your Feet, and what dear Arts you
us'd to call me back to Life——Remember how you
kiss'd and press'd my Face——Remember what dear
charming Words you spoke——and when I did reco-
ver, how I ask'd you with a feeble doubtful Voice——
Ah, *Sylvia*, will you still continue thus, thus wondrous
soft and fond? Will you be ever mine, and ever true?
——What did you then reply, when kneeling on the
Carpet where I lay, what, *Sylvia*, did you vow? how
invoke Heav'n? how call its Vengeance down if e'er
you lov'd another Man again, if e'er you touch'd or
smil'd on any other, if e'er you suffer'd Words or Acts
of Love but from *Philander*? Both Heav'n and Hell
thou didst awaken with thy Oaths, one was an angry
Listener to what it knew thou'dst break, the other
laugh'd to know thou would'st be perjur'd, while on-
ly I, poor I, was all the while a silent fond Believer;
your Vows stopp'd all my Language as your Kisses did
my Lips, you swore and kiss'd, and vow'd and clasp'd
my Neck——oh charming Flatterer! oh artful, dear
Beguiler! Thus into Life, and Peace, and fond Security,
you charm'd my willing Soul! 'Twas then, my *Sylvia*,
(certain of your Heart, and that it never could be given
away to any other) I press'd my eager Joys, but with
such tender Caution——such Fear and Fondness, such
an awful Passion, as overcame your faint Resistance;
my Reasons and my Arguments were strong, for you
were mine by Love, by sacred Vows, and who could
lay a better Claim to *Sylvia*? How oft I cry'd——
Why this Resistance, *Sylvia*? My charming Dear, whose
are you? not *Philander's*? and shall *Philander* not com-
mand his own——you must——ah cruel——then a soft

Struggle follow'd, with half-breath'd Words, with Sighs and trembling Hearts, and now and then—Ah cruel and unreasonable——was softly said on both Sides; thus strove, thus argu'd——'till both lay panting in each others Arms, not with the Toil, but Rapture; I need not say what follow'd after this——what tender Showers of strange indearing Mixtures 'twixt Joy and Shame, 'twixt Love and new Surprize, and ever when I dry'd your Eyes with Kisses, unable to repeat any other Language than——Oh my *Sylvia*! oh my charming Angel? while Sighs of Joy, and closely grasping thee——spoke all the rest——while every tender Word, and every Sigh, was echo'd back by thee; you press'd me——and you vowed you lov'd me more than ever yet you did; then swore anew, and in my Bosom, hid your charming blushing Face, then with Excess of Love would call on Heav'n, be Witness, oh ye Powers (a thousand times ye cry'd) if ever Maid e'er lov'd like *Sylvia*——punish me strangely, oh eternal Powers, if e'er I leave *Philander*, if e'er I cease to love him; no Force, no Art, not Interest, Honour, Wealth, Convenience, Duty, or what other necessary Cause——shall never be of force to make me leave thee——Thus hast thou sworn, oh charming, faithless Flatterer, thus 'twixt each ravishing Minute thou would'st swear—and I as fast believ'd—and lov'd thee more—Hast thou forgot it all, oh fickle Charmer, hast thou? Hast thou forgot between each awful Ceremony of Love how you cry'd out, Farewel the World and mortal Cares, give me *Philander*, Heav'n, I ask no more—Hast thou forgot all this? Did all the live-long Night hear any other Sound but those our mutual Vows, of Invocations, broken Sighs, and soft and trembling Whispers? say, had we any other Business for the tender Hours? Oh, all ye Host of Heav'n, ye Stars that shone, and all ye Powers the faithless lovely Maid has sworn by, be Witness how she's perjur'd; revenge it all, ye injur'd Powers, revenge it, since by it she

has

has undone the faithfullest Youth, and broke the tenderest Heart——that ever fell a Sacrifice to Love; and all ye little weeping Gods of Love, revenge your murder'd Victim——your

PHILANDER.

TO PHILANDER.

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

OH, my *Philander*, how dearly welcome, and how needless were thy kind Reproaches? which I'll not endeavour to convince by Argument, but such a Deed as shall at once secure thy Fears now and for the future. I have not a Minute to write in; place, my dear *Philander*, your Chariot in *St. Vincent's Wood*, and since I am not able to fix the Hour of my Flight, let it wait there my coming; 'tis but a little Mile from *Bellfont*, *Dorillus* is suspected there, remove thy self to the High-way-Gate Cottage——there I'll call on thee——'twas lucky, that thy Fears, or Love, or Jealousie brought thee so near me, since I'd resolv'd before upon my Flight. Parents and Honour, Interest and Fame, farewell——I leave you all to follow my *Philander*——Haste the Chariot to the thickest Part of the Wood, for I'm impatient to be gone, and shall take the first Opportunity to fly to my *Philander*——
Oh, love me, love me, love me!

Under Pretence of reaching the Jessamin which shades my Window, I unperceiv'd let down and receive what Letters you send by the honest Weeder; by her send your Sense of my Flight, or rather your Direction, for 'tis resolv'd already.

To

TO SYLVIA.

My lovely Angel,

SO careful I will be of this dear mighty Secret, that I will only say, *Sylvia* shall be obey'd; no more — nay, I'll not dare to think of it, lest in my Rapture I should name my Joy aloud, and busie Winds should bear it to some officious Listner, and undo me; no more, no more, my *Sylvia*, Extremes of Joy (as Grief) are ever dumb: Let it suffice, this Blessing which you proffer I had design'd to ask, as soon as you'd convinc'd me of your Faith; yes, *Sylvia*, I had ask'd it, though 'twas a Bounty too great for any Mortal to conceive Heav'n should bestow upon him; but if it do, that very Moment I'll resign the World, and barter all for Love and charming *Sylvia*. Hasten, hasten, my Life; my Arms, my Bosom and my Soul are open to receive the lovely Fugitive; hasten, for this Moment I am going to plant my self where you directed. *Adieu.*

TO PHILANDER.

After her Flight.

AH, *Philander*, how have you undone a harmless poor unfortunate? Alas, where are you? why would you thus abandon me? Is this the Soul, the Bosom, these the Arms that should receive me? I'll not upbraid thee with my Love, or charge thee with my Undoing; 'twas all my own, and were it yet to do, I should again be ruin'd for *Philander*, and never find Repentance, no not for a Thought, a Word or Deed of Love, to the dear false forsworn; but I can die, yes, hopeless, friendless — left by all, even by *Philander* — all but Resolution has abandon'd me, and

and that can lay me down, whene'er I please, in safe Repose and Peace: But oh, thou art not false, or if thou be'st, oh, let me hear it from thy Mouth, see thy repented Love, that I may know there's no such thing on Earth, as Faith, as Honesty, as Love or Truth; however be thou true, or be thou false, be bold and let me know it, for thus to doubt is Torture worse than Death. What Accident, thou dear, dear Man, has happen'd to prevent thee from pursuing my Directions, and staying for me at the Gate? Where have I misst thee, thou Joy of my Soul? By what dire Mistake have I lost thee? And where, oh, where art thou, my charming Lover? I sought thee every where, but like the languishing abandon'd Mistress in the *Canticles*, I sought thee, but I found thee not, no Bed of Roses would discover thee; I saw no Print of thy dear Shape, nor heard no amorous Sigh that could direct me. — I ask'd the Wood and Springs, complain'd and call'd on thee through all the Groves, but they confess'd thee not; nothing but Echo's answer'd me, and when I cry'd *Philander* — cry'd — *Philander*; thus search'd I 'till the coming Night and my increasing Fears made me resolve for Flight, which soon we did, and soon arriv'd at *Paris*, but whither then to go, Heav'n knows, I could not tell, for I was almost naked, friendless and forlorn; at last, consulting *Brilliard* what to do, after a thousand Revolutions, he concluded to trust me with a Sister he had, who was marry'd to a *Guendon* of the *Guard de Corps*, he chang'd my Name, and made me pass for a Fortune he had stol'n; but oh, no Welcomes, nor my safe Retreat were sufficient to repose me all the ensuing Night, for I had no News of *Philander*; no, not a Dream inform'd me; a thousand Fears and Jealousies have kept me waking, and *Brilliard*, who has been all Night in Pursuit of thee, is now return'd successful and distracted as thy *Sylvia*, for Duty and Generosity have almost the same Effects in him, with Love and Tenderness and Jealousie in me; and since

Paris

Paris affords no News of thee, (which sure it would if thou wert in it, for oh, the Sun might hide himself with as much Ease as great *Philander*) he is resolved to search *St. Vincent's Wood*, and all the adjacent Cottages and Groves; he thinks that you, not knowing of my Escape, may yet be waiting thereabouts; since quitting the Chariot for fear of being seen, you might be so far advanc'd into the Wood, as not to find the way back to the Thicket where the Chariot waited: 'Tis thus he feeds my Hope, and flatters my poor Heart, that fain would think thee true——or if thou be'st not——but curs'd be all such Thoughts, and far from *Sylvia's* Soul; no, no, thou art not false, it cannot be, thou art a God, and art unchangeable: I know, by some Mistake, thou art attending me, as wild and impatient as I; perhaps thou think'st me false, and think'st I have not Courage to pursue my Love, and fly; and, thou perhaps art waiting for the Hour wherein thou think'st I'll give my self away to *Foscario*: Oh cruel and unkind! to think I loved so lightly, to think I would attend that fatal Hour; no, *Philander*, no, faithless, dear Enchanter: Last Night, the Eve to my intended Wedding-Day, having repos'd my Soul by my Resolves for Flight, and only waiting the lucky Minute for Escape, I set a willing Hand to every thing that was preparing for the Ceremony of the ensuing Morning; with that Pretence I got me early to my Chamber, try'd on a thousand Dresses, and ask'd a thousand Questions, all impertinent, which would do best, which look'd most gay and rich, then dress'd my Gown with Jewels, deck'd my Apartment up, and left nothing undone that might secure 'em both of my being pleas'd, and of my Stay; nay, and to give the less Suspicion, I undress'd my self even to my Under-Petticoat and Night-gown; I would not take a Jewel, not a Pistole, but left my Women finishing my Work, and carelessly, and thus undress'd, walk'd towards the Garden, and while every one was busie in their Office,

getting my self out of Sight, I posted o'er the Meadow to the Wood as swift as *Daphne* from the God of Day, 'till I arriv'd most luckily where I found the Chariot waiting, attended by *Brilliard*; of whom when I (all fainting and breathless with my swift Flight) demanded his Lord, he lifted me into the Chariot, and cry'd, A little farther, *Madam*, you will find him; for he, for fear of making a Discovery, took yonder shaded Path——towards which we went, but no dear Vision of my Love appear'd——And thus, my charming Lover, you have my kind Adventure; send me some Tidings back that you are found, that you are well, and lastly that you are mine, or this that should have been my Wedding-Day, will see it self that of the Death of

S Y L V I A.

Paris, *Thursday, from my Bed, for want of Cloaths, or rather News from Philander.*

To S Y L V I A.

MY Life, my *Sylvia*, my eternal Joy, art thou then safe! and art thou reserv'd for *Philander*? am I so blest by Heav'n, by Love, and my dear charming Maid? Then let me die in Peace, since I have liv'd to see all that my Soul desires in *Sylvia's* being mine; perplex not thy soft Heart with Fears or Jealousies, nor think so basely, so poorely of my Love, to need more Oaths or Vows; yet to confirm thee, I would swear my Breath away; but oh, it needs not here; —— take then no Care, my lovely Dear, turn not thy charming Eyes or Thoughts on afflicting Objects; oh think not on what thou hast abandon'd, but what thou art arriv'd to; look forward on the Joys of Love and Youth, for I will dedicate all my remaining
Life

Life to render thine serene and glad; and yet my *Sylvia*, thou art so dear to me, so wondrous precious to my Soul, that in my Extravagance of Love, I fear I shall grow a troublesome and wearying Coxcomb, shall dread every Look thou giv'st away from me——a Smile will make me rave, a Sigh or touch make me commit a Murder on the happy Slave, or my own jealous Heart, but all the World besides is *Sylvia's*, all but another Lover; but I rave and run too fast away; Ages must pass a tedious Term of Years before I can be jealous, or conceive thou can'st be weary of *Philander*——I'll be so fond, so doting and so playing, thou shalt not have an idle Minute to throw away a Look in, or a Thought on any 'other; no, no, I have thee now, and will maintain my Right by dint and force of Love——Oh, I am wild to see thee——but, *Sylvia*, I am wounded——do not be frightened though, for 'tis not much or dangerous, but very troublesome, since it permits me not to fly to *Sylvia*, but she must come to me in order to it. *Brilliard* has a Bill on my Goldsmith in *Paris* for a thousand Pistoles to buy thee something to put on; any thing that's ready, and he will conduct thee to me, for I shall rave myself into a Fever if I see thee not to Day——I cannot live without thee now, for thou art my Life, my everlasting Charmer: I have order'd *Brilliard* to get a Chariot and some unknown Livery for thee, and I think the Continuance of passing for what he has already render'd thee will do very well, 'till I have taken farther care of thy dear Safety, which will be as soon as I am able to rise; for most unfortunately, my dear *Sylvia*, quitting the Chariot in the Thicket for fear of being seen with it, and walking down a shaded Path that suited with the Melancholy and Fears of Unsuccess in thy Adventure; I went so far, as e'er I could return to the Place where I left the Chariot, 'twas gone——it seems with thee; I know not how you miss'd me——but possess'd my self with a thousand

fall

false Fears, sometimes that in thy Flight thou might'st be pursu'd and overtaken, seiz'd in the Chariot and return'd back to *Bellfont*; or that the Chariot was found and seiz'd on upon Suspicion, though the Coachman and *Brilliard* were disguis'd past Knowledge ——— or if thou wert gone, alas, I knew not whither; but that was a Thought my Doubts and Fears would not suffer me to ease my Soul with; no, I (as jealous Lovers do) imagin'd the most tormenting things for my own Repose, I imagin'd the Chariot taken, or at least so discover'd as to be forc'd away without thee: I imagin'd that thou wert false——Heav'n forgive me, false, my *Sylvia*, and hadst chang'd thy Mind; mad with this Thought (which I fancy'd most reasonable, and fixt it in my Soul) I rav'd about the Wood, making a thousand Vows to be reveng'd on all; in order to it I left the Thicket, and betook my self to the high Road of the Wood, where I laid me down amongst the Fern, close hid, with Sword ready, waiting for the happy Bridegroom, whom I knew (it being the Wedding Eve) would that Way pass that Evening; pleas'd with Revenge, which now had got even the Place of Love, I waited there not above a little hour but heard the trampling of a Horse, and looking up with mighty Joy, I found it *Foscario's*; alone he was, and unattended, for he'd outstripp'd his Equipage, and with a Lover's Haste, and full of Joy, was making towards *Bellfont*; but I (now fir'd with Rage) leap'd from my Cover, cry'd, Stay, *Foscario*, e'er you arrive to *Sylvia*, we must adjust an odd Account between us——at which he stopping, as nimbly alighted; —— in fine, we fought, and many Wounds were given and received on both Sides, till his People coming up, parted us just as we were fainting with Loss of Blood in each others Arms; his Coach and Chariot were amongst his Equipage; into the first his Servants lifted him, when he cry'd out with a feeble Voice, to save me, who now lay bleeding on the Ground, put into

into the Chariot, and to be safely convey'd where-ever I commanded, and so in haste they drove him towards *Bellfont*, and me, who was resolved not to stir far from it, to a Village within a Mile of it; from whence I sent to *Paris* for a Surgeon, and dismiss'd the Chariot, ordering, in the hearing of the Coachman, a Litter to be brought me immediately, to convey me that Night to *Paris*; but the Surgeon coming, found it not safe for me to be removed, and I am now willing to live, since *Sylvia* is mine; haste to me then, my lovely Maid, and fear not being discover'd; for I have given Order here in the Cabaret where I am, if any Enquiry is made after me, to say, I went last Night for *Paris*: Haste, my Love, haste to my Arms, as feeble as they are, they'll grasp thee a dear Welcome: I'll say no more, nor prescribe Rules to thy Love, that can inform thee best what thou must do to save the Life of thy most passionate Adorer,

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

I Have sent *Brilliard* to see if the Coast be clear, that we may come with Safety; he brings you, instead of *Sylvia*, a young Cavalier that will be altogether as welcome to *Philander*, and who impatiently waits his Return at a little Cottage at the end of the Village.

To SYLVIA.

From the Bastill.

I Know my *Sylvia* expected me at home with her at Dinner to Day, and wonders how I could live so long as since Morning without the eternal Joy of

my Soul; but know, my *Sylvia*, that a trivial Misfortune is now fallen upon me, which in the midst of all our Heav'n of Joys, our softest Hours of Life, has so often chang'd thy Smiles into Fears and Sighings, and ruffled thy calm Soul with Cares: Nor let it now seem strange or afflicting, since every Day for these three Months we have been alarm'd with new Fears that have made thee uneasy even in *Philander's* Arms; we knew some time or other the Storm would fall on us, though we had for three happy Months shelter'd our selves from its threatening Rage; but Love, I hope, has arm'd us both; for me——let me be depriv'd of all Joys, (but those my Charmer can dispense) all the false World's Respect, the dull Esteem of Fools and formal Coxcombs, the grave Advice of the censorious Wife, the kind Opinion of ill judging Women, no matter, so my *Sylvia* remain but mine.

I am, my *Sylvia*, arrested at the Suit of *Monsieur* the Count your Father for a Rape on my lovely Maid: I desire, my Soul, you will immediately take Coach and go to the Prince *Cesario*, and he will bail me out. I fear not a fair Trial; and, *Sylvia*, Thefts of mutual Love were never counted Felony; I may die for Love, my *Sylvia*, but not for Loving——go, haste, my *Sylvia*, that I may be no longer detain'd from the solid Pleasure and Business of my Soul——haste, my lov'd Dear——haste and relieve

P H I L A N D E R.

Come not to me, lest there should be an Order to detain my Dear.

T O P H I L A N D E R.

I Am not at all surpriz'd, my *Philander*, at the Accident that has befallen thee, because so long expected, and Love that has so well fortify'd my Heart, that I
I support

support our Misfortune with a Courage worthy of her that loves and is belov'd by the glorious *Philander*; I am arm'd for the worst that can befall me, and that is my being render'd a publick Shame, who have been so in the private Whispers of all the Court for near these happy three Months, in which I have had the wondrous Satisfaction of being retir'd from the World with the charming *Philander*; my Father too knew it long since, at least he could not hinder himself from guessing it, though his fond Indulgence suffer'd his Justice and his Anger to sleep, and possibly had still slept had not *Myrtilla's* Spight and Rage (I should say just Resentment, but I cannot) rouz'd up his drowlie Vengeance: I know she has ply'd him with her softning Eloquence, her Prayers and Tears, to win him to consent to make a publick Business of it; but I am enter'd, Love has arm'd my Soul, and I'll pursue my Fortune with that height of Fortitude as shall surprize the World; yes, *Philander*, since I have lost my Honour, Fame and Friends, my Interest and my Parents, and all for mightier Love, I'll stop at nothing now; if there be any Hazards more to run, I'll thank the spiteful Fates that bring 'em on, and will even tire them out with my unweary'd Passion. Love on, *Philander*, if thou dar'st, like me; let 'em pursue me with their Hate and Vengeance, let Prisons, Poverty and Tortures seize me, it shall not take one Grain of Love away from my resolv'd Heart, nor make me shed a Tear of Penitence for loving thee; no, *Philander*, since I know what a ravishing Pleasure 'tis to live thine, I will never quit the Glory of dying also thy

SYLVIA.

Cesario; my Dear, is coming to be your Bail; with Monsieur the Count of——— I die to see you after your suffering for Sylvia.

To SYLVIA.

BELIEVE me, charming *Sylvia*, I live not those Hours I am absent from thee, thou art my Life, my Soul, and my Eternal Felicity; while you believe this Truth, my *Sylvia*, you will not entertain a thousand Fears, if I but stay a Moment beyond my appointed Hour; especially when *Philander*, who is not able to support the Thought that any thing should afflict his lovely Baby, takes care from Hour to Hour to satisfy her tender doubting Heart. My dearest, I am gone into the City to my Advocate's, my Trial with *Monsieur* the Count, your Father, coming on to Morrow, and 'twill be at least two tedious Hours e'er I can bring my Adorable her

P H I L A N D E R.

To SYLVIA.

I Was call'd on, my dearest Child, at my Advocate's by *Cesario*; there is some great Business this Evening debated in the Cabal which is at *Monsieur*——in the City; *Cesario* tells me there is a very diligent Search made by *Monsieur* the Count, your Father, for my *Sylvia*; I die if you are taken, lest the Fright should hurt thee; if possible, I would have thee remove this Evening from those Lodgings, lest the People, who are of the Royal Party, should be induc'd thro' Malice or Gain to discover thee; I dare not come my self to wait on thee, lest my being seen should betray thee, but I have sent *Brilliard* (whose Zeal for thee shall be rewarded) to conduct thee to a little House in the *Fauxburgh S. Germans*, where lives a pretty Woman, and Mistress to *Chevalier Tomaso*, call'd *Belinda*, a Woman of Wit, and discreet enough to understand what ought to be paid to a Maid of the Quality and Character

acter of *Sylvia*; she already knows the Stories of our Loves; thither I'll come to thee, and bring *Cesario* to Supper, as soon as the Cabal breaks up. Oh, my *Sylvia*, I shall one Day recompense all thy Goodness, all thy Bravery, thy Love and thy Suffering for thy Eternal Lover and Slave;

PHILANDER

TO PHILANDER.

SO hasty I was to obey *Philander's* Commands, that by the unweary'd Care and Industry of the faithful *Brilliard*, I went before three a Clock disguis'd away to the Place whither you order'd us, and was well receiv'd by the very pretty young Woman of the House, who has Sense and Breeding as well as Beauty: But oh, *Philander*, this Flight pleases me not; alas, what have I done? my Fault is only Love, and that sure I should boast, as the most Divine Passion of the Soul; no, no, *Philander*, 'tis not my Love's the Criminal, no, not the placing it on *Philander* the Crime, but 'tis thy most unhappy Circumstances, thy being marry'd, and that was no Crime to Heav'n 'till Man made Laws, and can Laws reach to Damnation? if so, curse on the fatal Hour that thou wert marry'd, curse on the Priest that join'd ye, and curst be all that did contribute to the undoing Ceremony——except *Philander's* Tongue, that answer'd Yes——Oh, Heav'ns! was there but one dear Man of all your whole Creation that could charm the Soul of *Sylvia*? and could ye——oh, ye wise all-seeing Powers that knew my Soul, could ye give him away? How had my Innocence offended ye? Our Hearts you did create for mutual Love, how came the dire Mistake? Another would have pleas'd the indifferent *Myrtille's* Soul as well, but mine was fitted for no other Man; only *Philander*, the ador'd *Philander*, with that dear Form, that Shape, that charming Face, that Hair,

Hair, those lovely speaking Eyes, that wounding Softness in his tender Voice, had Pow'r to conquer *Sylvia*; and can this be a Sin? oh, Heav'ns, can it? must Laws, which Man contriv'd for mere Conveniency, have Power to alter the divine Decrees at our Creation——Perhaps they argue to morrow at the Bar, that *Myrtila* was ordain'd by Heaven for *Philander*; no, no, he mistook the Sister, 'twas pretty near he came, but by a fatal Error was mistaken; his hasty Youth made him too negligently stop before his time at the wrong Woman, he should have gaz'd a little farther on——and then it had been *Sylvia's* Lot——'Tis fine Divinity they teach, that cry Marriages are made in Heav'n——Folly and Madness grown into grave Custom; should an unheedy Youth in heat of Blood take up with the first convenient She that offers, though he be an Heir to some grave Politician, great and rich, and She the Outcast of the common Stews, coupled in Height of Wine, and sudden Lust, which once allay'd, and that the sober Morning wakes him to see his Error, he quits with Shame the Jilt, and owns no more the Folly; shall this be called a heav'nly Conjunction? Were I in Height of Youth, as now I am, forc'd by my Parents, oblig'd by Interest and Honour, to marry the old, deform'd, diseas'd, decrepid Count *Antonio*, whose Person, Qualities and Principles I loath, and rather than suffer him to consummate his Nuptials, suppose I should (as sure I should) kill my self, 'twere Blasphemy to lay this fatal Marriage to Heav'ns Charge——Curse on your Nonsense, ye imposing Gownmen, curse on your holy Cant; you may as well call Rapes and Murthers, Treason and Robbery, the Acts of Heav'n; because Heav'n suffers 'em to be committed, is it Heav'n's Pleasure therefore, Heav'ns Decree? A Trick, a wise Device of Priests, no more——to make the nauseated, tir'd out Pair drag on the careful Business of Life, drudge for the dull got Family with greater Satisfaction, because they're taught to think Marriage was made in Heav'n;

a mighty Comfort that, when all the Joys of Life are lost by it: Were it not nobler far that Honour kept him just, and that Good-nature made him reasonable Provision? Daily Experience proves to us, no Couple live with less Content, less Ease, than those who cry Heav'n joins? who is't loves less than those that marry? and where Love is not, there is Hate and Loathing at best, Disgust, Disquiet, Noise and Repentance: No, *Philander*, that's a heav'nly Match when two Souls touch'd with equal Passion meet, (which is but rarely seen)——when willing Vows, with serious Consideration, are weigh'd and made, when a true View is taken of the Soul, when no base Interest makes the hasty Bargain, when no Conveniency or Design or Drudge, or Slave, shall find it necessary, when equal Judgments meet that can esteem the Blessings they possess, and distinguish the good of either's Love, and set a Value on each other's Merits, and where both understand to take and pay; who find the Beauty of each other's Minds, and rate 'em as they ought; whom not a formal Ceremony binds, (with which I've nought to do, but dully give a cold consenting Affirmative) but well consider'd Vows from soft inclining Hearts, utter'd with Love, with Joy, with dear Delight, when Heav'n is call'd to witness; she is thy Wife, *Philander* he is my Husband; this is the Match, this Heav'n designs and means; how then, oh how came I to miss *Philander*? or he his

SYLVIA

Since I writ this, which I design'd not an Inveective against Marriage, when I began, but to inform thee of my being where you directed; but since I writ this, I say, the House where I am is broken open with Warrants and Officers for me, but being all undress'd and ill, the Officer has taken my Word for my Appearance to Morrow; it seems they saw me when I went from my Lodgings, and pursue me; haste to me, for I shall need your Counsel.

TO SYLVIA.

MY Eternal Joy, my Affliction is inexpressible at the News you send me of your being surpriz'd; I am not able to wait on thee yet—not being suffer'd to leave the Cabal, I only borrow this Minute to tell thee the Sense of my Advocate in this case; which was, if thou shouldst be taken there was no way, no Law to save thee from being ravish'd from my Arms, but that of marrying thee to some Body whom I can trust; this we have often discours'd, and thou hast often vow'd thou'lt do any thing rather than kill me with a Separation; resolve then, oh thou Charmer of my Soul, to do a Deed, that though the Name would fright thee, only can preserve both thee and me; it is—and tho' it have no other Terror in it than the Name, I faint to speak it—to marry, *Sylvia*; yes, thou must marry; tho' thou art mine as fast as Heav'n can make us, yet thou must marry; I've pitch'd upon the Property, 'tis *Brilliard*, him I can only trust in this Affair; it is but joining Hands—no more, my *Sylvia*,——*Brilliard's* a Gentleman, tho' a *Cadet*, and may be suppos'd to pretend to so great a Happiness, and whose only Crime is want of Fortune; he's handsome too, well made, well bred, and so much real Esteem he has for me, and I've so oblig'd him, that I am confident he'll pretend no farther than to the Honour of owning thee in Court; I'll time him from it, nay, he dares not do't, I'll trust him with my Life—but oh, *Sylvia* is more—think of it, and this Night we will perform it, there being no other way to keep *Sylvia* eternally

PHILANDER's

TO SYLVIA.

NOW, my adorable *Sylvia*, you have truly need of all that heroick Bravery of Mind I ever thought thee Mistress of; for, *Sylvia*, coming from thee this Morning, and riding full speed for *Paris*, I was met, stopt and seiz'd for High-Treason by the King's Messengers, and possibly may fall a Sacrifice to the Anger of an incens'd Monarch. My *Sylvia*, bear this last Shock of Fate with a Courage worthy thy great and glorious Soul; 'tis but a little Separation, *Sylvia*, and we shall one Day meet again; by Heav'n I find no other Sting in Death but parting with my *Sylvia*, and every Parting would have been the same; I might have dy'd by thy Disdain, thou might'st have grown weary of thy *Philander*, have lov'd another, and have broke thy Vows, and tortur'd me to Death these crueller ways; but Fate is kinder to me, and I go blest with my *Sylvia's* Love, for which Heav'n may do much, for her dear sake, to recompense her Faith, a Maid so innocent and true to sacred Love; expect the best, my lovely Dear, the worst has this Comfort in't, that I shall die my charming *Sylvia's*

PHILANDER.

TO PHILANDER.

ILL only say, thou dear Supporter of my Soul, that if *Philander* dies, he shall not go to Heav'n without his *Sylvia*——by Heav'n and Earth I swear it, I cannot live without thee, nor shalt thou die without thy

SYLVIA.

To

TO SYLVIA.

SEE, see my adorable Angel, what Cares the Powers above take of Divine Innocence, true Love and Beauty; oh, see what they have done for their darling *Sylvia*; could they do less?

Know, my dear Maid, that after being examined before the King, I was found guilty enough to be committed to the *Bastile*, (from whence, if I had gone, I had never return'd, but to my Death;) but the Messenger, into whose Hands I was committed, refusing other Guards, being alone with me in my own Coach, I resolv'd to kill if I could no other way oblige him to favour my Escape; I try'd with Gold before I shew'd my Dagger, and that prevail'd, a way less Criminal, and I have taken Sanctuary in a small Cottage near the Sea-shore, where I wait for *Sylvia*; and tho' my Life depend upon my Flight, nay, more, the Life of *Sylvia*, I cannot go without her; dress your self then, my dearest, in your Boy's Cloaths, and haste with *Brilliard*, whither this Seaman will conduct thee, whom I have hir'd to set us on some Shore of Safety; bring what News you can learn of *Cesario*; I would not have him die poorly after all his mighty Hopes, nor be conducted to a Scaffold with Shouts of Joy, by that uncertain Beast the Rabble, who us'd to stop his Chariot-wheels with fickle Adorations whene'er he look'd abroad — by Heav'n, I pity him; but *Sylvia's* Presence will chase away all Thoughts, but those of Love, from

PHILANDER.

*I need not bid
thee haste.*

The End of the first Part.

TO SYLVIA

SEEK for my adorable Angel, what Cause the Pow-
 ers above take of Divine Innocence, true Love
 and Beauty; oh! see what they have done for their
 darling Sylva; could they do less?
 Know, my dear Mad, I have been long examined
 before the King, I was found guilty enough to be
 committed to the Bastile (from whence, if I had
 gone, I had never returned, but for my Death); but
 the Messenger, into whose Hands I was committed,
 telling other Orders, being alone with me in my own
 Couch, I resolv'd to kill it I could no other way ob-
 lige him to favour my escape; I try'd with Gold be-
 fore I shew'd my Dagger, and that prov'd a way less
 Criminal, and I have taken Sanctuary in a small Cor-
 nage near the Bastile, where I wait for Sylva; and
 tho' my Life depend upon my flight, nay, more, the
 life of Sylva, I cannot go without her; thus your self
 then, my dear, in your Clasp, and haste
 with Sylvia, which I will conduct her
 whom I have bind to the Shore of Safety;
 bring what News you can; I would
 not have him die poor, and in his mighty Hope,
 not be conducted to a Scaffold with Shouts of Joy, by
 that uncertain Beast the Rabbie, who us'd to stop his
 Operator-wheels with false Admonitions when'er he
 look'd ahead—by Heaven, I pity him, but Sylva's
 presence will chase away all Thoughts, but those of
 Love from



THIS INDEX

I need not bid
 thee adieu.

The End of the first Part.

Love-Letters

FROM A

N O B L E M A N

TO HIS

S I S T E R;

Mix'd with the

H I S T O R Y.

OF THEIR

A D V E N T U R E S.

The SECOND PART.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR 1718.

Love-Letters

FROM A

NORFOLK MAN

TO HIS

SISTERS

Mixed with the

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVANCES



The Second Part.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1718.

T O

Lemuel Kingdon, Esq;

S I R,

I Beg you will give me leave to express my Gratitude in some measure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgment where I cannot pay a Debt. 'Tis only what was long since design'd you, when possibly it might have found something a better Welcome, by its having made (as then it must have done) a Voyage to have kiss'd your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in some small degree to your Diversion, in a Place where there is found so little.—— In order to it, I sent you the First Part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material Business, it has had the Misfortune not to approach you 'till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a Value upon it to the World. And since I never was of a Nature to board any Good to my peculiar Use, 'tis with great Satisfaction I am, by this short Character of you, distributing a Blessing to that Part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unspeakable Power and Pleasure in obliging; and 'tis a Pain to the good-natur'd to conceal anything, whose Communication may gratifie
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the World, and I am uneasie when a good Man is not as well understood by every body as by my self; and I boast ~~that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other~~ Happiness. Though I know I shall be censur'd by your Lovers, for saying so little where so much is due: But since I write to the Number that do not know you, rather than those that do, this will at least suffice to shew how fine a thing Man can be, so qualify'd and set out by Nature for eternal Esteem. For, Sir, there is in you something, besides the common Virtues of your Sex, so engaging, some Art in Nature so peculiar to your self, so insinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any thing so dull in Human-kind, as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongst those Phanatical Dispositions, whose Principles and Opinions are so distant from those honest and generous ones of yours; at least they love the Man, though they rail at his Notions, esteem the Person though they abominate the Loyalist; nor can I reflect on the Excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natur'd World into good Humour. You are always easie without Affectation, merry without Extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without Vanity, sedate and even without Constraint, chearful and calm as Innocence, though the World storm and reel with mad Confusion, still from the Serenity of your Looks we read the fair Weather in your Mind, which Times or Seasons can never discompose, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a Greatness of Soul, which it seems as if Fate durst not oppress; and he who is so truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room; and who is ambitious of more than you possess, does but purchase an empty Name at the Expence of his Repose and Sense, and lessens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at Noon is no Wonder, but to see as great an Illumination in a Star, though of the first Magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you please, and which 'tis far greater to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

merit than to wear,) serves rather to render Vice more apparent, than to elevate the Virtues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has set no Blessing at too vast a Distance for your Reach; but has subdu'd even all your Wishes to your Power, and left you almost nothing to ask; having suited your Fame and Fortune to the Greatness of your Mind.

to knowd edit in b'edimur

How soon, at the Choice of the most glorious Senate that ever blest'd the Land, was your valu'd Name snatch'd by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Musick of the happy Day, when black Exclusions were justly damn'd from the Field, and only such untainted Supporters of the Royal Cause thought worthy to bear a Part in so glorious a Concern, as Giving Caesar his Due. Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper Sphere, dispersing that darling Virtue of your Soul, lavishly giving, generously disposing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the Glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater Satisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good Grace, and even Business, that Toil of Life, you render soft and easie, and as if you alone was created to manage the Concerns of the World, you make Business your Pleasure and Diversion, and laugh at those that fatigue themselves with mighty Affairs, and who assume, like Trinkilo, a dull Gravity, to be esteem'd great, wise, and busie, while you discover only the best and noblest Part of Business, the Effects of it, the rest the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive is no more than Fairy Housewifery, which is still acted in the Shades and Silence of the Night, when Mortals are asleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot guess at the invisible hand that did it. I am so good a Subject, that I wish all his Majesty's Work done by such Hands, Heads and Hearts, so effectual and so faithful; and then we shall fear no more Rebellions, but every Man shall stick securely under his own Vine, that has one——For my part,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

part, I have only escap'd fleeing by the Rebels, to starve
more securely in my own native Province of Poetry,
though I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and
the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Com-
mission by it, if I may have this Happiness added to it, to
still retaining the Honour of your Friendship, and be still
number'd in the Croud of,

S I R,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant,

A. B.

Love-Letters.

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER.

PART II.

AT the End of the first Part of these Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the Approach of the lovely *Sylvia*; who accordingly came to him dress'd like a Youth; secure her self from a Discovery. They staid not long to caress each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms; with a transported Joy bore her in a small Vessel, that lay ready near the Beach; where with only *Brilliard* and two Men Servants; they set to Sea, and past into *Holland*, landing at the nearest Port; where, after having refresh'd themselves for two three Days, they pass'd forwards towards the *Brill*, *Sylvia* still remaining under that amiable Disguise; But their Passage from Town to Town, which is sometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one Day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than ordinary

ordinary Gallantry for that Countrey, so degenerate from good Manners, and almost common Civility, and so far short of all the good Qualities that made themselves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handsome, well made, well dress'd and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he spoke admirable good *French*, and had a Vivacity and Quickness of Wit unusual with the Natives of that part of the World and almost above all the rest of his Sex: *Philander* and *Sylvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Vessel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any Place there but amongst the common Croud; which the Master of the Vessel, who knew him was much troubled at, and address'd himself as civilly as he could to *Philander*, to beg Permission for one Stranger of Quality to dispose of himself in the Cabin for that Day: *Philander* being well enough pleas'd, so to make an Acquaintance with some of the People of that Countrey, readily consented; and *Octavio* enter'd with an Address so graceful and obliging, that at first sight he inclin'd *Philander's* Heart to a Friendship with him; and on the other side the lovely Person of *Philander*, the Quality that appear'd in his Face and Mein, oblig'd *Octavio* to become no less his Admirer. But when he saluted *Sylvia*, who appear'd to him a Youth of Quality, he was extremely charm'd with her pretty Gaiety, and an unusual Air and Life in her Address and Motion, he felt a secret Joy and Pleasure play about his Soul, he knew not why, and was almost angry that he felt such an Emotion for a Youth, tho' the most lovely that he ever saw. After the first Complements, they fell into Discourse of a thousand indifferent things, and if he were pleas'd at first sight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their Conversation, especially that of the amiable Youth; who was well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or else hitherto having met nothing so accomplish'd in her shape

Travels

Travels; and indeed despairing to meet any such; she put on all her Gaiety and Charms of Wit, and made as absolute a Conquest as 'twas possible for her suppos'd Sex to do over a Man, who was a great Admirer of the other; and surely the lovely Maid never appear'd so charming and desirable as that Day; they din'd together in the Cabin; and after Dinner repos'd on little Matresses by each other's side, where every Motion, every Limb, as carelessly she lay, discover'd a thousand Graces, and more and more inflam'd the now beginning Lover; she could not move, nor smile, nor speak, nor order any Charm about her, but had some peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneasie; and from a thousand little Modesties, both in her Blushes and Motions, he had a secret Hope she was not what she seem'd, but of that Sex whereof she discover'd so many Softnesses and Beauties; tho' to what Advantage that Hope would amount to his Repose, was yet a Disquiet he had not consider'd nor felt: Nor could he by any Fondness between them or Indiscretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of Fear, or any thing that could check his new beginning Flame. While thus they pass'd the Afternoon, they ask'd a thousand Questions, of Lovers, of the Countrey and Manners, and their Security and Civility to Strangers; to all which *Orazio* answer'd as a Man, who would recommend the Place and Persons purely to oblige their Stay; for now Self-Interest makes him say all things in favour of it; and of his own Friendship, offers them all the Service of a Man in Power, and who could make an Interest in those that had more than himself; much he protest-ed, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he design'd to make good on all Occasions, which they receiv'd with an Acknowledgment that plainly discover'd a Generosity and Quality above the common rate of Men; so that finding in each other Occasions for Love and Friendship, they mutually profess'd it, and nobly enter-

tain'd it. *Octavio* told his Name and Quality, left nothing unsaid that might confirm the Lovers of his Sincerity. This begot a Confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him so much of his Circumstances as suffic'd to let him know he was a Person so unfortunate to have occasion'd the Displeasure of his King against him, and that he could not continue with any Repose in that Kingdom, whose Monarch thought him no longer fit for those Honours he had before receiv'd: *Octavio* renew'd his Protestations of serving him with his Interest and Fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modesty of an unfortunate Man, they came ashore, where *Octavio's* Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his House, he offer'd his new Friends the best of 'em to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often press'd might be his own Palace; but that being refus'd as too great an Honour, he would himself see them plac'd in some one, which he thought might be most suitable to their Quality; they excus'd the Trouble, but he press'd too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchant's House not far from his own, so Love had contriv'd for the better Management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he resolv'd to pursue, be the fair Object of what Sex soever: But after having well enough recommended 'em to the Care of the Merchant, he thought it Justice to leave 'em to their Rest, tho' with abundance of Reluctancy; so took his leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own Home. And after a hasty Supper got himself put to Bed: Not to sleep; for now he had other Business: Love took him now to task, and ask'd his Heart a thousand Questions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had absolute Possession there: Nor was he at all displeas'd to find he was a Captive; his Youth and Quality promise his Hopes a thousand Advantages above all other Men: But when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his charming Youth and Conversation, and every

Grace

Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, disorder'd, restless, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions; consider'd every Beauty of his own Person, and found 'em, or at least thought 'em infinitely short of those of his now fancy'd Rival; yet 'twas a Rival that he could not hate, nor did his Passion abate one Thought of his Friendship for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, insomuch that he once resolv'd it should surmount his Love if possible, at least he left it on the Upper-hand, 'till Time should make a better Discovery. When tir'd with Thought we'll suppose him asleep, and see how our Lovers far'd; who being lodg'd all on one Stair-Case (that is, *Philander*, *Sylvia*, and *Brilliard*) it was not hard for the Lover to steal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Sylvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journies, and little Voyages, had abated her Fondness or his Vigour; the Night was like the first, all Joy! all Transport! *Brilliard* lay so near as to be a Witness to all their Sighs of Love, and little soft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Companion; since he had had the Honour of being marry'd to *Sylvia*, though yet he durst not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that way; yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and sullen whenever he saw their Dalliances; nor could he know the Joys his Lord nightly stole, without an Impatience, which if but minded or known perhaps had cost him his Life. He began from the Thoughts she was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durst not assume, and often wish'd his Lord would grow cold, as possessing Lovers do, that then he might advance his Hope, when he should even abandon or slight her: He could not see her kiss'd without blushing with Resentment, but if he has assisted to undress him for her Bed, he was ready to die with Anger, and would grow Sick, and leave the Office to himself: He could not see her naked Charms, her Arms stretch'd out to receive a Lover, with impatient Joy, without Madness; to see her

elasp him fast, when he threw himself into her soft, white Bosom, and smother him with Kisses: No, he could not bear it now, and almost lost his Respect when he beheld it, and grew saucy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the Reward he had to stand for that necessary Cypher a Husband. In vain he consider'd the Reasons why, and the Occasion wherefore; he now seeks Presidents of usurp'd Dominion, and thinks she is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her Creature, and *Philander's* Vassal. These Thoughts disturb'd him all the Night, and a certain Jealousie, or rather Curiosity to listen to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employ'd after a different manner.

Next Day it was debated what was best to be done, as to their Conduct in that Place; or whether *Sylvia* should yet own her Sex or not; but she, pleas'd with the Cavalier in her self, begg'd she might live under that Disguise, which indeed gave her a thousand Charms to those which Nature had already bestow'd on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd she should continue in that agreeable Dress, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thousand little Privileges, which otherwise would have been deny'd to Women, though in a Countrey of much Freedom. Every Day she appear'd in the *Tour*, she fail'd not to make a Conquest on some unguarded Heart of the fair Sex: Nor was it long e're she receiv'd *Billet-Deux* from many of the most accomplish'd who could speak and write *French*. This gave them a Pleasure in the midst of her unlucky Exile, and she fail'd not to boast her Conquests to *Octavio*, who every Day gave all his Hours to Love, under the Disguise of Friendship, and every Day receiv'd new Wounds, both from her Conversation and Beauty, and every Day confirm'd him more in his first Belief, that she was a Woman; and that confirm'd his Love. But still he took care to hide his Passion with a Gallantry that was natural to him, and

to very few besides; and he manag'd his Eyes, which were always full of Love, so equally to both, that when he was soft and fond it appear'd more his natural Humour, than from any particular Cause; and that you may believe that all the Arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than another's, his Race was illustrious, being descended from that of the Princes of *Orange*, and great Birth will shine through and shew it self in spite of Education and Obscurity: But *Octavio* had all those Additions that render a Man truly great and brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for some time they liv'd thus disguis'd under feign'd Names, *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the highest Degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whose Conquests in all places over the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarity and Comedy, to be related entirely by themselves in a Novel. *Octavio* saw every Day with abundance of Pleasure the little Revenges of Love on those Womens Hearts who had made before little Conquests over him, and strove by all the gay Presents he made a young *Fillmond* (for so they call'd *Sylvia*), to make him appear unresistible to the Ladies; and while *Sylvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the Croud, till at last he became a confirm'd Slave, to the lovely unknown; and that which was yet more strange, she captivated the Men no less than the Women, who often gave her *Serenades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtship of a Boy, all which added to their Diversion: But Fortune had smil'd long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, she was resolv'd to undeceive both Sexes, and let 'em see the Errors of their Love; for *Sylvia* fell into a Fever so violent that *Philander* no longer hop'd for her Recovery, insomuch that she was oblig'd to own her Sex, and take Women Servants out

of Decency. This made the first Discovery of who and what they were, and for which every Body languish'd under a secret Grief. But *Ostasio*, who now was not only confirm'd she was a Woman, but that she was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor could in almost all possibility ever be so; that she was his Mistress, gave him hope that she might one Day as well be conquer'd by him; and he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of lavish Courtship. And now there remains no more than the Fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a Discovery of his Passion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer conceal'd, but Decency forbids he should now pursue the dear Design; he waited and made Vows for her Recovery; visited her, and found *Philander* the most deplorable Object that Despair and Love could render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Counsel or Persuasion could remove him thence; but if by chance they made him sensible 'twas for her Repose, he would depart to ease his Mind by new Torment, he would rave and tear his delicate Hair, sigh and weep upon *Ostasio's* Bosom, and a thousand times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the Generous Rival; Despair, and Hopes of Pity from him, made him utter all: And one Day, when by the Advice of the Physician he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her Rest, he carry'd *Ostasio* to his own, and told him from the Beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Sylvia* and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Ostasio* sighing (tho' glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he feared his Safety from that Discovery, since the States had oblig'd themselves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the *French King*. At this News our young Unfortunate shew'd a Resentment that was so moving, that even *Ostasio*, who felt a secret Joy at the Thoughts of his Departure, could no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderness, even to a Wish that

he

he were less unhappy, and never to part from *Sylvia*: But Love soon grew again triumphant in his Heart, and all he could say was, that he would afford him the Aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which with the Acknowledgments of a Lover, whose Life depended on it, he receiv'd, and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Sylvia* the most dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd, where he had not sigh'd away above an Hour, but receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio's* Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain something too sad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which would infallible have disturb'd the Repose of *Sylvia*, who shar'd in every cruel Thought of *Philander's*: When he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Messenger of News, which I am sensible will prove too fatal to you, and which will be best express'd in fewest Words: 'Tis decreed, that you must retire from the United Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will save a Life that is dear to me and *Sylvia*, there being no other Security against your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the Assistance of your

OCTAVIO.

From the Council, Wednesday.

Philander having finish'd the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without Life or Motion, when coming to himself, he sigh'd, and cry'd,——*Why——farewel trifling Life——If of the two Extreams one must be chosen, rather than I'll abandon Sylvia, I'll stay and*
be

be deliver'd up a Victim to incens'd France — 'Tis but a Life — at best I never valu'd thee — and now I scorn to preserve thee at the Price of Sylvia's Tears! Then taking a hasty Turn or two about his Chamber he pausing, cry'd — *But by my Stay I ruin both Sylvia and my self, her Life depends on mine; and 'tis impossible hers can be preserv'd when mine is in Danger: By retiring I shall shortly again be bless'd with her Sight in a more safe Security, by staying I resign my self poorly to be made a publick Scorn to France, and the cruel Murderer of Sylvia.* Now, 'twas after an hundred Turns and Pauses intermix'd with Sighs and Ravings, that he resolv'd for both their Safeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himself how, and where, and a little time ruminated on his hard pursuing Fate, grown to a Calm of Grief, (less easie to be born than Rage) he hastes to *Sylvia* whom he found something more chearful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart — But silently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceivably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every Look, and Pity and Compassion joining to his Love and his Despair, set him on the Wrack of Life; and now believing it less pain to die than to leave *Sylvia*, resolves to disobey, and dare the worst that shall befall him; he had some glimmering Hope, as Lovers have, that some kind Chance will prevent his going, or being deliver'd up; he trusts much to the Friendship of *Octavio*, whose Power join'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States also, and whom he had an Ascendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might serve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compassion by this following Letter.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exercise of Virtue and Justice is so innate to your Soul, and so fix'd to the

very

very Principle of a generous Commonwealths-Man, that where those are in Competition, 'tis neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon: Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Justice, and 'tis Crime enough to offend (tho' innocently) the least of your wholesome Laws, to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flourishing this necessary Tyranny, this lawful Oppression, renders your State; how safe and glorious, how secure from Enemies at home, (those worst of Foes) and how fear'd by those abroad: Pursue then, Sir, your justifiable Method, and still be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Virtue, and still be great as *Rome* her self in her height of Glorious Commonwealths; rule your stubborn Natives by her excellent Examples, and let the height of your Ambition be only to be as severely Just, as rigidly Good as you please, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and dispense a noble Charity to the distress'd, compassionate a poor wandering young Man, who flies to you for Refuge, lost to his Native home, lost to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the Knowledge of his Innocence to support him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, pursu'd every where, and safe no where; a Life whose only Refuge is *Ostasio's* Goodness; nor is it barely to preserve this Life that I have recourse to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore your Pity: Oh, *Ostasio*, pity my Youth, and intercede for my Stay yet a little longer: Your self makes one of the illustrious Number of the grave, the wise and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another considerable Part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a Refusal of your just and compassionate Application. Oh! what Fault have I committed against you, that I should not find a Safety here; as well as those charg'd with the same Crime
with

with me, tho' of less Quality? Many I have encounter'd here of our unlucky Party, who find a Safety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the Greatness of that augment my Guilt? Have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they suspect me for a Spy to *France*? Or do I hold any Correspondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I design the Subversion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with some Offence, or your selves of Injustice. Say, why am I deny'd my Length of Earth amongst you, if I die? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, since I shall neither oppress the one, nor infect the other? but on the contrary am ready with my Sword, my Youth and Blood to serve you, and bring my little Aids on all Occasions to yours: And should be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who would deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! where, *Octavio*, is the Glory or Virtue of this *Punctilio*? for 'tis no other: There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unnecessary Complement made a *Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing but ill Nature, and cannot redound to any ones Advantage; an ill Nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many shall leave under the same Circumstances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the Victim to atone for all: Well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a Safety for this Unfortunate, at least be so merciful to suspend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and possibly I shall render you the Body of *Philander*, tho' dead, to send into *France*, as the Trophy of your Fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little stay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Sister, who pursu'd my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her Life or Death: Oh, my Lord, if ever the soft Passion of Love have touch'd your Soul, if you have felt the

unre-

unresistible Force of young Charms about your Heart, if ever you have known a Pain and Pleasure from fair Eyes, or the transporting Joys of Beauty, pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, those powerful Conquerors of the young.——Pity, oh pity a Youth that dies, and will e'er long no more complain upon your Rigours. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the Force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judge, without the soon consulted Arbitrary——Guilty of a severe and hasty Jury, without the Ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hangman, and the Clamours of inconsidering Crouds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render Death so terrible, which else would fall like gentle Slumbers upon the Eye-Lids, and which in Field I would encounter with that Joy I would the sacred thing I love! But oh, I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Sylvia*, and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languishing Face you'll see how near it is approach'd. Ah, will you not suffer me to attend it there? by her dear Side I shall fall as calmly as Flowers from their Stalks, without Regret or Pain: Will you, by forcing me to die from her, run me to a Madness? to wild Distraction? Oh think it sufficient that I die here before half my Race of Youth be run, before the Light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a World of Glory! Alas, she dies——the lovely *Sylvia* dies; she is sighing out a Soul to which mine is so intirely fix'd, that they must go upward together; yes, yes, she breaths it sick into my Bosom, and kindly gives mine its Disease of Death: Let us at least then die in Silence quietly; and if it please Heav'n to restore the languish'd Charmer, I will resign my self up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treasure with me, while we wander o'er the World to seek us out a Safety in some Part of it, where Pity and Compassion is no Crime, where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where

Poli-

Politicks are not all the Business of the Powerful, but where Civility and good Nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'll wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my Stay than Love, or the Grievs and Tears of a languishing Maid: But, oh! they are such Tears as every Drop would ransom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valu'd at a less rate! in pity to her, to me, and your amorous Youths, let me bear her hence: For should she look abroad as her own Sex, should she appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alas they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the Weakness of this Confession, and which I make with more Glory than could I boast my self Lord of all the Universe: If it appear a Fault to the more Grave and Wise, I hope my Youth will plead something for my Excuse. Oh say, at least, 'twas pity that Love had the Ascendant over *Philander's* Soul, say 'twas his Destiny, but say withal, that it put no Stop to his Advance to Glory; rather it set an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition!—Yes, try me in your Councils, prove me in your Camps, place me in any Hazard—but give me Love! and leave me to wait the Life or Death of *Sylvia*, and then dispose as you please my Lord, of your unfortunate

PHILANDER

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Request so reasonable as you have made, will be of so little Force with these Arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho' you have address'd and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid Number, (tho' without one Grain of their Formalities, and I hope Age, which renders us less gallant, and more

envious

envious of the Joys and Liberties of Youth, will never reduce me to so dull and thoughtless a Member of State) yet I have so small and single a Portion of their Power, that I am asham'd of my Incapacity of serving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, 'tis true, of glorious Sway; but I can boast but of the worst and most impotent Part of it, the Title only; but the busy, absolute, mischievous Politician finds no Room in my Soul, my Humour, or Constitution; and plodding restless Power I have made so little the Business of my gayer and more careless Youth, that I have even lost my Right of Rule, my Share of Empire amongst them. That little Power (whose unregarded Loss I never bemoan'd 'till it render'd me incapable of serving *Philander*) I have stretch'd to the utmost Bound for your Stay; insomuch that I have receiv'd many Reproaches from the wiser Coxcombs, have had my Youth's little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (disadvantagious) from my Friendship to you; a Friendship, which, my Lord, at first Sight of you found a being in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodness, your Greatness, and your Misfortunes have improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho' I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no Use to you here, and that the greatest Testimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching Danger, and hasten your Departure, for there is no Safety in your Stay. I just now heard what was decreed against you in Council, which no pleading, nor Eloquence of Friendship had Force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one single Voice in the Number, which I sullenly and singly gave, and which unregarded past. Go then, my Lord, haste to some Place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns: Go and preserve *Sylvia*, in providing for your own Safety; and believe me, 'till she be in a Condition to pursue your Fortunes, I will take such Care that nothing shall be wanting to her Recovery here, in order to her following

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ing after you. I am, alas, but too sensible of all the Pains you must endure by such a Separation; for I am neither insensible, nor incapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects: Go then, my Lord, and preserve the lovely Maid in your Flight, since your Stay and Danger will serve but to hasten on her Death: Go and be satisfy'd she shall find a Protection suitable to her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that wherever you fix your Stay, she shall be resign'd to your Arms by, my Lord, your eternal Friend and humble Servant

OCTAVIO.

Lest in this sudden Remove you should want Money, I have sent you several Bills of Exchange to what Place soever you arrive, and what you want more (make no Scruple to use me as a Friend and) command.

After this Letter finding no Hopes, but on the contrary a dire Necessity of departing, he told *Brilliard* his Misfortune, and ask'd his Counsel in this Extremity of Affairs. *Brilliard*, (who of a Servant was become a Rival) you may believe, gave him such Advice as might remove him from the Object he ador'd. But after a great deal of dissembled Trouble, the better to hide his Joy, he gave his Advice for his going, with all the Arguments that appear'd reasonable enough to *Philander*; and at every Period urg'd, that his Life being dear to *Sylvia*, and on which hers so immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but hasten his Flight: To all which Counsel our amorous Hero with a Soul ready to make its way thro' his trembling Body, gave a sighing unwilling Assent. 'Twas now no longer a Dispute, but was concluded he must go; but how was the only Question. How should he take his Farewel? How he should bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Estate so hazardous? He form'd a thousand sad Ideas to torment himself with
fancy:

fancying he should never see her more, that he should hear that she was dead, tho' now she appear'd on this Side the Grave, and had all the Signs of a declining Disease. He fancy'd Absence might make her cold, and abate her Passion to him; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and she being but a Woman and no Part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected she should want her Sex's Frailties. Now he could consider how he had won her, how by Importunity and Opportunity she had at last yielded to him, and therefore might to some new Gamester, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual Play: Then 'twas that all the Despair of jealous Love, the Throbs and Piercing of a violent Passion seiz'd his timorous and tender Heart, he fancy'd her already in some new Lover's Arms, and ran o'er all the soft Enjoyments he had had with her; and fancy'd with tormenting Thought, that so another would possess her; 'till rack'd with Tortures, he almost fainted on the Repose on which he was set: But *Brilliard* rous'd and endeavour'd to convince him, told him he hop'd his Fear was needless, and that he would take all the watchful Care imaginable of her Conduct, be a Spy upon her Virtue, and from time to time give him Notice of all that should pass! Bid him consider her Quality, and that she was no common Mistress whom Hire could lead astray; and that if from the Violence of her Passion, or her most severe Fate, she had yielded to the most charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine she could be again a Lover, as that she could find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*. In fine, he sooth'd and flatter'd him into so much Ease, that he resolves to take his Leave for a Day or two, under Pretence of meeting and consulting with some of the Rebel Party; and that he would return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her Fever might be abated, and *Sylvia* in a Condition to receive the News of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilliard* prepar'd

all things necessary for his Departure, *Philander* went to *Sylvia*; from whom having been absent two tedious Hours, she caught him in her Arms with a Transport of Joy, reproach'd him with want of Love, for being absent so long: But still the more she spoke soft sighing Words of Love, the more his Soul was seiz'd with Melancholy, his Sighs redoubled, and he could not refrain from letting fall some Tears upon her Bosom—— which *Sylvia* perceiving, with a Look and a trembling in her Voice, that spoke her Fear, she cry'd, Oh *Philander*! these are unusual Marks of your Tenderneſs; oh tell me, tell me quickly what they mean. He answer'd with a Sigh, and she went on—— 'Tis so, I am undone, 'tis your lost Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and these be the Effects of it. Then sighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cry'd, By Heav'n, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the same dear Charmer that thou wert; then pressing her Body to his Bosom, he sigh'd anew as if his Heart were breaking——I know (says she) *Philander*, there's some hidden Cause that gives these Sighs their way, and that dear Face a Paleness. Oh tell me all; for she that could abandon all for thee, can dare the worst of Fate: If thou must quit me—— oh *Philander*, if it must be so, I need not stay the lingering Death of a feeble Fever; I know a way more noble and more sudden. Pleas'd at her Resolution, which almost destroy'd his Jealousie and Fears, a thousand times he kiss'd her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his Mouth) to encrease their Fires, and her Pulse to be more high and quick, fearing to relapse her into her (abating) Fever, he forc'd a Smile, and told her, he had no Grievs but what she made him feel, no Torments but her Sickneſs, nor Sighs but for her Pain, and left nothing unsaid that might confirm her he was still more and more

more her Slave; and concealing his Design in favour of her Health, he ceas'd not vowing and protesting, 'till he had settled her in all the Tranquillity of a recovering Beauty. And as since her first Illness he had never departed from her Bed, so now this Night he strove to appear in her Arms with all that usual Gaiety of Love that her Condition would permit, or his Circumstances could feign, and leaving her asleep at Day-break (with a Force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd but by parting Lovers) he stole from her Arms, and retiring to his Chamber, he soon got himself ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Sylvia's* Ravings to be express'd by none but herself, and tell you that after about fourteen Days Absence, *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Philander*.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

Being safely arriv'd at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodg'd in the House of the best Quality in the Town, I find my self much more at Ease than I thought it possible to be without *Sylvia*, from whom I am nevertheless impatient to hear; I hope Absence appears not so great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd: For I know not what Effects it would have on me to hear her Grievs exceeded a few Sighs and Tears; those my kind Absence has taught me to allow and bear without much Pain, but should her Love transport her to extremes of Rage and Despair, I fear I should quit my Safety here, and give her the last Proof of my Love and my Compassion, throw my self at her Feet, and expose my Life to preserve hers. Honour would oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendship you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt) let me speedily know how she bears my Absence, for on that Knowledge depends a great deal of the Satisfaction of my Life; carry her this inclos'd which I have writ her and soft-

en my silent Departure, which possibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my Pardon, and give her the Story of my Necessity of offending, which none can so well relate as your self; and from a Mouth so eloquent to a Maid so full of Love, will soon reconcile me to her Heart. With her Letter I send you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as also those Bills I receiv'd of you at my Departure, having been supply'd by an *English* Merchant here, who gave me Credit. 'Twill be an Age, 'till I hear from you, and receive the News of the Health of *Sylvia*, than which two Blessings nothing will be more welcome to, generous *Octavio*, your

Collen.

PHILANDER.

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant Vander Hanskin.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA.

THERE is no way left to gain my *Sylvia*'s Pardon for leaving her, and leaving her in such Circumstances, but to tell her 'twas to preserve a Life which I believ'd entirely dear to her, but that unhappy Crime is too severely punish'd by the Cruelties of my Absence: Believe me, lovely *Sylvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Fever, and sigh'd with your Oppressions; say, has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and hasten my Health by the Assurance of your Recovery, or I have fled in vain from those dear Arms to save my Life, of which I know not what Account to give you, 'till I receive from you the Knowledge of your perfect Health, the true State of mine. I can only say I sigh, and have a sort of a Being in *Collen*, where I have some more Assurance of Protection than I could hope from those interested Brutes, who

sent me from you; yet brutish as they are, I know thou art safe from their clownish Outrages. For were they senseless as their Fellow-Monsters of the Sea, they durst not prophane so pure an Excellence as thine; the fullen Boars would joulder out a Welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, tho' they want the tender Sense to know to what use 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendship of *Octavio*, since he has given me too good a Proof of it to leave me any Fear, that he has not in my Absence pursu'd those generous Sentiments for *Sylvia*, which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the first Proof must be his relating the Necessity of my Absence, to set me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I, can inform her; and that I rather chose to quit you only for a short Space, than reduce my self to the Necessity of losing you eternally. Let the Satisfaction this ought to give you retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a Condition of restoring to me all my Joys; that by pursuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greatest Happiness on Earth to the Arms of your

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Affairs here are yet so unsettled, that I can take no Order for your coming to me, but as soon as I know where I can fix with Safety, I shall make it my Business and my Happiness: Adieu. Trust Octavio with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himself to her, who had omitted no Day, scarce any Hour, wherein he saw not or sent not to the charming *Sylvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had writ to him an Air of Coldness altogether unusual with that passionate Lover, and infinitely short in point of Tenderness to

those he had formerly seen of his, and from what he had heard him speak; so that he no longer doubted (and the rather because he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an Abatement of that Heat, which was wont to inspire at a more amorous rate: This appearing Declension he could not conceal from *Sylvia*, at least to let her know he took Notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick-sighted and sensible to pass it unregarded; but he with Reason thought, that when she should find others observe the little Slight she had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in such Cases) would decline and lessen her Love for his Rival. He therefore sent his Page with the Letters inclos'd in this from himself.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA..

Madam,

FROM a little necessary Debauch I made last Night with the Prince, I am forc'd to employ my Page in those Duties I ought to have perform'd myself; He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*, as mine, which I have also sent you, informs me; I should else have doubted it; 'tis I think, his Character, and all he says of *Octavio* confesses the Friend, but where he speaks of *Sylvia* sure he disguises the Lover: I wonder the Mask should be put on now to me, to whom before he so frankly discover'd the Secrets of his amorous Heart. 'Tis a Mystery I would fain persuade my self he finds absolutely necessary to his Interest, and I hope you will make the same favourable Constructions of it, and not impute the lessen'd Zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Sylvia* to any possible Change or Coldness, since I am but too fatally sensible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever Power to shorten one Link of that dear Chain that holds him, and you need but survey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquilli-

ty;

ty; set a just Value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to secure your everlasting Empire, or to establish it in what Heart you please. This fatal Truth I learn'd from your fair Eyes, e'er they discover'd to me your Sex, and you may as soon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languish for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what must *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Blessing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the Hours of amorous Youth, sacred, glad, and triumphant? But you know the conquering Power of your Charms too well to need either this daring Confession, or a Defence of *Philander's* Virtue from, Madam, your obedient Slave,

OCTAVIO.

Sylvia had no sooner read this with Blushes, and a thousand Fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander's* Letters both to *Octavio* and to her self, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, she cry'd—*How—sighted! and must Octavio see it too! By Heav'n, if I should find it true, he shall not dare to think it:* Then with a generous Rage she broke open *Philander's* Letter; and which she soon perceiv'd did but too well prove the Truth of *Octavio's* Suspicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and still she found more Cause of Grief and Anger; Love occasion'd the first, and Pride the last: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Sylvia*, 'twas hard to guess which had the Ascendant: She consider'd *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought could conceive in one, who was not a Lover of him; she knew he merited a Heart, tho' she had none to give him; she found him charming without having a Tendernefs for him; she found him young and amorous without Desire towards him; she found him great, rich, powerful

and generous without designing on him; and tho she knew her Soul free from all Passion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheless she blush'd and was angry, that he had Thoughts no more advantageous to the Power of those Charms, which she wish'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Woman to desire Conquests, tho' they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the Triumph, tho' they despise the Slave: And she believ'd, while *Octavio* had so poor a Sense of her Beauty as to believe it could be forsaken, he would adore it less: And first, to satisfy her Pride, she left the softer Business of her Heart to the next tormenting Hour, and sent him this careless Answer by his Page, believing, if she appear'd too angry, it might look as if she valu'd his Opinion, and therefore dissembled her Thoughts, as Women in those Cases ever do, who when most angry seem the most Galliard, especially when they have need of the Friendship of those they flatter.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or would you make that a Pretext to the Declaration of your own Passion; we *French* Ladies are not so nicely ty'd up to the Formalities of Virtue, but we can hear Love at both Ears; and if we receive not the Addresses of both, at least we are perhaps vain enough not to be displeas'd to find we make new Conquests. But you have made your Attack with so ill Conduct, that I shall find Force enough without more Aids to repulse you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thousand little Gods to defend it, of no less Power than himself; young Deities, who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and scorn to resign their Empire to any feeble *Cupids* you can draw up against 'em: Your thick fog-

gy Air breeds Love too dull and heavy for noble Flights, nor can I stoop to them. The *Flemish* Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiss, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle sends him to his Bed of Moss, where he sleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your self, my Lord, (by this Pursuit of your discover'd Love) for all the little Friendship you have render'd me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the first by the last: Had you been thus obstinate in your Passion before *Philander* went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I should perhaps have thought that you had lov'd indeed, because I should have seen you durst, and should have believ'd it true, because it ran some Hazards for me, the Resolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the Temerity of it, and the greatest Demonstration you could have given of it, would have been the Danger you would have ran and condemn'd, and the Preference of your Passion above any other Consideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover; but poorly thus to set upon a single Woman in the Disguise of a Friend, in the dark silent melancholy Hour of Absence from *Philander*, then to surprize me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for Hearts! it is not like *Octavio*, that *Octavio Philander* made his Friend, and for whose dear sake, my Lord, I will no farther reproach you, but from a Goodness, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence which your ill-timing has render'd almost inexcusable, and expect you will for the future consider better how you ought to treat

S T L V I A.

As soon as she had dismiss'd the Page, she hastened to her Business of Love, and again read over *Philander's* Letter, and finds still new Occasion for Fear; she had

had Recourse to Pen and Paper for a Relief of that Heart which no other way could find; and after having wip'd the Tears from her Eyes, she writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

YES, *Philander*, I have receiv'd your Letter, and, but I found my Name there, should have hop'd it was not meant for *Sylvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold — short — short and cold as a dead Winter's Day. It chill'd my Blood, it shiver'd every Vein. Where, oh where hast thou lavish'd out all those soft Words so natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; so tun'd to the dear Musick of thy Voice? What is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble Pantings in my Heart, my Blushes rise, and tremblings in my Blood, adding new Fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond and vain, and set a Value on this trifling Beauty? Hast thou forgot thy wondrous Art of Loving? thy pretty Cunnings, and thy soft Deceivings? Hast thou forgot 'em all? Or hast thou forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy industrious Passion gather'd all the Sweets, and left the ruffled Flowers to hang its wither'd Head, and die in Shades neglected? For who will prize it now, now when all its Perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! was't not enough you left me, like false *Theseus*, on the Shore, on the forsaken Shore, departed from my fond, my clasping Arms; where I believ'd you safe, secure and pleas'd, when Sleep and Night, that favour'd you and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear Loss! Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the Place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Bosom unpossess'd of that dear Load it bore, that I almost expir'd with my first Fears: Oh,

Oh, if *Philander* lov'd, he would have thought that Cruelty enough, without the sad Addition of a growing Coldness: I awak'd, I miss'd thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander!* But no *Philander* heard; then drew the close-drawn Curtains, and with a hasty and busie View survey'd the Chamber over; but oh! in vain I view'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my Assistance but *Antonet* and *Brilliard* to torture me with dull Excuses, urging a thousand feign'd and frivolous Reasons to satisfy my Fears: But I, who lov'd, who doted even to Madness, by Nature soft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal escap'd, that dreads each little Noise, fancy'd their Eyes and guilty Looks confess'd the Treasons of their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, strove to convince my killing Doubts, protested that you would return by Night, and feign'd a likely Story to deceive. Thus between Hope and Fear I languish'd out a Day; oh Heavens! a tedious Day without *Philander*: Who would have thought that such a dismal Day should not, with the end of its Reign, have finish'd that of my Life! But then *Octavio* came to visit me, and who 'till then I never wish'd to see, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone——I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you were gone was enough to possess me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended and sent into *France*, your delivering your self up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an easie Faith for, without consulting more than that thou wert gone——that very Word yet strikes a Terror to my Soul, disables my trembling Hand, and I must wait for Re-inforcements from some kinder Thoughts. But, oh! from whence should they arrive? from what dear present Felicity, or Prospect of a future, tho' never so distant, and all those past ones serve but to increase my Pain; they favour me no more, they charm and please no more, and only present themselves to my
Memory

Memory to compleat the number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wish that they had never been, tho' even with *Philander*? Oh, say, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How hast thou treated *Sylvia*, to make her wish that she had never known a tender Joy with thee? Is't possible she should repent her loving thee, and thou shouldst give her Cause! say, dear false Charmer, is it? But oh, there is no lasting Faith in Sin! — Ah — What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my first Debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd Prospect of my Virgin Innocence, where I sate inthron'd in awful Virtue, crown'd with shining Honour, and adorn'd with un-fully'd Reputation, 'till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming Usurpation invaded all my Glories; and which I resign'd with greater Pride and Joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on. Oh! why then do I repent? as if the vast, the dear expence of Pleasures past were not enough to recompense for all the Pains of Love to come? But why, oh why do I treat thee as a Lover lost already: Thou art not, canst not; no, I'll not believe it, 'till thou thy self confests it: Nor shall the Omission of a tender Word or two make me believe thou hast forgot thy Vows. Alas, it may be I mistake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy present ill Circumstances (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my Misfortunes) for Coldness and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life as well as Love, thou perhaps (fearing the worst) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table; and in thy busie and guilty Imaginations haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy Guilt: Fee-ing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witnesses, when thou shouldst be giving Satisfaction to my fainting Love-sick Heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the Horror of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious Death strikes upon thy tender Soul

with

with a Force that frights the little God from thence, and I am persuaded there are some Moments of this melancholy Nature, wherein your *Sylvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too she can think just and reasonable, without reproaching thy Heart with a declining Passion, especially when I am not by to call thy Fondness up, and divert thy more tormenting Hours: But oh, for those soft Minutes thou hast design'd for Love, and hast dedicated to *Sylvia*, *Philander* should dismiss the dull Formalities of rigid Business, the pressing Cares of Dangers, and have given a Loose to Softness. Could my *Philander* imagine this short and unloving Letter sufficient to atone for such an Absence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the Pain with which I languish'd, when but absent from him an Hour? How then can he imagine I can live, when distant from him so many Leagues, and so many Days? while all the scanty Comfort I have for Life is, that one Day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how——thou hast not Love enough so much as to divine; but poorly leavest me to be satisfy'd by *Octavio*, committing the Business of thy Heart, the once great Importance of thy Soul, the most necessary Devoirs of thy Life, to be supply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a blessed Time in our Reign of Love, when thou wouldst have thought even all thy own Power of too little Force to satisfy the doubting Soul of *Sylvia*: Tell me, *Philander*, hast thou forgot that Time? I dare not think thou hast, and yet (O God) I find an Alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet something whispers to my Soul, I am undone! Oh, where art thou, my *Philander*? Where's thy Heart? And what has it been doing since it begun my Fate? How can it justify thy Coldness, and thou this cruel Absence, without accounting with me for every parting Hour? My charming Dear was wont to find me Business for all my lonely absent ones; and writ the softest Letters——loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wishes, which e'er I had read o'er
another

another would arrive, to keep eternal Warmth about my Soul; nor wert thou ever weary'd more with writing, than I with reading or with sighing after thee; but now— Oh! there's some Mystery in't I dare not understand. Be kind at least and satisfy my Fears, for 'tis a wondrous Pain to live in Doubt if thou still lov'st me, swear it o'er a-new! and curse me if I do not credit thee. But——if thou art declining——or shouldst be sent a shameful Victim into *France*—— Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be Just, and let me know my Doom: By Heav'n this last will find a Welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts and Fears of losing thee another way, and I shall have the Joy to die with thee; die belov'd, and die.

Thy SYLVIA.

Having read over this Letter, she fear'd she had said too much of her Doubts, and Apprehensions of a Change in him; for now she flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, she begins to consider the worst, and to make the best of that; but quite abandon'd she could not believe her self, without flying into all the Rage that disappointed Woman could be possess'd with. She calls *Brilliard*, shews him his Lord's Letters, and told him (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus instructed by her self in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers who gather Peoples Fortune from themselves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he saw indeed a Change! glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almost equal to hers: 'Tis evident, says he, 'tis evident, that he's the most ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam, (continu'd he, bowing) if my Zeal for the most charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the best of Masters and Friends. Ah *Brilliard*, cry'd she, with an Air of Languishment that more enflam'd him, have a care lest that mistaken Zeal for me should make you prophane Virtue, which has not, but on this occasion,

occasion, shew'd that it wanted Angels for its Guard. Oh, Brilliard, if he be false — if the dear Man be perjur'd, take, take, kind Heav'n, the Life you have preserv'd, but for a greater Proof of your Revenge — and at that Word she sunk into his Arms, which he hastily extended as she was falling, both to save her from Harm, and to give himself the Pleasure of grasping the loveliest Body in the World to his Bosom, on which her fair Face declin'd, cold, dead, and pale; but so transporting was the Pleasure of that dear Burthen, that he forgot to call for, or to use any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Passion, he took a thousand Joys, he kiss'd a thousand times her luke-warm Lips, suck'd her short Sighs, and ravish'd all the Sweets, her Bosom (which but guarded with a loose Night-gown) yielded his impatient Touches. Oh Heav'n, who can express the Pleasures he receiv'd, because no other way he ever could arrive to so much daring? 'Twas all beyond his Hope; loose were her Robes, insensible the Maid, and Love had made him insolent, he rovd, he kiss'd, he gaz'd, without Controul, forgetting all respect of Persons, or of Place, and quite despairing by fair means to win her, resolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was fast, for the Counsel she had to ask him admitted of no Lookers on, so that at his Entrance she had secur'd that Pass for him her self, and being near her Bed, when she fell into his Arms, at this last daring Thought he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did so in one Minute ran o'er all the killing Joys he had been Witness to, which she had given *Philiander*; on which he never paus'd, but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he resolves his cowardly Conquest, when some kinder God awaken'd *Sylvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door, who having been us'd to a Freedom, which was permitted to none but himself, with *Antonet* her Woman, waiting for Admittance, after having knock'd twice softly :

softly: *Brilliard* heard it, and redoubl'd his Disorder, which from that of Love, grew to that of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuse answering, or to re-establish the reviving Sense of *Sylvia*; in this Moment of perplexing Thought he fail'd not however to set his Hair in order, and adjust him, tho' there were no need of it, and stepping to the Door (after having rais'd *Sylvia*, leaning her Head on her Hand on the Bed-side,) he gave Admittance to *Octavio*; but, oh Heav'n, how was he surpriz'd when he saw it was *Octavio*? His Heart with more Force than before redoubled its Beats, that one might easily perceive every Strock by the Motion of his Cravat, he blush'd, which to a Complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilliard* (who wants no Beauty either in Face or Person) was the more discoverable, add to this his trembling, and and you may easily imagine what a Figure he represented himself to *Octavio*; who almost as much surpriz'd as himself, to find the Goddess of his Vows and Devotions with a young *Endymion* alone, a Door shut to, her Gown loose (which from the late Fit she was in, and *Brilliard's* Rape upon her Bosom) was still open, and discover'd a World of unguarded Beauty, which she knew not was in view, with some other Disorders of her Head-cloaths, gave him in a Moment a thousand false Apprehensions: *Antonet* was no less surpriz'd; so that all had their Part of Amazement but the Innocent *Sylvia*, whose Eyes were beautified with a melancholy Calm, which almost set the generous Lover at ease, and took away his new Fears, however he could not chuse but ask *Brilliard* what the Matter was with him, he look'd so out of Countenance, and trembled so? He told him how *Sylvia* had been, and what extream Frights she had possess'd him with, and told him the Occasion, which the lovely *Sylvia* with her Eyes and Sighs assented to, and *Brilliard* departed; how well pleas'd you may imagine, or with what Gusto he left her to be with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover

in the Disguise of a Friend. But there are in Love those wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles with some other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilliard* was, he found *Antonet* an Antidote that dispell'd the grosser part of it; for she was in Love with our amorous Friend, and courted him with that Passion those of that Countrey do almost all handsome Strangers; and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Countrey is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are single Women, tho' otherwise (when Wives) they are just enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus discreetly meet with any Reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonet*, who pursu'd her Lover out, half jealous there might be some amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which she sought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Countrey's Sex to get from him; while on the other side, he believing she might be of use in the farther Discovery he desired to make between *Octavio* and *Sylvia*, not only told her she her self was the Object of his Wishes, but gave her substantial Proofs on't, and told her his Design, after having her Honour for Security that she would be secret, the best Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After she had promis'd to betray all things to him, she departed to her Affairs, and he to giving his Lord an Account of *Sylvia*, as he desir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Sylvia*; and which was thus:

PHILANDER to BRILLIARD.

I doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuse it, since I have been in a Place whence with ease I could have sent every Post, but a new Affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful Hours, not that I find any Passion here that has abated one Sigh for *Sylvia*, but a Man's Hours are very dull, when undi-

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verted

verted by an Intrigue of some kind or other, especially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not, if possible, bend under the Fatigues of more serious Thought and Business; I should not tell you this, but that I would have you feign all the dilatory Excuses that possibly you can to hinder *Sylvia's* coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I design to make my Abode but a short time, and had not staid at all, but for this Stop to my Journey, and I scorn to be vanquish'd without taking my Revenge; 'tis a Sally of Youth, no more—a Flash, that blazes for a while and will go out with Enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to your self, for I have had too good a Confirmation of your Faith and Friendship to doubt you now, and believe you have too much Respect for *Sylvia* to occasion her any Disquiet. I long to know how she takes my Absence, send me at large of all that passes, and give your Letters to *Ottavio*, for none else shall know where I am, or how to send to me: Be careful of *Sylvia*, and observe her with Diligence, for possibly I should not be extravagantly afflicted to find she was inclin'd to love me less for her own Ease and mine, since Love is troublesome when the Height of it, carries it to Jealousies, little Quarrels and eternal Discontents; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themselves on every Distrust of the fond Mistress, since 'tis not only a Demonstration of Love in them, but of Power and Charms in us that occasion it. But when we no longer find the Mistress so desirable, as our first Wishes form her, we value less their Opinion of our Persons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conquests; but you, *Brilliard*, have been a Lover, and understand already this Philosophy. I need say no more then to a Man who knows so well my Soul, but to tell him I am his constant Friend.

PHILANDE R.

This

This came as *Brilliard's* Soul could wish, and had he sent him Word he had been chosen King of *Poland*, he could not have receiv'd the News with so great Joy, and so perfect a Welcome. How to manage this to his best Advantage was the Business he was next to consult, after returning an Answer; now he fancy'd himself sure of the lovely Prize, in spite of all other Oppositions: For, (says he, in reasoning the Case) if she can by Degrees arrive to a Coldness to *Philander*, and consider him no longer as a Lover, she may perhaps consider me as a Husband; or should she receive *Octavio's* Addresses, when once I have found her feeble, I will make her pay me for keeping of every Secret. So either way he entertain'd a Hope, tho' never so distant from Reason and Probability; but all things seem possible to longing Lovers, who can on the least Hope resolve to outwait even Eternity (if possible) in Expectation of a promis'd Blessing; and now with more than usual Care he resolv'd to dress and set out all his Youth and Beauty to the best Advantage; and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dressing, nor any Advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this Hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have design'd doing so. And first to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Business; for he consider'd rightly, if he should not represent *Sylvia's* Sorrows to the Life, and appear to make him sensible of 'em, he should not be after credited if he related any thing to her Disadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to seem to be the greatest Friend. This was the Policy of his Heart, who in all things was inspir'd with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the Defeat he had in that of *Sylvia's*, he writ this Letter.

BRILLIARD to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

YOU have done me the Honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little surprize me; since I believ'd, after *Sylvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touch'd your Heart, and nothing but your own Excuses could have suffic'd to have made it reasonable; and I only wish, that when the fatal News shall arrive to *Sylvia's* Ear (as for me it never shall) that she may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt it will add abundance of Grief to what she is already possess'd of, if but such a Fear should enter in her tender Thoughts. But since 'tis not my Business, my Lord, to advise or counsel, but to obey, I leave you to all the Success of happy Love, and will only give you an Account how Affairs stand here, since your Departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Sylvia* in Bed, I must disturb your more serene Thoughts with telling you, that her first Surprize and Griets at the News of your Departure were most deplorable, where raging Madness and the softer Passion of Love, Complaints of Grief and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were so mix'd together, and by turns so violently seiz'd her, that all about her wept and pity'd her; 'twas sad, 'twas wondrous sad, my Lord, to see it: Nor could we hope her Life, or that she would preserve it if she could; for by many Ways she attempted to have releas'd her self from Pain by a violent Death, and those that strove to preserve that, could not hope she would ever have return'd to Sense again: Sometimes a wild extravagant Raving, would require all our Aid, and then again she would talk and rail so tenderly——and express her Resentment in the kindest softest Words that ever Madness utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, 'till she has set us all a weeping round her; sometimes she'd sit as calm

calm and still as Death, and we have perceiv'd she liv'd only by Sighs and silent Tears that fell into her Bosom; then on a sudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wondrous Charms, and frantically survey us all, then cry aloud, *Where is my Lord Philander?* — *Oh, bring me my Philander, Brilliard: Oh, Antonet, where have you hid the Treasure of my Soul?* then, weeping Floods of Tears, would sink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs she'd cry — *But oh, my dear Philander is no more, you have surrender'd him to France* — *Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he must die, publicly die, be led a sad Victim through the joyful Croud* — *reproach'd and fall ingloriously* — Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act such Wildness, — so moving and so sad, as even infected the pitying Beholders, and all we could do, was gently to persuade her Grief, and sooth her raving Fits; but so we swore, so heartily we vow'd that you were safe, that with the Aid of *Octavio*, who came that Day to visit her, we made her capable of hearing a little Reason from us. *Octavio* kneel'd and begg'd she would but calmly hear him speak, he pawn'd his Soul, his Honour, and his Life, *Philander* was as safe from any Injury, either from *France* or any other Enemy, as he, as she, or Heav'n it self. In fine, my Lord, he vow'd; he swore, and pleaded, 'till she with Patience heard him tell his Story, and the Necessity of your Absence; this brought her Temper back, and dry'd her Eyes, then sighing answer'd him — *that if for your Safety you were fled, she would forgive your Cruelty and your Absence, and endeavour to be her self again*: But then she would a thousand times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendship that he bore *Philander*, not to possess her with false Hopes; then would he swear anew; and as he swore she would behold him with such charming Sadness in her Eyes that he almost forgot what he would say,

to gaze upon her, and to pay his Pity. But if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no sooner gone, but she return'd to all the Tempests of despairing Love, to all the Unbelief of faithless Passion, would neither sleep, nor eat, nor suffer Day to enter; but all was sad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Ephesian* Matron, nor suffer'd she any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Ottavio*, and he in the midst of all was well receiv'd: Not that I think, my Lord, she feign'd any Part of that close Retirement to entertain him with any Freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour; tho' I must own, my Lord, I believe it impossible for him to behold the lovely *Sylvia* without having a Passion for her. What Restraint his Friendship to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho' without Success; what Effects that may have upon the Heart of *Sylvia*, only Time can render an Account of: And whose Conduct I shall the more particularly observe from a Curiosity natural to me, to see if it may be possible for *Sylvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one so perfect would cure me of the Disease of Love, while I liv'd amongst the fickle Sex: But since no such Thought can yet get Possession of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordship will entertain no Jealousie, that may be so fatal to your Repose, and to that of *Sylvia*; doubt not but my Fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordship, for whose Honour and Tranquillity none shall venture so far as, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servant

BRILLIARD.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord, the Groom shall set forward with your Coach-Horses to Morrow Morning, according to your Order.

Having

Having writ this, he read it over; not to see whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Sense of so good a Judge as *Philander*, but to see whether he had cast it for his Purpose; for there his Master-Piece was to be shewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the Relation of *Sylvia's* Grievs were not too moving, and whether they might not serve to revive his fading Love, which were intended only as a Demonstration of his own Pity and Compassion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more Ease entertain a Belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touch'd upon it, for he would not have it thought the Business of Malice to *Sylvia*, but Duty and Respect to *Philander*: That Thought reconcil'd him to the first part without Alteration; and he fancy'd he had said enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Sense a Jealousie which might inspire a young Lover in pursuit of a new Mistress, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his Advantage; for now every Ray gave him Light enough to conduct him to Hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his Invention could not conquer: He fancy'd himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promis'd himself the charming *Sylvia*. With these Thoughts he seals up his Letters, and hastes to *Sylvia's* Chamber for her farther Commands, having in his Politick Transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brilliard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disorder'd, after having given him Entrance, but the next Step was to the Feet of the new recovered languishing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the Freedom the daring Husband Lover had taken, was not at all surpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ab Madam, I no longer wonder you use Octavio with such Rigour*; then sighing declin'd his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealousie made themselves too apparent; while she believing

believing he had only reproach'd her Want of Ceremony at his Entrance, checking her self, she started from the Bed, and taking him by the Hands to raise him, she cry'd, *Rise, my Lord, and pardon the Omission of that Respect which was not wanting but with even Life it self.* Octavio answer'd, *Yes, Madam, but you took care, not to make the World absolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loss, and therefore made choice of such a time to die in, when you were sure of a skilful Person at Hand to bring you back to Life——* My Lord —— said she (with an innocent Wonder in her Eyes, and an Ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean Brilliard,* said he, *whom I found sufficiently disorder'd to make me believe he took no little Pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the Degree of Jealousie, and therefore (beholding him with a Look that told him her Disdain before she spoke) she reply'd hastily, *My Lord, if Brilliard have express'd, by any Disorder or Concern, his kind Sense of my Sufferings; I am more oblig'd to him for it, than I am to you for your Opinion of my Virtue; and I shall hereafter know how to set a Value both on the one and on the other, since what he wants in Quality and Ability to serve me, he sufficiently makes good with his Respect and Duty.* At that she would have quitted him, but he (still kneeling) held her Train of her Gown, and besought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That she would pardon the Effect of a Passion that could not run into less Extravagancy at a Sight so new and strange, as that she should in a Morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown loosely about her lovely Body, and which left a thousand Charms to View, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make fast the Door upon 'em, which when (from his Importunity) it was open'd he found her all ruffled, and almost fainting on her Bed, and a young blushing Youth start from her Arms, with trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat Time to the*

Tune

Tune of active Love, faulting in his Speech, as if scarce yet he had recruited the Sense he had so happily lost in the amorous Encounter: With that, surveying of herself, as she stood, in a great Glass, which she could not hinder herself from doing, she found indeed her Night-Linen, her Gown, and the Bosom of her Shift in such Disorder, as, if at least she had yet any Doubt remaining that Brilliard had not treated her well, she however found Cause enough to excuse Octavio's Opinion: Weighing all the Circumstances together, and adjusting her Linen and Gown with Blushes that almost appear'd Criminal, she turn'd to Octavio, who still held her, and still begg'd her Pardon, assuring him upon her Honour, her Love to Philander, and her Friendship for him, that she was perfectly innocent, and that Brilliard, though he should have Quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature something which compell'd her to a sort of Coldness and Disgust to his Person; for she had so much the more Abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to Octavio; but she continu'd speaking——and cry'd, No, could I be brought to yield to any but Philander, I own I find Charms enough in Octavio to make a Conquest; but since the Possession of that dear Man is all I ask of Heav'n, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear Love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any Satisfaction in my Conversation, never to speak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows against seeing you: All the Freedoms of Friendship I'll allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a Reserve of my Soul which is only for Philander, and the only one that ever shall be kept from Octavio. She ended speaking, and rais'd him with a Smile; and he with a Sigh told her, she must command: Then she fell to telling him how she had sent for Brilliard, and all the Discourse that pass'd; with the Reason

son of her falling into a Swoon, in which she continu'd a Moment or two; and while she told it she blush'd with a secret Fear, that in that Trance some Freedoms might be taken which she durst not confess. But while she spoke, our still more passionate Lover devour'd her with his Eyes, fix'd his very Soul upon her Charms of speaking and looking, and was a thousand times (urg'd by transporting Passion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himself her eternal Slave; but he fear'd the Result, and therefore kept himself within the Bounds of seeming Friendship; so that after a thousand things she said of *Philander*, he took his Leave to go to Dinner; but as he was going out he saw *Brilliard* enter, who, as I said, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a Moment recollecting himself, he blush'd at the Apprehension, that they might make his Disorder the Subject of their Discourse; so what with that, and the Sight of the dear Object of his late disappointed Pleasures, he had much ado to assume an Assurance to approach; but *Octavio* pass'd out, and gave him a little Release. *Sylvia's* Confusion was almost equal to his, for she look'd on him as a Ravisher; but how to find that Truth, which she was very curious to know, she call'd up all the Arts of Women to instruct her in; by Threats she knew it was in vain, therefore she assum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almost a Stranger to her Heart, that of jilting him out of a Secret which she knew he wanted Generosity to give handsomely; and meeting him with a Smile, which she forc'd, she cry'd, *How now Brilliard, are you so faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot see a Lady die without being terrify'd? Rather, Madam,* (reply'd he blushing anew) *so soft-hearted I cannot see the loveliest Person in the World fainting in my Arms, without being disorder'd with Grief and Fear, beyond the Power of many Days to resettle again.* At which she approach'd him, who stood near the Door, and shutting it, she took him by the Hand, and smiling, cry'd,

cry'd, *And had you no other Business for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws herself into your Arms? It ought to have had some kinder Effect on a Person of Brilliard's Youth and Complexion.* And while she spoke this she held him by the Wrist, and found on the sudden his Pulse to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Bosom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a transported Joy, he cry'd, *O Madam, do not urge me to a Confession that must undo me, without making it criminal by my Discovery of it; you know I am your Slave* — when she with a pretty wondring Smile, cry'd — *What, a Lover too, and yet so dull! O charming Sylvia,* (says he, and falling on his Knees) *give my profound Respect a kinder Name: To which she answer'd,* — *You that know your Sentiments may best instruct me by what Name to call 'em, and you Brilliard may do it without Fear* — *You saw I did not struggle in your Arms, nor strove I to defend the Kisses which you gave* — *O Heav'ns,* cry'd he, transported with what she said, *is it possible that you could know of my Presumption, and favour it too? I will no longer then curse those unlucky Stars that sent Octavio just in the Blessed Minute to snatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepar'd to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleasure, but yet they were not satisfy'd; oh there was Joy beyond those Raviishments, of which one kind Minute more had made me absolute Lord: Yes, and the next, said she, had sent this to your Heart* — snatching a Penknife that lay on her Toylet, where she had been writing, which she offer'd so near to his Bosom, that he believ'd himself already pierc'd, so sensibly killing were her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he started from her, and she threw away the Knife, and walking a Turn or two about the Chamber, while he stood immovable, with his Eyes fix'd on the Earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild Confusion, which he vow'd afterwards

terwards he could give no Account of. But as she turn'd she beheld him with some Compassion, and remembering how he had it in his Power to expose her in a strange Countrey, and own her for a Wife, she believ'd it necessary to hide her Resentments, and cry'd, *Brillhard, for the Friendship your Lord has for you I forgive you; but have a care you never raise your Thoughts to a Presumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below Philander's Love; go and repent your Crime—and expect all things else from my Favour—* At this he left her with a Bow that had some Malice in it, and she return'd into her Dressing-Room. — After Dinner Octavio writes her this Letter, which his Page brought.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

Madam,

TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands I begg'd your Pardon for the Confession I made you of my Passion: But since you could not but see the Contradiction of my Tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my Sighs, why will you confine me to the Formalities of a silent Languishment, unless to encrease my Flame with my Pain? You conjure me to see you often, and at the same time forbid me speaking my Passion, and this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impossible to obey the first, without disobliging the last; and since the Crime of adoring you exceeds my Disobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at least to pardon that Fault, which my profound Respect to the lovely Sylvia makes me commit; for 'tis impossible to see you, and not give you an Occasion of reproaching me: If I could make a Truce with my Eyes, and, like a mortify'd Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thousand Ways besides; your Touches

ches inflame me, and your Voice has Musick in't, that strikes upon my Soul with ravishing Tenderness; your Wit is unresistable and piercing; your very Sorrows and Complaints have Charms that make me soft without the Aid of Love: But Pity join'd with Passion raises a Flame too mighty for my Conduct! And I in Transports every way confess it: Yes, yes, upbraid me, call me Traitor and Ungrateful, tell me my Friendship's false; but, *Sylvia*, yet be just, and say my Love was true, say only he had seen the charming *Sylvia*, and who is he, that after that would not excuse the rest in one, so absolutely born to be undone by Love, as is her destin'd Slave,

OCTAVIO.

POSTSCRIPT

Madam, among some Rarities I this Morning saw, I found these Trifles Florio brings you, which because uncommon I presume to send you.

Sylvia, notwithstanding the seeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be disobey'd; and Women never pardon any Fault more willingly than one of this Nature, where the Crime gives so infallible a Demonstration of their Power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts for being thought desirable; and 'twas not with Pain that she saw him obstinate in his Passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair when he receives Denial under his Mistress's own Hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other, as you design'd: In Obedience to me you will

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no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same time you are breaking your Word from one End of the Paper to the other. Out of respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing me with Presents, believing you have found out the surest way to a Woman's Heart. I must needs confess, *Octavio*, there is great Eloquence in a Pair of Bracelets of five thousand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Passion, that has more prevailing Reason in't, than either *Hein* or *Tully* could have urg'd; nor can a Lover write or speak in any Language so significant, and very well to be understood, as in that silent one of presenting. The malicious World has a long time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, insensible, and dull; when indeed 'tis those Men that are in Fault who want the right way of addressing, the true and secret Arts of moving, that sovereign Remedy against Disdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct, unpractis'd Way to that little and so much desir'd World, the Favour of the Fair; nor could Love himself have pointed his Arrows with any thing more successful for his Conquest of Hearts. But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva's* Shield, is already so full of Arrows, shot from *Philander's* Eyes, it has no room for any other Darts: Take back your Presents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be sure you first consider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality ought to find themselves secure from Addresses of this nature, unless they first invite. You ought to have seen Advances in my Freedoms, consenting in my Eyes, or (that usual Vanity of my Sex) a thousand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furnish out a Conquest, a forward Complaisance to every gaudy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have justified your Pretensions; but on the contrary my Eyes and Thoughts, which never stray'd from the dear Man I love, were always bent to Earth when gaz'd upon by you; and when I

did but fear you look'd with Love, I entertain'd you with *Philander's* Praise, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love, and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impossible it was, I e'er should love again, that I might leave you no Room for Hope; and since my Story has been so unfortunate to alarm the whole World with a Conduct so fatal, I made no Scruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments so meanly poor of me, to think because I yielded to *Philander*, his Hopes shou'd be advanc'd, I banish him for ever from my Sight, and after that disdain the little Service he can render the never to be alter'd

STYLVIA.

This Letter she sent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very considerable: At the same time she threaten'd him with Banishment, she so absolutely expected to be disobey'd in all things of that kind, that she dress'd herself that Day to Advantage, which since her Arrival she had never done in her own Habits: What with her Illness, and *Philander's* Absence, a careless Negligence had seiz'd her, 'till rous'd and waken'd to the Thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio's* Love, she began to try its Force, and that day dress'd. While she was so employ'd, the Page hastes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the Sight of it e'er he receiv'd it; not that he hop'd it brought Love, 'twas enough she would but answer, tho' she rail'd: *Let her* (said he in opening it) *vow she hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjust, so she take the Pains to tell it this way;* for he knew well those that argue will yield, and only she that sends him back his own Letters without reading 'em can give Despair. He read therefore without a sigh, nor complain'd he on her Rigours; and because it was too early yet to make his Visit, to shew the Impatience of his Love,

Love, as much as the Reality and Resolution of it, he bid his Page wait, and sent her back this Answer.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

FAIR angry *Sylvia*, how has my Love offended; Has its Excess betray'd the least Part of that Respect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and amorous as that God, when with such Haste he chas'd young *Daphne* o'er the flow'ry Plain, it never made me guilty of a Thought that *Sylvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Present to plead for any Wish, or mend my Eloquence, which you with such Disdain upbraid me with; the Bracelets came not to be raffled for your Love, nor Pimp to my Desires; Youth scorns those common Aids; nor let dull Age pursue those ways of Merchandise, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchase. Youth has a better way of trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid so cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the Work was neat, and Fancy new; and know not any thing they would so well adorn as *Sylvia's* lovely Hands: I say, if after this I should have been the mercenary Fool to have dunn'd you for Return, you might have us'd me thus—Condemn me e'er you find me sin in Thought! that Part of it was yet so far behind 'twas scarce arriv'd in Wish. You should have staid 'till it approach'd more near, before you damn'd it to eternal Silence. To love, to sigh, to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, micer than Heav'n it self, make that a Crime, which all the Powers divine have ne'er decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my Right, my Business, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will

will claim my Share; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to sigh in, as well as your *Philander's*; the Echoes answer me as willingly, when I complain, or name the cruel *Sylvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's Reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it just and reasonable I should pursue the Dictates of my Soul—Love on in spite of Opposition, because I will not lose my Privilege; you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, because I can; but not to love! not to adore the Fair! and not to languish for you, were as impossible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the most charming of your Sex. But I am so far from a pretending Fool, because you have been possess'd, that often that Thought comes cross my Soul, and checks my advancing Love; and I would buy that Thought off with almost all my Share of future Bliss! Were I a God, the first great Miracle should be to form you a Maid again: For oh, whatever Reasons flattering Love can bring to make it look like just, the World! the World, fair *Sylvia*, still will censure, and say—you were to blame; but 'twas that Fault alone that made you mortal, we else should have ador'd you as a Deity, and so have lost a generous Race of young succeeding Heroes that may be born of you! Yet had *Philander* lov'd but half so well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but since alone for *Sylvia* I love *Sylvia*, let her be false to Honour, false to Love, wanton and proud, ill-natur'd, vain, fantastick, or what is worse—let her pursue her Love, be constant, and still doat upon *Philander*—Yet still she'll be the *Sylvia* I adore, that *Sylvia* born eternally to enslave

OCTAVIO.

This he sent by *Florio* his Page, at the same time that she expected the Visit of his Lord, and blush'd with a little Anger and Concern at the Disappointment; however she hasten'd to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with

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the haughty Resolution he made in spite of her, to love on as his Right by Birth; and she was glad to find from these positive Resolves that she might the more safely disdain, or at least assume a Tyranny which might render her Virtue glorious, and yet at the same time keep him her Slave on all Occasions when she might have need of his Service, which, in the Circumstances she was in, she did not know of what great Use it might be to her, she having no other Design on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient so intermix'd with the greatest Virtues of Womenkind, that those who endeavour to cure 'em of that Disease rob 'em of a very considerable Pleasure, and in most 'tis incurable: Give *Sylvia* then leave to share it with her Sex, since she was so much the more excusable, by how much a greater Portion of Beauty she had than any other, and had Sense enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have still enough to set a Price on Beauty, tho' they do not always rate it; for had *Sylvia* done that, she had been the happiest of her Sex: But as she was she waited the coming of *Octavio*, but not so as to make her quit one sad Thought for *Philander's* Love and Vanity, tho' they both reign'd in her Soul; yet the first surmounted the last, and she grew to impatient Ravings whenever she cast a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and possibly Pride and Vanity had as great a Share in that Concern of hers as Love it self, for she would oft survey her self in her Glass, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be despis'd? this Shape? this Face! this Youth! this Air! and what's more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive that languishes and sighs after the dear Runaway. Is it possible he can find a Beauty, added she, of greater Perfection—* But oh, 'tis Fancy sets the Rate on Beauty, and he may as well love a third time as he has a second. For in Love, those that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity set no Bounds to their Treasons and Disobedience. Yes, yes—

would

would she cry, *he that could leave Myrtilla, the fair, the young, the noble, chaste and fond Myrtilla, what after that may he not do to Sylvia, on whom he has less Ties, less Obligations: O wretched Maid——what has thy Fondness done, he's satiated now with thee, as before with Myrtilla, and carries all those dear, those charming Joys, to some new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquer'd, and whom his soft bewitching Vows will ruin.* With that she rav'd and stamp'd, and cry'd aloud, *Hell——Fires——Tortures——Daggers——Racks and Poison——come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Devil——But I'll be brave——I will be brave and hate him——* This she spoke in a Tone less fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paus'd and walk'd above a hasty Turn or two, but *Octavio*, as impatient as Love could make him, enter'd the Chamber, so dress'd, so set out for Conquest, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Sylvia* did not find him altogether charming, and fit for her Revenge, who was form'd by Nature for Love, and had all that could render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is prepossess'd, all that is beautiful in any other Man serves but as an ill Comparison to what it loves, and even *Philander's* Likeness, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the Secret to charm. At *Octavio's* Entrance she was so fix'd on her Revenge of Love, that she did not see him who presented himself as so proper an Instrument, 'till he first sighing spoke, *Ah, Sylvia, shall I never see that Beauty asie more? Shall I never see it reconcil'd to Content, and soft Calmness fix'd upon those Eyes, which were form'd for Looks all tender and serene; or are they resolv'd continu'd he sighing) never to appear but in Storms when I approach? Yes, reply'd she, when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raises it. Will you confine my Eyes, said he, that are by Nature soft? May not their silent language tell you my Heart's sad Story? But she reply'd with a Sigh, it is not generously done, Octavio, thus to pursue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care,*

your Promises of Friendship. *Ab, will you use Philander with such Treachery?* Sylvia, said he, *my Flame's so just and reasonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on—*

And would you (said she) *to satisfy a little short-liv'd Passion, forfeit those Vows you've made of Friendship to Philander? That Heart that loves you, Sylvia,* (he reply'd) *cannot be guilty of so base a Thought; Philander is my Friend, and as he is so, shall know the dearest Secrets of my Soul. I should believe my self indeed ungrateful* (continu'd he) *where'er I lov'd, should I not tell Philander; he told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Grievs, his Treasons, and Escapes, and in return I'll pay him back with mine. And do you imagine* (said she) *that he would permit your Love? How should he hinder me?* (reply'd he.) *I do believe* (said she) *he'd forfeit all his Safety and his Friendship, and fight you: Then I'd defend my self,* (said he) *if he were so ungrateful.* While they thus argued, Sylvia had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in Love sometimes make use of; and Octavio no sooner told her he would send Philander Word of his Love, but she imagin'd that such a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the Wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as usually it does from such Occasions; and on the other side she thought that she might more allowably receive Octavio's Addresses, when they were with the Permission of Philander, if he could love so well to permit it; and if he could not, she should have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconstancy, tho' she banish'd for ever the agreeable Octavio so that on Octavio's farther urging the Necessity of his giving Philander that sure Mark of his Friendship she permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there stood a little Silver Scrutator which contain'd all things for his Purpose.

OCTAVIO to PHILANDER.

My Lord,

SINCE I have vow'd you my eternal Friendship, and that I absolutely believe my self honour'd with that of yours, I think my self oblig'd by those powerful Ties to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing, but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a generous one: Perhaps you will be so unkind as to say I cannot be a Friend and a Rival at the same time, and that Almighty Love, that sets the World at odds, chafes all things from the Heart where that reigns to establish it self the more absolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that Good-nature, that can endure the equal Sway of Friendship, where like two perfect Friends they support each other's Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipse that of the other, but both, like the Notion we have of the Deity, tho' two distinct Passions, make but one in my Soul; and tho' Friendship first enter'd, 'twas in vain I call'd it to my Aid, at the first soft Invasion of *Sylvia's* Power; and you, my charming Friend, are the most oblig'd to pity me, who already know so well the Force of her Beauty. I would fain have you think, I strove at first with all my Reason against the irresistible Lustre of her Eyes: And at the first Assaults of Love, I gave him not a Welcome to my Bosom, but like Slaves unus'd to Fetters, I grew sullen with my Chains, and wore 'em for your sake uneasily. I thought it base to look upon the Mistress of my Friend with wishing Eyes; but softer Love soon furnish'd me with Arguments to justify my Claim, since Love is not the Choice but the Face of the Soul, who seldom regards the Object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wishes to have it be, and then kind Fancy makes it soon the same. Love, that almighty Creator of something from nothing, forms a

Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Virtue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fix'd all these; and 'tis by all resolv'd, (whether they love or not) that this is she, you ought no more, *Philander*, to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that 'tis *Sylvia* to justify my Passion; Nor is't a Crime that I confess I love, since it can never rob *Philander* of the least Part of what I've vow'd him: Or if his mere Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault, let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Sylvia*, I right him in despairing; for oh, I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the Coy and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex, and all the Love of *Sylvia* to *Philander*.——There, there's the Stop to all my Hopes and Happiness, and yet by Heav'n I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confession, my *Philander*, I should be glad to hear your Sentiment, since yet in spite of Love, in spite of Beauty, I am resolv'd to die *Philander's* constant Friend,

OCTAVIO.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Sylvia*: See charming Creature (said he in delivering it) if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare for *Sylvia*. I neither receive it (said she) as a Proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confession, to render it as a piece of Gallantry and Diversion to *Philander*; for no Man of Sense will imagine that Love true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publick Confession of it to his Rival. Ab, *Sylvia*, answer'd he, how malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed Mischief on me? had I not writ, you would have said I durst not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a slight piece of Gallantry: But, *Sylvia*, you have Wit enough to try it a thousand Ways, and Power enough to make me obey; use the Extremity of both, so

you recompense me at last with a Confession that I was at least found worthy to be number'd in the Croud of your Adorers. Sylvia reply'd, He were a dull Lover indeed, that would need Instructions from the Wit of his Mistress to give her Proofs of his Passion, whatever Opinion you have of my Sense, I have too good a one of Octavio's to believe that when he's a Lover he'll want Aids to make it appear, 'till then we'll let that Argument alone, and consider his Address to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which she lik'd very well for her Purpose; for at this time our young Dutch Hero was made a Property of, in order to her Revenge on Philander: She told him, He had said too much both for himself and her. He told her, He had declar'd nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword. Hold, Sir, said she, and do not imagine from the Freedom you have taken in owning your Passion to Philander, that I shall allow it here: What you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with so great a Sin against Philander, and I confess to you I shall be infinitely troubled to be oblig'd to banish you my Sight for ever. He heard her, and answer'd with a Sigh; for she went from him to the Table, and seal'd her Letter, and gave it him to be inclos'd to Philander, and left him to consider on her last Words, which he did not lay to Heart, because he fancy'd she spoke this as Women do that will be won with Industry: He, in standing up as she went from him, saw himself in the great Glais, and bid his Person answer his Heart, which from every View he took was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a Judge of Beauty not to find it in every Part of his own amiable Person, nor could he imagine from Sylvia's Eyes, which were naturally soft and languishing, (and now the more so from her Fears and Jealousies) that she meant from her Hearts the Rigours she express'd: Much he allow'd for his short time of Courtship, much

to her Sex's Modesty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it must be only Time and Assiduity, Opportunity and obstinate Passion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good Dressing, the Advantage of lavish Gaiety, to render his Person agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Conversation, and when he cou'd handsomely bring in Love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it would be permitted, and every Day had the Vanity to fancy he made some Advances; for indeed every Day more and more she found she might have use for so considerable a Person, so that one may very well say, never any pass'd their Time better than *Sylvia* and *Octavio*, tho' with different Ends. All he had now to fear was from the Answer *Philander's* Letter should bring, for whom he had in spite of Love, so intire a Friendship, that he even doubted whether (if *Philander* could urge Reasons potent enough) he should not chuse to die and quit *Sylvia*, rather than be false to Friendship; one Post past, and another, and so eight successive ones, before they receiv'd one Word of Answer to what they sent; so that *Sylvia*, who was the most impatient of her Sex, and the most in Love, was raving and acting all the Extravagance of Despair, and even *Octavio* now became less pleasing, yet he fail'd not to visit her every Day, to send her rich Presents, and to say all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge, for her Relief; At last *Octavio* receiv'd this following Letter.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

YOU have shew'd, *Octavio*, a Freedom so generous, and so beyond the usual Measures of a Rival, that 't were almost Injustice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Sylvia* can be false to me, and all her Vows, she is not worth preserving; if she prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*,

Philander, then he has greater Merit, and deserves her best: But if on the contrary she be just, if she be true, and constant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, so either way *Octavio* has my leave to love the charming *Sylvia*; alas I know her Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! for 'tis as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for Youth to yield; oh she has Fascination in her Eyes! a Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedless Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peevishness, and her Disdain, have unresisted Power. Alas, you find it every Day ——— and every Night she sweeps the Toure along and shews the Beauty, she enslaves the Men, and rivals all the Women! How oft with Pride and Anger I have seen it; and was the inconsidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curse her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bully'd every Gazer: By Heav'n I could not spare a Smile, a Look, and she has such a lavish Freedom in her Humour, that if thou chance to love as I have done——'twill surely make thee mad; if she but talk'd aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to show the Force of Beauty, oh God! How lost in Rage! How mad with Jealousie, was my fond breaking Heart! my Eyes grew fierce, and clamorous my Tongue! and I have scarce contain'd my self from hurting what I so much ador'd; but then the subtle Charmer had such Arts to flatter me to Peace again——to clasp her lovely Arms about my Neck ——— to sigh a thousand dear confirming Vows into my Bosom, and kiss, and smile, and swear——and talk away my Rage,——and then——oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can present the Joy of the dear reconciling Moment, where little Quarrels rais'd the Rapture higher, and she was always new. These are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleasures that Love by turns inspires, 'till it grows wise by Time and Repetition, and then the God assumes a serious Gravity, Injoyment takes off the uneasy Keenness of the Passion,

Passion, the little jealous Quarrels rise no more; Quarrels, the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that send 'em with more Swiftneſs to the Heart; and when they ceaſe, your Transports leſſen too, then we grow reaſonable, and conſider; we love with Prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foils; a ſullen Bruſh perhaps ſometimes or ſo; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull, eaſie rate, we never die of that Diſeaſe; then we've Recourſe to all the little Arts, the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Diſſimulation (that Help-meet to the Luke-warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Conſtancy, and a right Underſtanding.

Thus, *Oſtavio*, I have ran thro' both the Degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art; my eaſie Heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent Sickneſs renders apt to take Relapſes from every little Cauſe, or Wind that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt Effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch Pleaſure in beginning Paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all paſt Loves, paſt Vows and Obligations, have Power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorſe, no threatning Danger invades my amorous Courſe; I ſcour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Proſpect at a Diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all gay and glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and baſk in thoſe dear Joys that Fancy makes ſo raviſhing: Nor am I one of thoſe dull whining Slaves, whom Quality or my Reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Succeſs has taught me Boldneſs and Art, Deſire and Cunning to attack, to ſearch the feeble ſide of Female Weakneſs, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Oſtavio*, if Love and Wit find any Opportunity.

Perhaps, my Friend, you're wondring now, what this Diſcourſe, this odd Diſcovery of my own Inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you
back

back the Secret you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own; take this Confession from thy Friend — I love! — I languish! and am dying, — for a new Beauty. To you, *Ostasio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious Years, and never understood the Mystery of Love, 'till *Sylvia* taught you to adore, this Change may seem a Wonder; you that have lastly run more than half your Youth's gay Course of Life away, without the Pleasure of one nobler Hour of mine; who, like a Miser, hoard your sacred Store, or scantily have dealt it but to one, think me a lavish Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with Inconstancy — but use me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happen'd in my last Day's Journey on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for so his Equipage confess'd; we join'd and fell into Discourse of many things indifferent, 'till from a Chain of one thing to another we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I soon found him a *Cesarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his Interest: This pleas'd me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleas'd him so well in my Devotion for *Cesario*, that being arriv'd at *Colleen* he invites me home to his Palace, which he begg'd I would make use of as my own during my Stay at *Colleen*. Glad of the Opportunity I obey'd, and soon inform'd my self by a *Spanish* Page (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a *Spaniard* born, and of Quality, who for some Disgust at Court retir'd hither; that he was a Person of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in Years was lately marry'd to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much against her Consent; a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monastery, where she had been pensioned from a Child, and of whom he was so fond and jealous, he never would permit her to see or be seen by any Man: And if she took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church,

Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learn'd thus much of the Boy, I dismiss'd him with a Present; for he had already inspir'd me with Curiosity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what use he might be hereafter; a Curiosity that I was resolv'd to satisfy, though I broke all the Laws of Hospitality, and even that first Night I felt an Impatience that gave me some Wonder. In fine, three Days I languish'd out in a Disorder that was very nearly ally'd to that of Love. I found my self magnificently lodg'd; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all things were as well as I could imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a Sight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I sigh'd and grew oppress'd with Thought, and had recourse to Groves, to shady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded Variety, the most resembling Nature that ever Art produc'd, and of the most melancholy Recesses, fancying there, in some lucky Hour, I might encounter what I already so much ador'd in *Idea*, which still I form'd just as my Fancy wish'd; there, for the first two Days, I walk'd and sigh'd, and told my new-born Passion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Visionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third Day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the cool of the Evening, I pass'd into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd through the Glade, and pass'd into the Meads; this pleas'd and fed my present Amorous Humour, and down I laid my self on the shady Brink, and listen'd to its melancholy Glidings, when from behind me I heard a Sound more ravishing, a Voice that sung these Words:

*Alas, in vain, you Pow'rs above,
You gave me Youth, you gave me Charms,
And ev'ry tender Sense of Love;
To destine me to old Phileno's Arms.*

*Ah how can Youth's gay Spring allow
The chilling Kisses of the Winter's Snow!*

*All Night I languish by his Side,
And fancy Joys I never taste;
As Men in Dreams a Feast provide,
And waking find, with Grief, they fast.
Either, ye Gods, my youthful Fires allay,
Or make the old Phileno young and gay.*

*Like a fair Flower in Shades Obscurity,
Tho' every Sweet adorns my Head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie,
And wither on my silent gloomy Bed,
While no kind Aids to my Relief appear,
And no kind Bosom makes me triumph there.*

By this you may easily guess, as I soon did, that the Song was sung by Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very Beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it so! I rose and advanc'd by such slow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the Pleasure of hearing any Part of the Song, 'till I approach'd so near as (behind the Shelter of some *Jessamin* that divided us) I, unseen, compleated those Wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Octavio*, I saw the lovely *Clarinau* leaning on a Pillow made of some of those *Jessamins* which favour'd me, and serv'd her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! how shall I present her to thee in that Angel Form she then appear'd to me? All young! all ravishing as new-born Light to lost benighted Travellers; her Face, the fairest in the World, was adorn'd with Curles of shining Jet, ty'd up—I know not how, all carelessly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, such as young Royal Brides put on when they undress for Joys; her Eyes were black, the softest Heav'n e'er made; her Mouth was sweet, and form'd for all Delight;

light; so red her Lips, so round, so grac'd with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm Desires about a frozen Heart; a sprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreas'd my Flame, and made me mad with Love: Endless it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all o'er was lavish and profuse; let it suffice, her Face, her Shape, her Mein, had more of Angel in 'em than Humanity! I saw her thus all charming! thus she lay! a smiling Melancholy dress'd her Eyes, which she had fix'd upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying; just such I fancy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* first beheld her; nor was that Royal Ravisher more inflam'd than I! or readier for the Encounter. Alone she was, which heighten'd my Desires! Oh Gods! alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wishing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love! the Shade was gloomy, and the tell-tale Leaves combin'd so close, they must have given us Warning if any had approach'd from either side! all favour'd my Design, and I advanc'd; but with such Caution as not to inspire her with a Fear, instead of that of Love! a slow, uneasie Pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes, and burning in my Heart — At my Approach she scarce contain'd her Cries, and rose surpriz'd and blushing, discovering to me such a proportion'd Height — so lovely and majestick — that I stood gazing on her, all lost in Wonder, and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me, and every Look pierc'd deeper to my Soul, and I had no Sense but Love, silent admiring Love! immoveable I stood, and had no other Motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble Trembling to my Tongue, and even when I would have spoke to her, it sent a Sigh up to prevent my Boldness; and, O *Octavio*, tho' I have been bred in all the sawcy Daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient Impudence; aw'd with a haughty Sweetness in her Look, like a Favebrave after a vigorous Onset, finding the Danger fly so thick around him,

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sheers off and dares not face the pressing Foe, struck with too fierce a Light'ning from her Eyes, whence the Gods sent a thousand winged Darts, I veil'd my own, and durst not play with Fire: While thus she hotly did pursue her Conquest, and I stood fix'd on the defensive part, I heard a rustling amongst the thick grown Leaves, and thro' their mystick Windings soon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau* approaching, muttering and mumbling to old *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treasure, and which she having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful Distance, had most extreamly disoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little Moment to look with Eyes that ask'd a thousand Pities, and told her in their silent Language how loath they were to leave the charming Object, and with a Sigh——I vanish'd from the wondering fair One, nimble as Light'ning, silent as a Shade, to my first Post behind the Jessamins; that was the utmost that I could persuade my Heart to do. You may believe, my dear *Ostasio*, I did not bless the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Recess, nor him, nor my own Fate; and to compleat my Torment, I saw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I saw him fall on her Neck, her lovely snowy Neck, and loll and kiss, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and press his nauseous Load upon *Calista's* Body, (for so I heard him name her) while she was gazing still upon the empty Place, whence she had seen me vanish; which he perceiving, cry'd——*My little Fool, what is't thou gazest on, turn to thy none old Man, and buss him soundly*——When putting him by with a Disdain that half made amends for the Injury he had done me by coming, *Ab, my Lord*, cry'd she, *even now, just there I saw a lovely Vision, I ne'er beheld so excellent a thing: How*, cry'd he, *a Vision, a Thing*——*What Vision? what Thing? where? how?*
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and when——Why there, said she, with my Eyes, and just now is vanish'd behind yon Jessamins. With that I drew my Sword——for I despair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous Nature of the Spaniards, which is no more than see and stab, I prepar'd to stand on my Defence 'till I could reconcile him, if possible, to Reason; yet even in that Moment I was more afraid of the Injury he might do the innocent Fair One, than of what he could do to me: But he not so much as dreaming she meant a Man by her lovely Vision, fell a kissing her anew, and beck'ning *Dormina* off to Pimp at distance, told her, *The Grove was so sweet, the River's Murmurs so delicate, and she was so curiously dress'd, that all together had inspir'd him with a Love-Fit*; and then assaulting her anew with a Sneer, which you have seen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little Tricks of Youth, that look'd so goatish in him——instead of kindling 'twould have damp'd a Flame; which she resisted with a Scorn so charming gave me new Hope and Fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Disdain, and Loathing in her Eyes, she fled like *Daphne* from the Ravisher; he being bent on Love pursu'd her with a feeble Pace, like an old Wood-God chasing some coy Nymph, who wing'd with Fear outstrips the flying Wind, and tho' a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealousie, Impatience, Sighs, and Wishes, in the abandon'd Grove. Nor could I go without another View of that dear Place in which I saw her lye. I went——and laid me down just on the Print which her fair Body made, and press'd, and kiss'd it o'er a thousand times with eager Transports, and even fancy'd fair *Calista* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have sent you; there I ran o'er a thousand Stratagems to gain another View; no little Statesmen had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I ador'd, the soft Idea of my burning Heart

Heart, now raging wild, abandon'd all to Love and loose Desire; but hitherto my Industry is vain; each Day I haunt the thickest Groves and Springs, the flow'ry Walks, close Arbors; all the Day my busie Eyes and Heart are searching her, but no Intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can since learn is, that the bright *Calista* had seen a Vision in the Garden, and ever since was so possess'd with Melancholy, that she had not since quitted her Chamber; she is daily pressing the Count to permit her to go in to the Garden, to see if she can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether from any Description she hath made of it, (or from any other Cause) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt Heav'n by invoking an Apparition; so that 'till a second View eases the Torments of my Mind, there is nothing in Nature to be conceiv'd so raving mad as I; as if my Despair of finding her again increas'd my impatient Flame, instead of lessening it.

After this Declaration, judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greatest Proofs of his Friendship, you or I, you being my Rival, trust me with the Secret of loving my Mistress, which can no way redound to your Disadvantage; but I, by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your Power to ruin me with *Sylvia*, and to establish your self in her Heart; a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an Ambition in my Love, that would not, while I am toiling for Empire here, lose my Dominion in another Place: But since I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lover's Fate, both you and *Sylvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but shall never have Power to make me believe you less my Friend, than I am your

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

The inclos'd I need not oblige you to deliver; you see I give you Opportunity.

O

Octavio

Octavio no sooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Glarinau*, but he stopp'd, and was scarce able to proceed, for the charming *Calista* was his Sister, the only one he had, who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken thence to be marry'd to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had engag'd the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a Curiosity to know how far he had proceeded, made him read it out with all the Disorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he consider'd her young, about eighteen, marry'd to an old, ill-favour'd, jealous Husband, no Parents but himself to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew tho' she wanted no Wit, she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men, she had not learnt the little Cunning of her Sex; he guess'd by his own Soul that hers was soft and apt for Impression, he judg'd from her Confession to her Husband of the Vision, that she had a simple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under such Circumstances; to all this he consider'd the Charms of *Philander* irresistible, his unweary'd Industry in Love, and concludes his Sister lost. At first he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but soon thought it unreasonable to accuse himself of an Injustice, and excus'd the Frailty of *Philander*, since he knew not that she whom he ador'd was Sister to his Friend; however it fail'd not to possess him with Inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to consider how he might prevent an inseparable Injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that possibly might cost his Sister her Life, as well as Fame. In the midst of all these Torments he forgot not the more important Business of his Love: For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fix'd on the fair Object of its Adoration, whatever other Thoughts fatigue and cloud his Mind, that, like a soft Gleam of new sprung

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Light, darts in and spreads a Glory all around, and like the God of Day, cheers every drooping Vital; yet even these dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At first he strove to atone for the Fears of *Calista*, with those of imagining *Philander* false to *Sylvia*: *Well*, cry'd he—*If thou be'st lost, Calista, at least thy Ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happiness, and every Triumph Philander makes of thy Virtue, it the more secures my Empire over Sylvia; and since the Brother cannot be happy, but by the Sister's being undone, yield thou, O faithless fair one, yield to Philander, and make me blest in Sylvia! And thou* (continu'd he) *oh perjur'd Lover and inconstant Friend, glut thy insatiate Flame*——*rifle Calista of every Virtue Heav'n and Nature gave her, so I may but revenge it on thy Sylvia!* Pleas'd with this joyful Hope he traverses his Chamber, glowing and blushing with new kindling Fire, his Heart that was all gay, diffus'd a Gladness, that express'd it self in every Feature of his lovely Face; his Eyes, that were by Nature languishing, shone now with an unusual Air of Briskness, Smiles grac'd his Mouth, and Dimples dress'd his Face, insensibly his busie Fingers trick and dress, and set his Hair, and without designing it, his Feet are bearing him to *Sylvia*, till he stept short and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Visit——*Whither, fond Heart,* (said he) *O whither wouldst thou hurry this Slave to thy soft Fires!* And now returning back he paus'd and fell to Thought——He remember'd how impatiently *Sylvia* waited the Return of the Answer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his Passion for that Beauty. He knew she permitted him to write it, more to raise the little brisk Fires of Jealousie in *Philander* and to set an Edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours she design'd *Octavio*: And that on this Answer depended all her Happiness, or the Confirmation of her Doubts, and that she would measure *Philander's* Love by the Effects she found

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there of it: So that never Lover had so hard a Game to play, as our new one. He knew he had it now in his Power to ruin his Rival, and to make almost his own Terms with his fair Conqueress, but he consider'd the Secret was not render'd him for so base an End, nor cou'd his Love advance it self by ways so false, dull and criminal——Between each Thought he paus'd, and now resolves she must know he sent an Answer to his Letter; for should she know he had, and that he should refuse her the Sight of it, he believ'd with Reason she ought to banish him for ever her Presence, as the most disobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pauses on——but no kind Thought presents it self to save him; either way he finds himself undone, and from the most gay, and most triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one serious Thought of right reasoning, finds he is the most miserable of all the Creation! He reads the Supercription of that *Philander* writ to *Sylvia*, which was inclos'd in his, and finds it was directed only——For *Sylvia*, which would plainly demonstrate it came not so into *Holland*, but that some other Cover secur'd it; so that never any but *Octavio*, the most nice in Honour, had ever so great a Contest with Love and Friendship: For his noble Temper was not one of those that could sacrifice his Friend to his little Lusts, or his more solid Passion, but truly brave, resolves now rather to die than to confess *Philander's* Secret; to evade which he sent her Letter by his Page, with one from himself, and commanded him to tell her, that he was going to receive some Commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he would wait on her himself in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* sent him with a Sigh, and Eyes that languishingly told him he did it with Regret.

The Page hasting to *Sylvia*, finds her in all the Disquiet of an expecting Lover; and snatching the Papers from his Hand, the first she saw was that from *Philander*

der, at which she trembled with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Despair, at once seiz'd her, and hardly able to make a Sign with her Hand, for the Boy to withdraw, she sunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almost fainting; but re-assuming her Courage, she open'd it, and read this.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA

AH, *Sylvia*! Why all these Doubts and Fears? Why at this Distance do you accuse your Lover, when he's incapable to fall before you, and undeceive your little Jealousies. Oh, *Sylvia*, I fear this first Reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own Guilt, than any that Love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Sylvia*, 'tis the Waves that roll and glide away, and not the steady Shore. 'Tis you begin to unfasten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whose Pride and Beauty learning to be confin'd, give way to the admiring Croud, that sigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the rest of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and shews your Beauty's Power——Is't possible, that for the Safety of my Life I cannot retire, but you must think I'm fled from Love and *Sylvia*! Or is it possible that pitying Tenderness that made me incapable of taking Leave of her should be interpreted as false——and base——and that an Absence of thirty Days, so forc'd, and so compell'd, must render me inconstant——lost——ungrateful——as if that after *Sylvia* Heav'n e'er made a Beauty that could charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thousand Faults, 'tis short, 'tis cold, and wants those usual Softnesses that gave them all their Welcome, and their Graces. I fear my *Sylvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And she considers him not for himself, but the gay, glorious Thing he makes

of her ! Ah ! too Self-interested ! Is that your Justice ? You ne'er allow for my unhappy Circumstances ; you never think how Care oppresses me, nor what my Love contributes to that Care. How Business, Danger, and a thousand Ills, take up my harass'd Mind : By every Power I love thee still, my *Sylvia*, but Time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave of Ceremony, and come to closer Joys, to join our Interest now, as People fix'd, resolv'd to live and die together ; to weave our Thoughts, and be united stronger. At first we shew the gayest Side of Love, dress and be nice in every Word and Look, set out for Conquest all ; spread every Art, use every Stratagem ——— But when the Toil is past, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propose a little idle Rest, a little easie Slumber : We then embrace, lay by the gaudy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lover to your Arms ; we shew him then uncas'd with all his little Disadvantages ; perhaps the flowing Hair, (those Ebony Curles you have so often comb'd, and dress'd, and kiss'd) are then put up, and shew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique *Roman* than *Philander* : And shall I then, because I want a Grace, be thought to love you less ? Because the embroider'd Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, must I put off my Passion with my Dress ? No, *Sylvia*, Love allows a thousand little Freedoms, allows me to unbosom all my Secrets ; tell thee my Wants, my Fears, Complaints and Dangers, and think it great Relief if thou but sigh and pity me : And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my Pain. O where shall I unload my weight of Cares, when *Sylvia*, who was wont to sigh and weep, and suffer me to ease the heavy Burden, now grows displeas'd and peevish with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love ! Instead of those dear Smiles, that fond bewitching Prattle, that us'd to calm my roughest Storm of Grief, she now reproaches me with Coldness,
Want

Want of Concern, and Lover's Rhetorick: And when I seem to beg Relief, and shew my Soul's Resentment, 'tis then I'm false; 'tis my Aversion, or the Effects of some new kindling Flame: Is this fair dealing, *Sylvia*? Can I not spare a little Sigh from Love, but you must think I rob you of your Due? If I omit a tender Name, by which I us'd to call you, must I be thought to lose that Passion that taught me such Endearments? And must I ne'er reflect upon the Ruin both of my Fame and Fortune, but I must run the risk of losing *Sylvia* too? Oh Cruelty of Love! Oh too too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Passion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of Reason! Ah too too nicely tender *Sylvia*, that will not give me leave to cast a Thought back on my former Glory; yet even that Loss I could support with Tameness and Content, if I believ'd my Suffering reach'd only to my Heart; but *Sylvia*, if she love, must feel my Torments too must share my Loss, and want a thousand Ornaments, my sinking Fortune cannot purchase her: Believe me, charming Creature, if I should love you less, I have a Sense so just of what you've suffer'd for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Gally-Slave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due; but as I am thy faithful Lover still, depend upon that Fortune Heav'n has left me; which if thou canst (as thou hast often sworn) then thou would'st submit to be chearful still, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words; my Heart——too great and fond for such poor Demonstrations.

You ask me, *Sylvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can say is, that at present I am safe from any Fears of being deliver'd up to *France*, and what I do is fighting, dying, grieving; I want my *Sylvia*; but my Circumstances yet have nothing to incourage that Hope; when I resolve where to settle, you shall see what haste I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear

Pledge of our soft Hours advances. I mean what I believe I left thee possess'd of, a young *Philander*. Cherish it, *Sylvia*, for that's a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive; be sure you do it no Hurt by your unnecessary Grief, tho' there needs no other Tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your *PHILANDER*.

If *Sylvia*'s Fears were great before she open'd the Letter, what were her Pains when all those Fears were confirm'd from that never-failing Mark of a declining Love, the Coldness and Alteration of the Style of Letters, that first Symptom of a dying Flame! Oh, where, said she, where, oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that Ardency that us'd to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that could not, even to discover and express a Grace in Eloquence, force one soft Word, or one Passion? Oh, continu'd she, he is lost and gone from *Sylvia* and his Vows; some other has him all, clasps that dear Body, hangs upon that Face, gazes upon his Eyes, and listens to his Voice, when he is looking, sighing, swearing, dying, lying and damning of himself for some new Beauty—He is, I'll not endure it; aid me, *Antonet*! Oh where's the perjur'd Traitor! *Antonet*, who was waiting on her, seeing her rise on the sudden in so great a Fury, would have staid her hasty Turns and Ravings, beseeching her to tell her what was the Occasion, and by a Discovery to ease her Heart; but she with all the Fury imaginable flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and snatching up a Penknife, had certainly sent it to her Heart, had not *Antonet* stepp'd to her and caught her Hand, which she resisted not, but blushing resign'd, with telling her she was ashamed of her own Cowardice; For, said she, if it had design'd to have been Brave, I had sent you off, and by a noble Resolution have freed this Slave within (striking her Breast) from a Tyranny which it should disdain to suffer under: With that she rag'd about the Chamber with broken Words and im-

perfect

perfect Threatnings, unconsider'd Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths; at which *Antonet* redoubled her Petition to know the Cause, and she reply'd — *Philander! the dear, the soft, the fond and charming Philander is now no more the same. O, Antonet, said she, didst thou but see this Letter compared to those of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new Desire dress'd his soft Eyes in Tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Passion, than Volumes of this forc'd, this trifling Business. O thou wouldst say I were the wretchedest Thing that ever Nature made—— Oh, thou wouldst curse as I do—— Not the dear Murderer, but thy frantick self, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, easie self; if thou wert so undone——* Then while she wept she gave *Antonet* liberty to speak, which was to persuade her, her Fears were vain; she urg'd every Argument of Love she had been Witness to, and could not think it possible he could be false. To all which the still weeping *Sylvia* lent a willing Ear; for Lovers are much inclin'd to believe every thing they wish. *Antonet*, having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her, that to be better convinc'd of his Love, or his Perfidy, she ought to have Patience 'till *Octavio* should come to visit her; *For you have forgotten, Madam, said she, that the generous Rival has sent him Word he is your Lover: For Antonet* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open-hearted *Sylvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women who have made a Breach in their Honour, are seldom so careful of their rest of Fame, as those who have a Stock entire; and *Sylvia* believ'd after she had entrusted the Secret of one Amour to her Discretion, she might conceal none. See, *Madam, says Antonet, here is a Letter yet unread: Sylvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the Return of *Octavio's* Answer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the Confirmation of all her Doubts, hastily snatch'd the Letter out of *Antonet's* Hand, and read it, hoping

Hoping to have found something there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other; a Soul the most raging and haughty by Nature that ever possess'd a Body: The Words were these.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

AT least you'll pity me, oh charming *Sylvia*, when you shall call to mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Messenger of Love from him whom Beauty and that God plead so strongly for already in your Heart.

If, after this, you can propose a Torture that yet may speak my Passion and Obedience in any higher Measure, command and try my Fortitude; for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty, the Business of your Love-sick Slave will be only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and never to taste a Joy, even in a distant Hope; like Lamps in Urns my lasting Fire must burn, without one kind Material to supply it. Ah *Sylvia*, if ever it be thy wretched Fate to see the Lord of all your Vows given to another's Arms — when you shall see in those soft Eyes that you adore, a Languishment and Joy if you but name another Beauty to him; — when you behold his Blushes fade and rise at the Approaches of another Mistress, — hear broken Sighs and unassur'd Replies, when'er he answers some new Conqueress; Tremblings, and Pantings seizing every Part at the warm Touch as of a second Charmer: Ah, *Sylvia*, do but do me Justice then, and sighing say — I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the blest *Philander*, which I had brought my self, but cannot bear the Torment of that Joy that I shall see advancing in your Eyes when you shall read it o'er — no — 'tis too much that I imagine all! Yet bless that patient Fondness of my Passion that makes me still your Slave, and your Adorer,

OCTAVIO.

At

At finishing this, the jealous Fair One redoubled her Tears with such violence, that 'twas in vain her Woman strove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reasonable Arguments she cou'd bring to her Aid; and Sylvia, to encrease it, read again the latter Part of the ominous Letter; which she wet with the Tears that stream'd from her bright Eyes. Yes, yes, (cry'd she, laying the Letter down) *I know, Octavio, this is no Prophecie of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal Time's already come, when I shall find these Changes in Philander! Ah Madam, reply'd Antonet, how curious are you to search out Torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love? Alas, Madam, continu'd she, you your self have arm'd my Lord Octavio with those Weapons that wound you: The last time he writ to my Lord Philander, he found you possess'd with a thousand Fears and Jealousies; of these he took Advantage to attack his Rival: For what Man is there so dull that wou'd not assault his Enemy in that Part where the most considerable Mischief may be done him? 'Tis now Octavio's Interest, and his Business, to render Philander false, to give you all the Umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make him love you less. Away, reply'd Sylvia (with an uneasie Smile) how foolish are thy Reasonings, for were it possible I cou'd love Philander less, is it to be imagin'd that shou'd make way for Octavio in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it, reply'd Antonet, but that very Effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Person is like a Skain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom, you must wind it on another, or it runs into Confusion and becomes of no use, and then of course, as one lessens the other encreases, and what Philander loses in Love, Octavio, or some one industrious Lover, will most certainly gain. Oh, reply'd Sylvia, you are a great Philosopher in Love. I shou'd Madam, cry'd Antonet, had I but had a good Memory,*

mory, for I had a young Churchman once in Love with me, who has read many a Philosophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the rest he us'd to say the Soul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him then, if it were form'd of so soft Materials, how it came to pass that we were no oftner in Love, or why so many were so long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No question but he answer'd you wisely, said Sylvia carelessly and sighing, with her Thoughts but half attentive. Marry, and so he did, cry'd Antonet, at least I thought so then, because I loved a little. He said Love of it self was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object; and then too that Object must depend on Fancy; (for Souls tho' all Love, are not to love all.) Now Fancy, he said, was sometimes nice, humorous, and fantastick, which is the Reason we so often love those of no Merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he us'd to say, Women were like Misers, though they had always Love in store, they seldom car'd to part with it, but on very good Interest and Security, Cent. per Cent. most commonly, Heart for Heart at least; and for Security, he said, we were most times too unconscionable, we ask'd Vows at least, at worst Matrimony. — Half angry, Sylvia cry'd — And what's all this to my loving again? Oh Madam, reply'd Antonet, He said a Woman was like a Gamester, if on the winning Hand, Hope, Interest, and Vanity made him play on, besides the Pleasure of the Play it self; if on the losing, then he continu'd throwing at all to save a Stake at last, if not to recover all; so either way they find occasion to continue the Game. But oh, said Sylvia sighing, what shall that Gamester set, who has already play'd for all she had, and lost it at a Cast? Oh, Madam, reply'd Antonet, the Young and Fair find Credit every where, there's still a Prospect of a Return and that Gamester that plays thus upon the Tick is sure to lose but little; and if they win 'tis all clear Gains. I find, said Sylvia, you are a good Manager in Love; you are for the frugal Part of it. Faith, Madam, said Antonet, I am indeed

indeed of that Opinion, that Love and Interest always do best together, as two most excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preserving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and Interest gives us all the advantage of Dress, without which Beauty is lost, and of little use. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and Money alone can render us so; and we find no Women want Lovers so much as those who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the necessary Trifles of Gallantry. Of this last Opinion I find you your self to be; for even when Octavio comes, on whose Heart you have no Design, I see you dress to the best Advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even unknown to your self, you have a secret Joy and Pleasure in gaining Conquests, and of being ador'd and thought the most charming of your Sex. That is not from the Inconstancy of my Heart, cry'd Sylvia, but from the little Vanity of our Natures. Oh, Madam, reply'd Antonet, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falsest Betrayer of a Woman's Heart of any Passion, not Love it self betrays her sooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleasure of my next Wish, when I find you only listening to the Love of Octavio, but even approving it too. Away, reply'd Sylvia, in frowning, your Mirth grows rude and troublesome ——— Go bid the Page wait while I return an Answer to what his Lord has sent me. So sitting at the Table she dismiss'd Antonet, and writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

I Find, Octavio, this little Gallantry of yours, of shewing me the Lover, stands you in very great stead, and serves you upon all Occasions for abundance of uses; amongst the rest, 'tis no small Obligation you have to it, for furnishing you with handsom Pretences to keep from those who importune you, and from giving 'em that Satisfaction by your Counsel and Conversation, which

which possibly the unfortunate may have need of sometimes; and when you are press'd and oblig'd to render me the Friendship of your Visits, this necessary ready Love of yours is the only Evasion you have for the answering a thousand little Questions I ask you of *Philander*; whose Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Sylvia* does. I cou'd almost wish, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Passion were true, that my Commands might be of Force sufficient to compel you to resolve my Heart in some Doubts that oppress it. And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you must obey me in the other; to which end I conjure you to hasten to me, for something of an unusual Coldness in *Philander's* Letter, and some ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the Repose of

S Y L V I A.

She read it over; and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind: But when she consider'd 'twas from no other Inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, she pardon'd her self the little Levity she found it guilty of; all which, considering as the Effects of the Violent Passion she had for *Philander*, she found it easie to do; and sealing it she gave it to *Antonet* to deliver to the Page, and set her self down to ease her Soul of its heavy weight of Grief by her Complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted, there is no Ease like that of writing to the Person lov'd; and that all that comes uppermost in the Soul: For true Love is all unthinking artless Speaking, incorrect Disorder, and without Method, as 'tis without Bounds or Rules; such were *Sylvia's* unstudy'd Thoughts, and such her following Letter.

S Y L.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I consider all thy past tender Vows, when I reflect how thou hast lov'd and sworn. Methinks I hear the Musick of thy Voice still whispering in my Bosom; methinks the charming Softness of thy Words remain like less'ning Echo's on my Soul, whose distant Voices by degrees decay, 'till they be heard no more! Alas, I've read thy Letter o'er and o'er, and turn'd the Sense a thousand several ways, and all to make it speak and look like Love——O I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fancy'd my ill reading spoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to softer Notes, and read it o'er again; but still the Words appear'd too rough and harsh for any moving Air, which way soe'er I chang'd, which way soe'er I question'd it of Love, it answer'd in such Language——as others wou'd perhaps interpret Love, or something like it; but I who've heard the very God himself speak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy charming Tongue! when I have seen thee fainting at my Feet, (whilst all Heav'n open'd in thy glorious Face) and now and then sigh out a trembling Word, in which there was contain'd more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of speaking ever found; what Sense? oh what Reflections must I make on this Decay, this strange——this sudden Alteration in thee? But that the Cause is fled, and the Effect is ceas'd, the God retir'd, and all the Oracles silenc'd! Confess——oh thou Eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely——Tell me why (if thou still lov'st me, and lov'st as well) does Love not dictate to thee as before! Dost thou want Words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old one's o'er ten thousand times; such Repetitions are Loves Rhetorick!

rick ! How often have I ask'd thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms clasping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kisses on thy Cheeks, and taking in the Breath that sigh'd from thine ? How often have I ask'd this little but important Question of thee ? *Does my Philander love me ?* then kiss thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again ; and still my Soul was ravish'd with new Joy, when thou wouldst answer, *Yes, I love thee dearly !* and if I thought you spoke it with a Tone that seem'd less soft and fervent than I wish'd, I ask'd so often, 'till I made thee answer in such a Voice as I wou'd wish to hear it ; all this had been impertinent and foolish in any thing but Love, to any but a Lover : But oh—give me the Impertinence of Love ! talk little Nonsense to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will please and charm my Love-sick Heart better than all fine Sense and Reasoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new Accident, what powerful Misfortune has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet, to drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee so unlike my soft *Philander* ? What Place contains thee, or what Pleasures ease thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious Day without thy *Sylvia* ? How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'st, art patient, tame and well ; thou talk'st not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'st about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the Toils of Battel.—Oh, I have known a time—but let me never think upon it more ! it cannot be remembred without Madness ! What, think thee fallen from Love ! to think that I must never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in soft Sighs of Love ? a thousand dear Expressions by which I knew the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting—Never to see thy Eyes fix'd on my Face—'till the soft Showers of Joy would gently fall and hang their shining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Transport

sport snatch me to thy Bosom, and sigh a thousand times e'er thou couldst utter——*Ab Sylvia, how I love thee*——Oh the dear Eloquence those few short Words contain, when they are sent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languishing! but now——alas, thy Love is more familiar grown——oh take the other Part of the Proverb too, and say it has bred Contempt, for nothing less than that your Letter shews, but more it does, and that's Indifference, less to be born than Hate, or any thing——

At least be just, and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart that trusted all thy Vows, if thou be'st generous——if thou let'st me know——thy Date of Love——is out (for Love perhaps as Life has Dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canst stay the one than t'other; yet if thou art so kind for all my Honour lost, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarnish'd, and my lasting Vows to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthless Life will be the only Loss: But if thou still continuest to impose upon my easie Faith, and I should any other way learn my approaching Fate——look to't *Philander*——She that had the Courage to abandon all for Love and faithless thee, can, when she finds her self betray'd and lost, nobly revenge the Ruin of her Fame, and send thee to the other World with

SYLVIA.

She having writ this, read it over, and fancy'd she had not spoke half the Sense of her Soul——fancy'd if she were again to begin she could express her self much more to the Purpose she design'd, than she has done. She began again, and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough; the first she fear'd would shew a Weakness of Spirit, since he had given her Occasion of Jealousie; the last she fear'd would disoblige if all those Jealousies were false; she therefore tore those last she had writ, and before she seal'd up the

the first she read *Philander's* Letter again, but still ended it with Fears that did not lessen those she had first conceiv'd; still she thought she had more to say, as Lovers do, who are never weary of speaking or writing to the dear Object of their Vows; and having already forgotten what she had just said before——and her Heart being by this time as full as e'er she began, she took up her complaining Pen, and made it say this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander*! oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I would repent me of the cruel Thoughts I have of thee: When I had finish'd this inclos'd I read again thy chilling Letter, and strove with all the force of Love and soft Imagination to find a dear Occasion of asking Pardon for those Fears which press my breaking Heart: But oh, the more I read, the more they strike upon my tenderest Part,——something so very cold, so careless and indifferent you end your Letter with——I will not think of it——by Heav'n it makes me rave——and hate my little Power, that could no longer keep thee soft and kind. Oh if those killing Fears (bred by Excess of Love) are vainly taken up, in Pity, my Adorable——in Pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, redress the Torment of my jealous Doubts, and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languishes for thee, return me all the Softness that first charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

STLVIA.

She thought she had ended here, but here again she read *Philander's* Letter, as if on purpose to find new Torments out for a Heart too much press'd already; a Sour that is always mixt with the Sweets of Love, a Pain that ever accompanies the Pleasure. Love else were not to be number'd among the Passions of Men, and was at first ordain'd in Heav'n for some divine Motion of the Soul, 'till *Adam*, with his Loss of *Paradise*, debauch'd

debauch'd it with Jealousies, Fears and Curiosities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll say he had reason to be jealous, whose Woman for want of other Seducers listen'd to the Serpent, and for the Love of Change, would give way even to a Devil; this little love of Novelty and Knowledge has been intail'd upon her Daughters ever since, and I have known more Women render'd unhappy and miserable from this Torment of Curiosity, which they bring upon themselves, than have ever been undone by less villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Sylvia*, whose Pride and Beauty possessing her with a Belief that all men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneasy at every Action of the Lover (whether belov'd or not) that did but seem to slight her Empire: But where indeed she lov'd and doted, as now in *Philander*, this Humour put her on the rack at every Thought or Fancy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the last Obligation upon him, she expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all those Moments when Softness was not predominant in her Soul. She was chagrin at every thing, if but displeas'd with one thing; and while she gave Torments to others, she fail'd not to feel 'em the most sensibly her self; so that still searching for new Occasion of Quarrel with *Philander*, she drew on her self most intolerable Pains, such as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joy; she reads and weeps, and when she came to that Part of it that inquir'd of the Health and Being of the Pledge of Love——she grew so tender that she was almost fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the soft Reflection, and finding she had said nothing of it already, she took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, oh charming *Philander*, how the Pledge of our soft Hours thrives: Alas, as if it meant to brave the worst of Fate! it does advance my Sorrows, and all your Cruelties have not destroy'd that: But

I still bear about me the Destiny of many a sighing Maid, that this (who will, I am sure, be like *Philander*) will ruin with his Looks.

Thou sacred Treasure of my Soul, forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love. *Adieu.*

She made an end of writing this, just when *Antonet* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to visit her, which gave her occasion to say this of him to *Philander*.

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the bravest and the best of Friends, is come to visit me. The only Satisfaction I have to support my Life in *Philander's* Absence. Pay him those Thanks that are due to him from me; pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me; beyond a Friend! almost *Philander* in his blooming Passion, when 'twas all new and young, and full of Duty, could not have render'd me his Service with a more awful Industry: Sure he was made for Love and glorious Friendship. Cherish him then, preserve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel fit for such a Cabinet: His Form, his Parts, and every noble Action, shew us the Royal Race from whence he sprung, and the victorious *Orange* confesses him his own in every Virtue, and in every Grace; nor can the Illegitimacy eclipse him: Sure he was got in the first Heat of Love, which form'd him so a Hero
—But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

SYLVIA.

She had no sooner finish'd this and seal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with such an Air, with such a Grace and Mien he approach'd her—— with all the Languishment of soft trembling Love in his Face, which with the Addition of the Dress he was that Day in, (which was extremely rich and advantageous, and altogether such as pleases the Vanity of Women,) I have since heard the charming *Sylvia* say, in spite of her Tenderness for *Philander*, she found

found a soft Emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleasure at his Approach, which made her blush with some kind of Anger at her own Easiness. Nor could she have blush'd in a more happy Season; for Octavio saw it, and it serv'd at once to add a Lustre to her paler Beauty, and to betray some little kind Sentiment, which possess'd him with a Joy that had the same Effects on him: *Sylvia* saw it; and the Care she took to hide her own, serv'd but to increase her Blushes, which put her into a Confusion she had much ado to reclaim: She cast her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her Hand, she continu'd on her Seat without paying him that usual Ceremony she was wont to do; while he stood speechless for a Moment, gazing on her with infinite Satisfaction: When she, to assume a Formality as well as she could, rose up and cry'd, (fearing he had seen too much) Octavio, *I have been considering after what manner I ought to receive you? and while I was so, I left those Civilities unpaid, which your Quality and my good Manners ought to have render'd you.* Ah, Madam, reply'd he sighing, *if you would receive me as I merited, and you ought, at least you would receive me as the most passionate Lover that ever ador'd you.* I was rather believing, said *Sylvia*, *that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe; since you conceal from me so long what you cannot but believe I am extreemly impatient of hearing, and what so nearly concerns my Repose.* At this, he only answering with a Sigh, she pursu'd, *Sure, Octavio, you understand me: Philander's Answer to the Letter of your confessing Passion, has not so long been the Subject of our Discourse and Expectation, but you guess at what I mean?* Octavio, who on all Occasions wanted not Wit, or Reply, was here at a loss what to answer; notwithstanding he had consider'd before what he would say: But let those in Love fancy, and make what fine Speeches they please, and believe themselves furnish'd with abundance of eloquent Harangues, at the Sight of the dear Object

they lose 'em all, and Love teaches 'em a Dialect much more prevailing, without the Expence of duller Thought: And they leave unsaid all they had so floridly form'd before, and sigh a thousand things with more Success: Love, like Poetry, cannot be taught, but uninstructed flows without painful Study, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a noble Inspiration, not a Science! Such was Octavio's, he thought it dishonourable to be guilty of the Meanness of a Lie; and say he had no Answer: He thought it rude to say he had one and would not shew it Sylvia; and he believ'd it the Height of ungenerous Baseness to shew it. While he remain'd this Moment silent, Sylvia, whose Love, Jealousie, and Impatience endur'd no Delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, Scorn in her Eyes and Passion on her Tongue, she cry'd——

'Tis well, Octavio, that you so early let me know, you can be false, unjust, and faithless; you knew your Power, and in Pity to that Youth and easiness you found in me, have given a civil Warning to my Heart. In this I must confess, continu'd she, you have given a much greater Testimony of your Friendship for Philander, than your Passion for Sylvia, and I suppose you came not here to resolve your self which you should prefer, that was decided e'er you arriv'd, and this Visit I imagine was only to put me out of Doubt: A piece of Charity you might have spar'd. She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thousand Charms, because it gave him a little Hope; and he answer'd with a Sigh, Ah, Madam, how very easie you find it to entertain Thoughts disadvantageous of me: And how small a Fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my Friendship for Philander. I know you do not value my Life, and my Repose so much, as to be concern'd who, or what shares this Heart that adores you! No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I presume to hope, you should so much as wish my Passion for Sylvia, should surmount my Friendship to Philander. If I did, reply'd she with a
Scorn,

Scorn, I perceive I might wish in vain. Madam, answer'd he, I have too Divine an Opinion of the Justice of the charming Sylvia to believe I ought, or could make my Approaches to her Heart, by Ways so base and ungenerous, the Result of even tolerated Treason is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice, Octavio, reply'd Sylvia, in your Punctilio to Philander; but I perceive you are not so tender in those you ought to have for Sylvia: I find Honour in you Men, is only what you please to make it, for at the same time you think it ungenerous to betray Philander, you believe it no Breach of Honour to betray the eternal Repose of Sylvia. You have promis'd Philander your Friendship; you have avow'd your self my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing; and yet not one of these has any Tye to oblige you to my Interest: Pray tell me, continu'd she, when you last writ to him; was it not in order to receive an Answer from him? And was not I to see that Answer? And here you think it no Dishonour to break your Word or Promise; by which I find your false Notions of Virtue and Honour, with which you serve your selves; when Interest, Design, or Self-Love makes you think it necessary. Madam, reply'd Octavio, you are pleas'd to pursue your Anger, as if indeed I had disobey'd your Command, or refus'd to shew you what you imagine I have from Philander: Yes, I do, reply'd she hastily; and wonder why you should have a greater Friendship for Philander, than for Sylvia; especially if it be true that you say, you have join'd Love to Friendship: Or are you of the Opinion of those, that cry, they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the same Object. Ah, Madam, cry'd our perplex'd Lover, I beg you to believe, I think it so much more my Duty and Inclination to serve and obey Sylvia, than I do Philander, that I swear to you, oh charming Conqueress of my Soul, if Philander have betray'd Sylvia, he has at the same time betray'd Octavio, and that I would revenge it with the loss of my Life: In injuring the adorable Sylvia, believe me, lovely Maid, he injures so much more than a Friend, as Honour

is above the Inclinations; if he wrong you, by Heav'n he cancels all! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Mistress, and my Sister: Fearing he had said too much, he stopp'd and sigh'd at the Word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with Shame and Anger, he continu'd, *Oh give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, lest Mistress had been too daring and presumptuous, and a Title that wou'd not justifie my Quarrel half so well, since 'twould take the Honour from my just Resentment, and blast it with the Scandal of Self-Interest or jealous Revenge. What you say, reply'd she, deserves abundance of Acknowledgment; but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me; and he, methinks, that was so daring to confess his Passion to Philander, may after that, venture on any Discovery: In short, Octavio, I demand to see the Return you have from Philander, for possibly—*said she, sweetning her charming Face into a Smile design'd, *I shou'd not be displeas'd to find I might with more Freedom receive your Addresses, and on the Coldness of Philander's Reasoning may depend a great Part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine things you can say; you know how the least Appearance of a Slight from a Lover may advance the Pride of a Mistress; and Pride in this Affair will be your best Advocate.* Thus she insinuated with all her Female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, sweetned her Mouth, softned her Voice and Eyes, assuming all the Tenderness and little Affectations her subtle Sex was capable of, while he lay all ravish'd and almost expiring at her Feet; sometimes transported with imagin'd Joys in the Possession of the dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of Philander's Letter; but Honour yet was even above his Passion, and made him blush at his first hasty Thought; and now he strove to put her off with all the Art he cou'd, who had so very little in his Nature, and whose real Love and perfect Honour

nour had set him above the little Evasions of Truth, who scorn'd in all other Cases the Baseness and Cowardice of a Lie; and so unsuccessful now was the little honest Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas soon discover'd to the witty, jealous, and angry *Sylvia*: So that after all the Rage a passionate Woman cou'd express, who believ'd her self injur'd by the only two Persons in the World from whom she expected most Adoration; she had recourse to that natural and softning Aid of her Sex, her Tears, and having already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the Malice of a defeated Woman, she now continued it in so moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of Charming, but unfix'd to all he had resolv'd, gave up, at least, a part of the Secret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confession knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the Sight of it; no, tho' an Empire were render'd her to buy it off; his Wit was next employ'd how he shou'd defend the Sense of it, that she might not think *Philander* false. In order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the most malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the best Stratagem in the World to find whether *Sylvia* still lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his Friendship for him: *And but that*, continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be such, that if I shou'd persuade you not to see it, it would but the more inflame your Desire of seeing it; I wou'd ask no more of the charming Sylvia, than that she wou'd not oblige me to shew what wou'd turn so greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too sensible, 'tis but to entrap me, that Philander has taken this Method in his Answer. Believe me, adorable Sylvia, I plead against my own Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Test, by commanding me to shew this Letter, and that I join against the Interest of my own Eternal Repose while I plead thus.* She hears him with a hundred Changes of Countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealousie swell in her fiercer

fierce Eyes, her Breath beats short, and she was ready to burst into speaking before he had finish'd what he had to say; she call'd up all the little Discretion and Reason Love had left her to manage her self as she ought in this great Occasion; she bit her Lips and swallow'd her rising Sighs; but he soon saw the Storm he had rais'd, and knew not how to stand the Shock of its Fury; he sighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuse the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and sets her on the Rack; and concluding him false, she cou'd no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that Madness can inspire, and from one degree to another wrought her Passion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavour'd to restrain hers from Violence, she rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and discover'd a thousand Charms and Beauties; and finding now that both his Strength and Reason was too weak to prevent the Mischiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for Help: When *Brilliard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonet*, and some others, who came to his Assistance. *Brilliard*, who knew nothing of the Occasion of all this, believ'd it the second Part of his own late Adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd some Violence to her; upon this he assumes the Authority of his Lord, and secretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his Brutality, they fell to such Words as ended in a Challenge the next Morning, for *Brilliard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuse: This was not carry'd so silently but *Antonet*, busie as she was about her raving Lady, heard the Appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almost as much disturb'd as *Sylvia*, whom, with much ado, they persuaded him to leave; but before he did so, he on his Knees offer'd her the Letter, and implor'd her to receive it; so absolutely his Love had vanquish'd his Nobler Part, that of Honour. But she attending no

Motions

Motions but those of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio's* Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuse; so that he went away with the Letter in all the Extremity of Disorder. This last Part of his Submission was not seen by *Brilliard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio's* Answer to his Challenge; so that *Sylvia* was now left with her Woman only; who by Degrees brought her to more Calmness; and *Brilliard*, impatient to hear the Reproaches he hop'd she wou'd give *Octavio* when she was return'd to Reason, being curious of any thing that might redound to his Disadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wish'd, *Sylvia* being recover'd from her Passion of Madness, and her Soul in a State of thinking a little with Reason, she misses *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebl'd to a Languishment, she cry'd — surveying carefully those about her, *Oh where's Octavio? Where is that Angel Man? he who of all his Kind can give me Comfort? Madam*, reply'd *Antonet*, *he is gone; while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a Word, or Look his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one sensible Reply, but Rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this? Oh Antonet*, cry'd *Sylvia* — 'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave; run, haste and fetch him back — But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much Consideration for Philander, and none for my Repose. Oh, *Brilliard* — Have I no Friend in view dares carry a Message from me to *Octavio*? Bid him return, oh instantly return — I die, I languish for a Sight of him — Descending Angels wou'd not be so welcome — Why stand ye still — have I no Power with you — Will none obey — Then running hastily to the Chamber Door, she call'd her Page, to whom she cry'd — Haste, haste, dear Youth, and find *Octavio* out, and bring him to me instantly: Tell him I die to see him. The Boy, glad

glad of so kind a Message to so liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while she returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senses against *Octavio's* coming as much as possibly she cou'd: She dismisses her Attendant with different Apprehensions; sometimes *Brilliard* believ'd this was the second Part of her first Raving, and having never seen her thus, but for *Philander*, concludes it the height of Tenderness and Passion for *Octavio*; but because she made so publick a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her Flame so much above the Bounds of Modesty and Discretion; concluding it so, he knew the usual Effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd allay the Heat of such a Love but Possession; and easily deluded with every Fancy that flatter'd his Love, mad, stark mad by any way to obtain the last Blessing with *Sylvia*, he consults with *Antonet* how to get one of *Octavio's* Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reasons, which deluded the Amorous Maid, he persuaded her to get him one, which she did in half an Hour after; for by this time *Sylvia* being in as much Tranquillity as 'twas possible a Lover could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the false Betrayer, she had call'd *Antonet* to dress her; which she resolv'd should be in all the careless Magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to charm *Octavio* wholly to Obedience, whom she had sent for, and whom she expected! but she was no sooner set to her Toylet, but *Octavio's* Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Master, which she greedily snatch'd, and read this.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA

BY this time, oh charming *Sylvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reason return'd, and that you will hear a little from the most unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduc'd to this miserable

miserable Extremity of losing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curiosity that will serve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repose, what Esteem ought I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*: and if you hate me, as 'tis evident, if you compel me to the Extremity of losing my Repose or Honour, what Reason or Argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that Hope shall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour? Believe me, charming Maid, I wou'd sacrifice my Life, and my entire Fortune at your least Command to serve you; but to render you a Devoir that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my Temper must resist in spite of all the Violence of my Love; and I thank my happier Stars that they have given me Resolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, then be guilty of the Breach of the first: This is the last and present Thought and Pleasure of my Soul; and lest it shou'd, by the Force of those Divine Ideas which eternally surround it, be sooth'd and flatter'd from its noble Principles, I will to Morrow put my self out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if possible, by Absence, to the Campagne, those soft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually sollicit in favour of you: I dare not so much as bid you Adieu, one Sight of that bright Angel's Face wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler Resolution, and leave me a despicable Slave, fighting my unrewarded Treason at your insensible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be dispos'd by you; but the more useless Necessary I will for ever take from those lovely Eyes, who can look on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have deny'd you one Satisfaction, at least I have given you this other of securing you eternally from the Trouble and Importunity of, Madam, your faithful

OCTAVIO.

This

This Letter to any other less secure of her Power than was our fair Subject, would have made them impatient and angry; but she found that there was something yet in her Power, the Dispensation of which could soon recall him from any Resolution he was able to make of absenting himself. Her Glass stood before her, and every Glance that way was an Assurance and Security to her Heart; she could not see that Beauty, and doubt its Power of Persuasion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this Answer, being in a Moment furnish'd with all the Art and Subtily that was necessary on this Occasion.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

TH^O I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at least allow me Sense enough to oblige your Belief, that I fancy and resent all that the Letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that sort of Women, whose want of Youth or Beauty renders so constant to pursue the Ghost of a departed Love: It is enough to justify my Honour, that I was not the first Aggressor. I find my self pursu'd by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my self beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the last Refuse of a declining Beauty, a Monastery: No, my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompens'd my self for the Injuries of one Inconstant, with the Joys a thousand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a World, which yet every Day presents me new Joys; and I swear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompense what I ow'd your Passion than I desir'd a convincing Proof of *Philander's* Falshood, than for any other Reason, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other Use could I make of the Secret? If he be false he's gone, unworthy of me, and impossible

impossible to be retriev'd, and I would as soon dye my
fully'd Garments and wear them over again, as take to
my Embraces a reform'd Lover, the Native first Lustre
of whose Passion is quite extinct, and is no more the
same; no, my Lord, she must be poor in Beauty that
has Recourse to Shifts so mean; if I would know the
Secret, by all that's good it were to hate him heartily,
and to dispose of my Person to the best Advantage;
which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd
of the Falseness of him with whom I exchang'd a thou-
sand Vows of Fidelity; but if he unlink the Chain, I
am at perfect Liberty; and why by this Delay you
should make me loose my Time, I am not able to con-
ceive, unless you fear I should then take you at your
Word, and expect the Performance of all the Vows
of Love you have made me—— If that be it——my
Pride shall be your Security, or if other Recompence
you expect, set the Price upon your Secret, and see at
what Rate I shall purchase the Liberty it will procure
me; possibly it may be such as may at once infranchise
me, and revenge me on the perjur'd Ingrate, than which
nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

S Y L V I A.

She seals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to
Antonet to give the Page, believing she had writ what
would not be in vain to the quick-sighted *Octavio*;
Antonet takes both that and the other which *Octavio*
had sent, and left her Lady busie in dressing her Head,
and went to *Brilliard's* Chamber, who thought every
Moment an Age 'till she came, so vigorous he was on
his new Design. That which was sent to *Octavio*, be-
ing seal'd with a wet Wafer, he neatly opens, as 'twas
easie to do, and read, and seal'd again, and *Antonet* de-
liver'd it to the Page. After receiving what Pay *Bril-
liard* could force himself to bestow upon her, some
Flatteries of dissembled Love, and some cold Kisses,
which even Imagination could not render better, she
return'd

return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*; she having in hers given him a Hint, by bidding him set a Price upon the Secret, which he had heard was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumstances of it, from the faithless *Antonet*, whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a Lover of Ingenuity, he fell to the Business of what he would write; and having finish'd it to his Liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Octavio* always sent his by his Page, whom he could trust. He now was certain of Love between 'em; for tho' he often had persuaded *Antonet* to bring him Letters, yet she could not be wrought on 'till now to betray her Trust; and what he long apprehended, he found too true on both Sides, and now he waited but for an Opportunity to send it seasonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean time *Sylvia* adorns her self for an absolute Conquest, and disposing herself in the most charming, careless, and tempting Manner she could devise, she lay expecting her coming Lover, on a Repose of rich Embroidery of Gold on blue Satin, hung within side with little amorous Pictures of *Venus* descending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, the embracing, while the Youth, more eager of his Rural Sports, turns half from her in a Posture of pursuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dressing the sleeping Warrior up in Wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little Head that hides his whole Face; another makes a Hobby-Horse of his Sword and Lance; another fits on his Breast-piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are seeming to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblems of the Hero into Ridicule. These, and some other of the like Nature, adorn'd the Pavilion of the languishing Fair One, who lay

lay carelessly on her Side, her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amours in her other Hand. Every Noise alarm'd her with trembling Hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard she said, she verily believ'd that acting and feigning the Lover possess'd her with a Tenderness against her Knowledge and Will; and she found something more in her Soul than a bare Curiosity of seeing *Octavio* for the Letter's sake: But in lieu of her Lover, she found her self once more approach'd with a Billet from him, which brought this.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, he must be more than human that can withstand your Charms; I confess my Frailty, and fall before you the weakest of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wrest every hopeful Word to my own Interest, and in Favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my easie Faith should only flatter me, and I with Shame should find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Virtue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and Refuge in all Extremes of Fortune; the eternal Companion, Guide and Counsellor of all my Actions: Yet this Good you only have Power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the Scorn of all the laughing World; yet give me Love! Give me but Hope in lieu of it, and I am content to divest my self of all besides.

Perhaps you will say I ask too mighty a Rate for so poor a Secret? But even in that there lyes one of my own, that will more expose the Feebleness of my Blood and Name, than the Discovery will me in particular, so that I know not what I do, when I give you up the Knowledge you desire. Still you will say all this is to inhance its Value, and raise the Price: And oh, I fear

Q

you

you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt it to chaffer for every Thought, if I could fix upon the Rate to sell it at: And I with Shame confess I would be mercenary, could we but agree upon the Price; but my Respect forbids me all things but silent Hope, and that, in spite of me and all my Reason, will predominate; for the rest I will wholly resign my self, and all the Faculties of my Soul, to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Sylvia*; and at her Feet render all the demands; yes, she shall find me there to justify all the Weakness this proclaims; for I confess, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have absolutely subdu'd

Your OCTAVIO.

She had no sooner read this Letter, but *Antonet*, instead of laying it by, carry'd it to *Brilliard*, and departed the Chamber to make way for *Octavio*, who she imagin'd was coming to make his Visit, and left *Sylvia* considering how she should manage him to the best Advantage, and with most Honour acquit herself of what she had made him hope; but instead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected Accident arriv'd to prevent him; for a Messenger from the Prince came with Commands that he should forthwith come to his Highness, the Messenger having Command to bring him along with him: So that not able to disobey, he only begg'd time to write a Note of Business, which was a Billet to *Sylvia* to excuse himself 'till the next Day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming, he could not return that Night; which was the Business of the Note, with which his Page hastened to *Sylvia*. *Brilliard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every Opportunity that might favour his Design, saw the Page arrive with the Note; and, as 'twas usual, he took it to carry to his Conqueress; but meeting *Antonet* on the Stairs, he gave her

her what he had before counterfeited with such Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had sent, and found Fortune was wholly on his side, he having learn'd from the Page besides, that his Lord had taken Coach with Monsieur——to go to his Highness, and would not return that Night: *Antonet* not knowing the Deceit, carry'd her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haste, and read this.

To the charming SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE I have a Secret, which none but I can unfold, and that you have offer'd at any rate to buy it of me, give me leave to say, that you, fair Creature, have another Secret, a Joy to dispense, which none but you can give the languishing *Octavio*: If you dare purchase this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours, I will be as secret as Death, and think my self happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you please for the Payment, and what Time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to snatch the most convenient one to reap so ravishing a Blessing. I know you will accuse me with all the Confidence and Rudeness in the World: But oh! consider, lovely *Sylvia*, that that Passion which could change my Soul from all the Course of Honour, has Power to make me forget that nice Respect your Beauty awes me with, and my Passion is now arriv'd at such a Height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obstinately bent on the Pursuit of that vast Pleasure I fancy to find in the dear, the ravishing Arms of the adorable *Sylvia*: Impatient of your Answer, I am, as Love compels me, Madam, your Slave,

OCTAVIO.

The Page, who waited no Answer, was departed; but *Sylvia*, who believ'd he attended, was in a thousand Minds what to say or do: She blush'd, as she read, and then look'd pale with Anger and Disdain, and, but that she had already given her Honour up, it would have been something more surprizing: But she was us'd to Questions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with so much the less Concern; nevertheless, 'twas sufficient to fill her Soul with a thousand Agitations; but when she would be angry, the Consideration of what she had writ to him, to encourage him to this Boldness, stopp'd her Rage: When she would take it ill, she consider'd his Knowledge of her lost Fame, and that took off a great Part of her Resentment on that side; and in midst of all she was raving for the Knowledge of *Philander's* Secret. She rose from the Bed, and walk'd about the Room in much Disorder, full of Thought and no Conclusion; she is aſham'd to consult of this Affair with *Antonet*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing she was certain of, and which was fully and undisputably resolv'd in her Soul, was never to consent to so false an Action, never to buy the Secret at so dear a Rate; she abhors *Oſtavio*, whom she regards no more as that fine thing which before she thought him; and a thousand Times she was about to write her Despite and Contempt, but still the dear Secret staid her Hand, and she was fond of the Torment: At last *Antonet*, who was afflicted to know the Cause of this Disorder, ask'd her Lady if *Oſtavio* would not come; *No*, reply'd *Sylvia*, blushing at the Name, *nor never shall the ungrateful Man dare to behold my Face any more.* *Jesu*, reply'd *Antonet*, *what has he done, Madam, to deserve this Severity?* For he was a great Benefactor to *Antonet*, and had already by his Gifts and Presents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaster. *He has*, said *Sylvia*, *committed such an Impudence as deserves Death from my Hand:* This she spoke in Rage, and walk'd away cross the Chamber

Chamber, *Why, Madam, cry'd Antonet, does he deny to give you the Letter? No, reply'd Sylvia, but asks me such a Price for it, as makes me hate my self, that am reduc'd by my ill Conduct to Addresses of that Nature: Heav'ns, Madam, what can he ask you to afflict you so! The presumptuous Man, said she (in Rage) has the Impudence to ask what never Man, but Philander, was ever possess'd of*

——At this *Antonet laugh'd——Good Lord, Madam, said she, and are you angry at such Desires in Men towards you? I believe you are the first Lady in the World that was ever offended for being desirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? Marry, Madam, I wish I were worthy to be ask'd the Question by all the fine Dancing, Dressing, Song-making Fops in Town. And you would yield, reply'd Sylvia: Not so neither, reply'd Antonet, but I would spark my self, and value my self the more upon it. Oh, said Sylvia, she that is so fond of bearing of Love, no doubt but will find some one to practise it with. That's as I should find my self inclin'd, reply'd Antonet. Sylvia was not so intent on Antonet's Raillery, but she employ'd all her Thought the while on what she had to do: And those last Words of Antonet's jogg'd a Thought that ran on to one very advantagious, at least her present and first Apprehension of it was such: And she turn'd to Antonet with a Face more gay than it was the last Minute, and cry'd, *Prithee, good Wench, tell me what sort of Man would soonest incline you to a yielding: If you command me, Madam, to be free with your Ladyship, reply'd Antonet, I must confess there are two sorts of Men that would most villainously incline me: The first is he that would make my Fortune best; the next, he that would make my Pleasure; the young, the handsom, or rather the well-bred and good-humour'd; but above all the Man of Wit. But what would you say, Antonet, reply'd Sylvia, if all these made up in one Man should make his Addresses to you? Why then most certainly, Madam, reply'd Antonet, I should yield him**

my Honour, after a reasonable Siege. This tho' the wanton young Maid spoke possibly at first more to put her Lady in good Humour, than from any Inclination she had to what she said; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Sylvia*, cunning enough to pursue her Design, brought the Business more home, and told her in plain terms, that *Octavio* was the Man who had been so presumptuous as to ask so great a Reward as the Possession of her self for the Secret she desir'd; and, after a thousand little Subtleties, having made the forward Girl confess with Blushes she was not a Maid, she insinuated into her an Opinion, that what she had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as she confess'd, in which Interest had no part) would make the Trick the easier to do again, especially if she brought to her Arms a Person of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that besides she should find it turn to good Account; and for her Secresie she might depend upon it, since the Person, to whose Embraces she should submit her self, should not know but that she her self was the Woman: So that, says *Sylvia*, *I will have all the Infamy, and you the Reward every way with unblemish'd Honour.* Whilst she spoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleasing Attention, tho' at first she made a few faint modest Scruples: Nor was she less joy'd to hear it should be *Octavio*, whom she knew to be rich, and very handsome; and she immediately found the Humour of Inconstancy seize her; and *Brilliard* appear'd a very Husband Lover in Comparison of this new brisker Man of Quality; so that after some Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between these two young Persons, who neither wanted Wit nor Beauty; and both crow'd over the Contrivance, as a most diverting piece of little Malice, that should serve their present Turn, and make 'em Sport for the future. The next thing that was consider'd was a Letter, which was to be sent in Answer,

swer, and that *Sylvia* being to write with her own Hand begot a new Doubt, insomuch as the whole Business was at a stand: For when it came to that Point that she her self was to consent, she found the Project look with a Face so foul, that she a hundred times resolv'd and unresolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, Revenge was in her view, and that one Thought put her on new Resolves to pursue the Design, let it be never so base and dishonourable: Yes, cry'd she at last, *I can commit no Action that is not more just, excusable and honourable, than that which Octavio has done to me who uses me like a common Mistress of the Town, and dares ask me that which he knows he durst not do, if he had not mean and abject Thoughts of me; his Baseness deserves Death at my Hand, if I had Courage to give it him, and the least I can do is to deceive the Deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore,* says she; so sitting down, she writ this, not without Abundance of Guilt and Confusion; for yet a certain Honour, which she had by Birth, check'd the Cheat of her Pen.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have set upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone 'tis due: If I should pay so high a Price for the first, you would believe I had the less Esteem for the last, and I would not have you think me so poor in Spirit to yield on any other Terms. If I valu'd *Philander* yet——after his confirm'd Inconstancy, I would have you think I scorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perswaded there are any such Brutes amongst my Sex; but as I never had a Wish but where I lov'd, so I never extended one 'till now to any but *Philander*; yet so much my Sense of Shame is above my growing Tenderness, that I could wish you would be so generous

to think no more of what you seem to pursue with such Earnestness and Haste. But lest I should retain any sort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raise wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be discreet in the Management: *Antonet* therefore shall only be trusted with the Secret; the outward Gate you shall find at twelve only shut to, and *Antonet* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come alone. I blush and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the Thought of an Encounter like this, before I am half enough secur'd of your Heart. And that you may be made more absolutely the Master of mine, send me immediately *Philander's* Letter inclos'd, that if any Remains of Chagrin possess me, they may be totally vanquish'd by twelve a Clock.

S Y L V I A.

She having, with much difficulty, writ this, read it to her trusty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's she was resolv'd never to discover to *Brilliard*, and to the end he might know nothing of it she seal'd the Letter with Wax: but before she seal'd it, she told her Lady she thought she might have spar'd abundance of her Blushes, and have writ a less kind Letter; for a Word of Invitation or Consent would have serv'd as well. To which *Sylvia* reply'd, her Anger against him was too high not to give him all the Defeat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater would be the Revenge when he should come to know (as in time he should) how like a false Friend she had treated him: This Reason, or any at that time would have serv'd *Antonet*, whose Heart was set upon a new Adventure, and in such haste she was (the Night coming on a-pace) to know how she should dress, and what more was to be done, that she only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilliard* (who watch'd every Bodies Motion) on the Stair-Case, he

ask'd

ask'd her what that was? and she said, to send by *Octavio's* Page: *You need not look in it*, said she (when he snatch'd it hastily out of her Hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and 'tis seal'd so, it must be known if you unrip it: Well, well*, said he, *if you tell it me it will satisfy my Curiosity as well; therefore I'll give it the Page.* She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what Answer the dear Object of his desire had sent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it such as his Soul wish'd, and was all Joy and Ecstasie; he views himself a hundred times in the Glass, and set himself in order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gain'd him the Blessing; he enlarg'd himself as he walk'd, and knew not what to do, so extreamly was he ravish'd with his coming Joy; he blest'd himself, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiss'd it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forc'd himself to a little more serious Consideration, he bethought himself of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first Place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before he took *Octavio's* Letter from the Page, when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* could not avoid his going, and write to *Sylvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first Part of the Confession of his Love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without Terms; but *Brilliard* slid his own forg'd one into *Antonet's* Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lord's Inconstancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Sylvia's* Heart a little more off from him, he soon resolv'd she should have the Letter; but being wholly Mercenary, and fearing that either when once she had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd Affignation, or at least put her out of Humour, so as to spoil a great Part of the

Enter-

Entertainment he design'd: He took the Pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

TO SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE we have began to chaffer, you must give me leave to make the best of the Advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the Breach of it in some degree on other Occasions; not but I have all the Obedience and Adoration for you that ever possess'd the Soul of a most passionate and languishing Lover: But, fair *Sylvia*, I know not whether, when you have seen the Secret of the false *Philander*, you may not think it less valuable than you before did, and so defraud me of my Due. Give me leave, oh wondrous Creature! to suspect even the most perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no sooner approach your Presence, but I will resign the Paper you so much wish. If you send me no Answer, I will come according to your Directions: If you do, I must obey and wait, tho' with that Impatience that never attended a suffering Lover, or any but, Divine Creature, your

OCTAVIO.

This he seal'd, and after a convenient distance of Time carry'd as from the Page to *Antonet*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom she gives it, who read it with abundance of Impatience, being extremely angry at the Rudeness of the Style, which she fancy'd much alter'd from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, she might easily have perceiv'd the Difference too of the Character, tho' it came as near to the like as possible so short a Practice could produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces with Rage, and swore she would be reveng'd; but, after calmer Thoughts, she took up the Pieces to keep,

keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat and Shame; but the *April* Shower being past, she return'd to her former Resentment, and had some Pleasure amidst all her Torment of Fears, Jealousies, and Sense of *Octavio's* Disrespect in the Thoughts of Revenge; in order to which she contrives how *Antonet* shall manage her self, and commanding her to bring out some fine Point Linen, she dress'd up *Antonet's* Head, with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the same; for tho' she intended no Light shou'd be in the Chamber when *Octavio* should enter, she knew he understood by his Touch the Difference of fine things from other. In fine, having dress'd her exactly as she her self us'd to be when she receiv'd *Octavio's* Visits in Bed, she embrac'd her, and fancy'd she was much of her own Shape and Bigness, and that 'twas impossible to find the Deceit: And now she made *Antonet* dress her up in her Cloaths, and mobbing her Sarfenet Hood about her Head, she appear'd so like *Antonet* (all but the Face) that 'twas not easie to distinguish 'em: And Night coming on they both long for the Hour of Twelve, tho' with different Designs; and having before given Notice that *Sylvia* was gone to Bed, and would receive no Visit that Night, they were alone to finish all their Business: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made he wash'd and perfum'd his Body, and after dress'd himself in the finest Linen perfum'd that he had, and made himself as fit as possible for his Design; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature, unlike to that of *Octavio*: And ready for the Approach, he conveys himself out of the House, telling his Footman he would put himself to Bed after his Bathing, and, locking his Chamber Door, stole out; and it being dark, many a longing Turn he walk'd, impatient 'till all the Candles were out in every Room of the House: In the mean time he employ'd his Thoughts on a thousand things, but all relating to *Sylvia*; sometimes the
Treachery

Treachery he shew'd in this Action to his Lord, caus'd short-liv'd Blushes in his Face, which vanish as soon, when he consider'd his Lord false to the most beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd and curs'd the Levity of *Sylvia* that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if she had indeed been to have receiv'd that charming Lover; but when his Thought directed him to his own Happiness, his Pulse beat high, his Blood flush'd apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languish'd with Love, and his Body with a feverish Fit! In these Extrems, by Turns, he pass'd at least three tedious Hours, with a striking Watch in his Hand; and when it told 'twas Twelve, he advanc'd near the Door, but finding it shut walk'd yet with greater Impatience, every half Minute going to the Door; at last he found it yield to his Hand that push'd it: But oh, what Mortal can express his Joy! His Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a Feebleness seizes every Limb; he breathes nothing but short Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: While he was there recruiting himself, intent on nothing but his vast Joy; *Octavio*, who going to meet the Prince, being met half way by that young *Hero*, was dispatch'd back again without advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to see *Sylvia*, after *Philander's* Letter that he had sent her, 'or at least impatient to hear how she took it, and in what Condition she was, he, as soon as he alighted, went towards her House in order to have met *Antonet*, or her Page, or some that could inform him of her Welfare; tho' 'twas usual for *Sylvia* to sit up very late, and he had often made her Visits at that Hour: And *Brilliard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; so that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back Rooms where *Sylvia's* Apartment was towards a Garden, for he saw no Light forward? But he was no sooner enter'd

ter'd (which he did without Noise) but he heard a soft-breathing, which made him make a Stand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the soft Tread of some Body descending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard; when he heard one cry with a Sigh — *Who's there?* and another reply'd, *'Tis I? who are you?* The first reply'd, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand then,* reply'd the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happiness.* You may imagine in what Surprize Octavio was at so unexpected an Adventure, and, like a jealous Lover, did not at all doubt but the Happiness expected was *Sylvia*, and the impatient Lover some one, whom he could not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a Moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune in the Town, but was at as great a Loss as at first thinking: *But be thou who thou wilt,* cry'd he to himself; *Traitor as thou art, I will by thy Death revenge my self on the faithless Fair One:* And taking out his Sword, he had advanc'd towards the Stairs-foot, when he heard them both softly ascend; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected on the severe Usage he had from *Sylvia*, notwithstanding all his Industry, his vast Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This thought made him, in the midst of all his Jealousie and Haste, pause a little Moment; and fain he would have persuaded himself, that what he heard was the Errors of his Sense; or that he dream'd, or that it was at least not to *Sylvia*, to whom this ascending Lover was advancing: But to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no sooner on the Top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind could both hear and see, by the ill Light of a great Sash-Window on the Stair-Case, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-Door of *Sylvia*, which he knew too well to be mistaken, not that he could perceive

ceive who, or what they were, but two Persons not to be distinguish'd. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover to that degree that was our young Hero,) can imagine the Amazement and Torture of his Soul, wherein a thousand other Passions reign'd at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Resolution, forc'd him to sink beneath their Weight? He stood holding himself up by the Rails of the Stair-Case, without having the Power to ascend farther, or to shew any other Signs of Life, but that of sighing; had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover to all the World, had he but hop'd he had had so much Interest with the false Beauty, as but to have been design'd upon for a future Love or Use, he would have rush'd in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an Awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd fair one, tho' at the same time he resolv'd she should be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his honest Soul abhorr'd an Action so treacherous and base: He begins in a Moment from all his good Thoughts of her, to think her the most jilting of her Sex; he knew if Interest could oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better Pretence to her than himself; who had already, without any Return, even so much as Hope, presented her the Value of eight or ten thousand Pound in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looser Desire, he fancy'd himself to have appear'd as capable to have serv'd her as any Man; but oh! he considers there is a Fate in things, a Destiny in Love that elevates and advances the most mean, deform'd or abject, and debases and contemns the most worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of dissembling for *Philander*; he runs in a Minute over all her Passions of Rage, Jealousie, Tears and Softness; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Sylvia*, than which nothing could appear more despicable to his present Thought, and with a Smile, while yet his Heart was insensibly breaking

breaking, he fancies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd on Fool, and a conceited Fop; values *Sylvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole Design was to deceive the World, and make her self a Fortune at the Price of her Honour; one that receives all kind Bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest, was reserv'd the Cully on Purpose to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune! This Thought was so perfectly fix'd in him, that he recover'd out of his Excess of Pain, and fancy'd himself perfectly cur'd of his blind Passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly Entertainment, and to depart; but before he did so, *Sylvia* (who had conducted the amorous Spark to the Bed, where the expecting Lady lay dress'd rich and sweet to receive him) return'd out of the Chamber, and the Light being a little more favourable to his Eyes, by his being so long in the Dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonet*, at least such a sort of Figure as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him saw her go into that Chamber where he knew she lay; he saw her perfect Dress, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almost to his former Confusion; but yet he commands his Passion, and descended the Stairs, and got himself out of the Hall into the Street; and *Sylvia*, remembering the Street-Door was open, went and shut it, and return'd to *Antonet's* Chamber with the Letter which *Brilliard* had given to *Antonet*, as she lay in the Bed, believing it *Sylvia*: For that trembling Lover was no sooner enter'd the Chamber, and approach'd the Bed-side, but he kneel'd before it, and offered the Price of his Happiness, this Letter, which she immediately gave to *Sylvia*, unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager Haste of impatient Love she strikes a Light, and falls to reading the sad Contents; but as she read, she many times fainted over the Paper, and as she has since said, 'twas a Wonder she ever recover'd, having no Body with her. By that time she had finish'd it, she was so ill she was
not

not able to get her self into Bed, but threw her self down on the Place where she sat, which was the side of it, in such Agony of Grief and Despair, as never any Soul was possess'd of, but *Sylvia's*, wholly abandon'd to the Violence of Love and Despair: It is impossible to paint a Torment to express hers by; and tho' she had vow'd to *Antonet* it should not at all affect her, being so prepossess'd before; yet when she had the Confirmation of her Fears, and heard his own dear soft Words address'd to another Object, saw his Transports, his Impatience, his languishing Industry and Endeavour to obtain the new Desire of his Soul, she found her Resentment above Rage, and given over to a more silent and less supportable Torment, brought her self into a high Fever, where she lay without so much as calling for Aid in her Extremity; not that she was afraid the Cheat she had put on *Octavio* would be discover'd, for she had lost the Remembrance that any such Prank was play'd; and in this Multitude of Thoughts of more Concern, had forgot all the rest of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traversing the Street, wrap'd in his Cloak, just as if he had come from Horse; for he was no sooner gone from the Door, but his resenting Passion return'd, and he resolv'd to go up again, and disturb the Lovers, tho' it cost him his Life and Fame: But returning hastily to the Door, he found it shut; at which being enrag'd, he was often about to break it open, but still some unperceivable Respect for *Sylvia* prevented him; but he resolv'd not to stir from the Door; 'till he saw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment. At first he curs'd himself for being so much concern'd for *Sylvia* or her Actions to waste a Minute, but flattering himself that it was not Love to her, but pure Curiosity to know the Man who was made the next Fool to himself, tho' the more happy one, he waited all Night; and when he began to see the Day break, which he thought a thousand

and Years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wonder'd at their Confidence, who would let the Day break upon them; *but the close-drawn Curtains there, cry'd he, favours the happy Villainy.* Still he walk'd on, and still he might for any Rival that was to appear for a most unlucky Accident prevented *Brilliard's* coming out, as he doubly intended to do; first, for the better carrying on of his Cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight; and when he knew his Error design'd to have gone this Morning and ask'd him Pardon, if he had been return'd; but the amorous Lover over Night, ordering himself for the Encounter to the best Advantage, and sent a Note to a Doctor, for something that would encourage his Spirits; the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine, he told him that a Dose of those little Flies would make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battel of Love; and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glass of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requisite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open, our Spark thought if such a Dose would encourage him so, a greater would yet make him do greater Wonders; and taking twice the Quantity out of the Box, puts them into his Pocket, and having drunk the first with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no sooner gone, but he takes those out of his Pocket, and in a Glass of Sack drinks them down; after this he bathes and dresses, and believes himself a very *Hercules*, that could have got at least twelve Sons that happy Night; but he was no sooner laid in Bed with the charming *Sylvia*, as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, such as he had never felt before, insomuch that he was not able to lye in the Bed: This enrages him; he grows mad and ashamed; sometimes he had little Intermiſſions for a Moment of Ease, and then he would plead softly by her Bed-side, and ask ten thousand Pardons; which

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being

being easily granted he would go into Bed again, but then the Pain would seize him anew, so that after two or three Hours of Distraction he was forc'd to dress and retire: But, instead of going down he went softly up to his own Chamber, where he sat him down, and curs'd the World, himself and his hard Fate; and in this Extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remain'd 'till break of Day: By which time *Antonet*, who was almost as violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where she found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately shifted her Bed-Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the History of her own Misfortune; and only ask'd her many Questions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Sylvia* only answer'd with Sighs; so that *Antonet* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had disorder'd her, and begg'd she might be admitted to see it; she gave her leave, and *Antonet* read it; but no sooner was she come to that Part of it which nam'd the Countess of *Clarinau*, but she ask'd her Lady if she understood who that Person was with great Amazement: At this *Sylvia* was content to speak, pleas'd a little that she should have an Account of her Rival. No, said she, *Dost thou know her?* Yes, Madam, reply'd *Antonet*, particularly well; for I have serv'd her ever since I was a Girl of five Years old, she being of the same Age with me, and sent at six Years old both to a Monastery; for she being fond of my Play her Father sent me at that Age with her, both to serve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles; there we liv'd seven Years together, when an old rich Spaniard, the Count of *Clarinau*, fell in Love with my Lady, and marry'd her from the Monastery, before she had seen any Part of the World beyond those sanctify'd Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to Collen with her, but he said I was too young now for her Service, and so sent me away back to my own Town, which is this; and here my Lady was born too,
and

and is Sister to—— Here she stopp'd fearing to tell; which *Sylvia* perceiving, with a Briskness (which her Indisposition one would have thought could not have allow'd fate up in her Bed, and cry'd, *Hah! Sister to whom? Oh, how thou wouldst please me to say to Octavio. Why, Madam, would it please you?* said the blushing Maid, *Because,* said *Sylvia*, 'twould in part revenge me on his bold Addresses to me, and he would also be oblig'd, in Honour to his Family, to revenge himself on *Philander*. *Ah, Madam,* said she, *as to his Presumption towards you, Fortune has sufficiently reveng'd it;* at this she hung down her Head; and look'd very foolishly *How,* said *Sylvia*, smiling and rearing her self yet more in her Bed, *Is any Misfortune arriv'd to Octavio. Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man——* tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoice me more than to hear he were punish'd a little: Upon this *Antonet* told her what an unlucky Night she had, how *Octavio* was seiz'd, and how he departed; by which *Sylvia* believ'd he had made some Discovery of the Cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd Illness to get himself loose from her Embraces; and now she falls to considering how she shall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the best she can pitch upon is that of setting them both at odds, and making them fight and revenge themselves on one another; but she, like a right Woman, could not dissemble her Resentment of Jealousie, whatever Art she had to do so in any other Point; but mad to ease her Soul that was full, and to upbraid *Philander*, she writes him a Letter; but not 'till she had once more, to make her stark Mad, read his over again, which he sent *Octavio*.

SYLVIA to PHILANDER.

YES, perjur'd Villain, at last all thy Perfidy is arriv'd to my Knowledge; and thou hadst better have been damn'd, or have fallen, like an ungrateful

Traitor, as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fallen under the Grasp of my Revenge; insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Destiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to use me thus, knowing my Injuries and my Spirit; thou seest, base Traitor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou hast with thy King and Mistress; to which thou hast broke thy holy Vows of Allegiance and eternal Love! But thou that hast broke the Laws of God and Nature! what could I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice nor Law could bind thee to Humanity? Thou that betray'dst thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, ravish'd thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy native Countrey, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this, what must the Wretch expect who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject Fortunes, the miserable outcast Slave, and Contempt of the World? What could she expect but that the Villain is still potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Virtue vanish'd! Oh, what could I expect from such a Devil, so lost in Sin and Wickedness, that even those for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and lost his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the publick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traitors; even those, I say, turn'd him out of their Councils for a Reprobate too leud for the villainous Society: Oh curs'd that I was by Heav'n and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and suffer thy adorable bewitching Face and Tongue to charm me to Madness and Undoing, when that was all thou hadst left thee, thy false Person, to cheat the silly, easie, fond, believing World into any sort of Opinion of thee; for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Virtue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadst but one Friend left thee,

one

one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched Sylvia; she, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, suffer'd with thee, starv'd with thee, lost her Fame and Honour with thee, lost her Friends, her Parents, and all her Beauty's Hopes for thee; and, in lieu of all, found only the Accusation of all the good, the Hate of all the virtuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the Scorn of all chaste Maids, and Curses of all honest Wives; and in requital had only thy false Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithless Embraces, and cold dissembling Kisses. My only Comfort was, (ah miserable Comfort,) to fancy they were true; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the room of all! in which I'll be as merciless and irreligious as even thou hast been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this Sense of Honour yet, that I dare tell thee of my bold Design, a Bravery thou hast never shew'd to me, who takest me unawares, stabb'st me without a warning of the Blow; so would'st thou serve thy King hadst thou but Power; and so thou serv'st thy Mistress. When I look back even to thy Infancy, thy Life has been but one continu'd Race of Treachery, and I (destin'd thy evil Genius) was born for thy Torment, for thou hast made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, Distraction, Madness; I rave, I burn, I tear my self and faint, am still a dying, but can never fall 'till I have grasp'd thee with me: Oh, I should laugh in Flames to see thee howling by: I scorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee; and hate my self so much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy Criminal) I will expose my self to all the World, cheer, jilt and flatter all as thou hast done, and having not one Sense or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd Body thou hast rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchase this shall buy it at the Price of being my *Bravo's*. And all shall aid in my

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Revenge

Revenge on thee; all merciless and as resolv'd as I; as I! the injur'd

SYLVIA.

Having shot this Flash of the Lightning of her Soul, and finish'd her Rant, she found her self much easier in the Resolves on Revenge she had fix'd there; She scorn'd by any vain Endeavour to recal him from his Passion; she had Wit enough to have made those eternal Observations, that Love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impossible to cease loving, and then again to love the same Person; one may believe for some time ones Love is abated, but when it comes to a Trial, it shews it self as vigorous as in its first Shine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than Pity, Compassion, or Civility for the first. This is a most certain Truth which all Lovers will find, as most Wives may experience, and which our *Sylvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her Revenge. Tho' Fits of Softness, weeping, raving, and tearing, would by turns seize the distracted abandon'd Beauty, in which Extremities she has Recourse to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The first thing she resolv'd on by the Advice of her reasonable Counsellor, was to hear Love at both Ears, no matter whether she regard it or not, but to hear all as a Remedy against loving one in particular; for 'tis most certain that the use of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at first without Design) either in Women or Men, shall at last unfix the most confirm'd and constant Resolution. *And since you are assur'd, continu'd Antonet, that Sighs nor Tears bring back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no Revenge on him, but rather a kind Assurance that you will no more trouble the Man who is already weary of you, you ought with all your Power, Industry and Reason rather to seek the Preservation of that Beauty of fine Humour to serve you on all*

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Occasions, either of Revenge or Love, than by a foolish and insignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your self to the Conditions of being scorn'd by all, or at best but pity'd: How? pity'd! cry'd the haughty Sylvia: Is there any thing so insupportable to our Sex as Pity! No surely, reply'd the Servant, when 'tis accompany'd by Love: Oh what blessed Comfort 'tis to hear People cry ——— She was once charming, once a Beauty: Is any thing more grating, Madam? At this rate she ran on, and left nothing unsaid that might animate the angry Sylvia to love anew, or at least to receive and admit of Love; for in that Climate the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any Price or Hazard; and all this Discourse to Sylvia was but to incline the revengeful list'ning Beauty to admit of the Addresses of Octavio, because she knew he would make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid left by her own unfortunate Conduct, compass'd in on every side with Distraction; and she was pointed out by Fate to be made the most wretched of all her Sex; nor had she left one faithful Friend to advise or stay her Youth in its hasty Advance to Ruin; she hears the persuading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing so prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing soothes it more; and among all her Lovers, or those at least that she knew ador'd her, none was found so proper an Instrument as the noble Octavio, his Youth, his Wit, his Gallantry, but above all his Fortune pleads most powerfully with her; so that she resolves upon the Revenge, and fixes him the Man, whom she now knew by so many Obligations was oblig'd to serve her turn on Philander: Thus Sylvia found a little Tranquillity, such as it was, in hope of Revenge, while the passionate Octavio was wreck'd with a thousand Pains and Torments, such as none but jilted Lovers can imagine; and having a thousand times resolv'd to hate her, and as often to love on, in spite of all——after a thousand Arguments a-

gainst her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this Knowledge, that his Love was extreme, and that he had no Power over his Heart; that Honour, Fame, Interest, and whatever else might oppose his violent Flame, were all too weak to extinguish the least Spark of it, and all the Conquest he could get of himself was, that he suffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealousie grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of Absence for that whole Day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without easing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet, which in such Cases discharges the Burthen and Pressures of the Love-sick Heart; and *Sylvia*, who dress'd, and suffered her self wholly to be carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much Impatience as ever she did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho' with a different Passion; but all the live-long Day past in Expectation of him, and no Lover appear'd; no not so much as a Billet, nor Page at her uprising to ask her Health; so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonet* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no Discovery of the Cheat put upon him by the Exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real Sickness, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonet* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp Sweat all over his Face and Hands which she touch'd, and that from his infinite Concern at the Defeat, the extreme Respect he shew'd her in midst of all the Rage at his own Disappointment, and every Circumstance, she knew it was no feign'd thing for any Discovery he had made: On this Confirmation, from a Maid cunning enough to distinguish Truth from Flattery, she writ *Octavio* this Letter at Night.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

AFTER such a parting from a Maid so entirely kind to you, she might at least have hop'd the Favour of

of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your Health; unless you think that after we have surrender'd all, we are of the Humour of most of your Sex, who despise the Obliger; but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race; and I am yet so hard to be drawn from that Opinion, I am willing to flatter my Self, that 'tis yet some other Reason that has hindred you from visiting me since, or sending me an Account of your Recovery, which I am too sensible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me so tender, that I easily forgive all the Disappointment I receiv'd from it, and beg you will not afflict your self at any Loss you sustain'd by it, since I am still so much the same I was, to be as sensible as before of all the Obligations I have to you; send me Word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the Happiness of

SYLVIA.

You may easily see by this Letter she was not in a Humour of either writing Love or much Flattery; for yet she knew not how she ought to resent this Absence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force she could put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the Thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, she only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it she might learn part of his Sentiment of her last Action, and sent her Page with it to him; who, as was usual, was carry'd directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a most dejected Posture without a Hand, unbrac'd, his Arms a-cross his open Breast, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages enter'd, his own was forc'd to pull him by the Sleeve before he would look up, and starting from a thousand Thoughts that oppress'd him almost to Death, he gaz'd wildly about him, and ask'd their Business: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter, he took it, but with such Confusion as he had much ado to support

port himself; but resolving not to shew his Feebleness to her Page, he made a shift to get to a Wax-Light that was on the Table, and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the Contents, believing she was pursuing the Business of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for such was his Opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a Smile of Scorn, tho' his Soul were bursting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily use when he came, and muster'd up so much Courage as to force himself to say—*Child, tell your Lady it requires no Answer; you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*—He was oppress'd to speak more, but Sighs stopp'd him, and his former Resolution, wholly to abandon all Correspondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue, and he walk'd away to prevent himself from saying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed; and when *Ottavio* had ended his Walk, and turn'd, and saw him gone, his Heart felt a thousand Pangs not to be born or supported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an Answer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her last Night's Action, tho' all was Riddle to him. He found 'twas writ to some happier Man than himself, however he chanc'd to have it by Mistake; and turning to the out-side, view'd the Superscription, where there happen'd to be none at all, for *Sylvia* writ in haste, and when she did it 'twas the least of her Thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Mystery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he sent immediately after that of *Sylvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his distracted Lord, who nevertheless assum'd a Mildness to the innocent Boy, and cry'd, *My Child, thou hast mistaken the Person to whom thou shouldst have carry'd the Letter, and I am sorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to, giving him the Letter.* My Lord, reply'd the Boy,

I do not use to carry Letters to any but your Lordship: 'Tis the Footmens Business to do that to other Persons. 'Tis a Mistake, where-ever it lyes, cry'd Octavio, fighting, whether in thee or thy Lady——So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what she heard from the Page, and notwithstanding the Torment she had on her Soul, occasion'd by *Philander*, she now found she had more to endure, and that in spite of all her Love-Vows and Resentments, she had something for *Octavio* to which she could not give a Name; she fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the Indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was, this Slight of his so wholly took up her Soul, that she had for some time quite forgot *Philander*, or when she did think on him 'twas with less Resentment than of this Affront; she considers *Philander* with some Excuse now; as having long been possess'd of a Happiness he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for six Months incessantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving, and Acting all things the most passionate of Men was capable of, or that Love could inspire, for him to be at last admitted to the Possession of the ravishing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed, nay in her very Arms (as she imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roses he came to pluck, before he had begun to compose or finish'd his Noddy, to depart the happy Paradise with a Disgust, and such a Disgust, as first to oblige him to dissemble Sicknes, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a Contempt she was not able to bear; especially from him who, of all Men living, she design'd to make the greatest Property of, as most fit for her Revenge of all degrees and sorts: But when she reflected with Reason, (which she seldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) she could not conceive it possible that *Octavio* could be fallen so suddenly from all his Vows and Professions, but on some very great Provocation: Sometimes she thinks
he

he tempted her to try her Virtue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable Friend, hates her for her Levity; but she considers his Presents, and his unweary'd Industry, and believes he would not at that Expence have bought a Knowledge which could profit neither himself or *Philander*; then she believes some disgusted Scent, or something about *Antonet*, might disoblige him; but having call'd the Maid, conjuring her to tell her whether any thing pass'd between her and *Octavio*, she again told her Lady the whole Truth, in which there could be no Discovery of Infirmary there; she embrac'd her, she kiss'd her Bosom, and found her Touches soft, her Breath and Bosom sweet as any thing in Nature could be; and now lost almost in a Confusion of Thought, she could not tell what to imagine; at last she being wholly possess'd that all the Fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) she concludes that *Antonet* has told him all the Cheat she put upon him: This last Thought pleas'd her, because it seem'd the most probable, and was the most favourable to her self; and a Thought that, if true, could not do her any Injury with him. This set her Heart a little to rights, and she grew calm with a Belief, that if so it was, as now she doubted not, a Sight of her, or a future Hope from her, would calm all his Discontent, and beget a right Understanding; she therefore resolves to write to him, and own her little Fallacy: But before she did so, *Octavio*, whose Passion was violent as ever in his Soul, tho' 'twas oppress'd with a thousand Torments, and languish'd under as many feeble Resolutions, burst at last into all its former Softness, and he resolves to write to the false Fair One, and upbraid her with her last Night's Infidelity; nor could he sleep till he had that way charm'd his Senses, and eas'd his sick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retir'd to his Chamber, he set himself down and writ this.

OCTA-

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA

Madam,

YOU have at last taught me a perfect Knowledge of my self; and in one unhappy Night made me see all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and shew'd the gaudy Monsieur, and set a Value on my worthless Person for being well dress'd, as I believ'd, and furnish'd out for Conquest, by being the gayest Coxcomb in the Town, where even as I pass, perhaps, I fancy'd I made Advances on some wishing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I still fool'd on—and was at last undone; for I saw *Sylvia*, the Charming Faithless *Sylvia*, a Beauty that one would have thought had had the Power to have cur'd the fond Disease of Self-conceit and Foppery, since Love, they say, is a Remedy against those Faults of Youth; but still my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too I thought it not impossible to vanquish, and still dress'd on, and took a mighty care to shew my self—a Blockhead, Curse upon me, while you were laughing at my Industry, and turn'd the fancying Fool to Ridicule. Oh, he deserv'd it will, most wondrous well, for but believing any thing about him could merit but a serious Thought from *Sylvia*. *Sylvia*! whose Business is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin and Punishment, reigns still as absolutely in my Soul, as when I wish'd and hop'd and long'd for mighty Blessings you could give; yes, I still love! only this Wretchedness is fix'd to it, to see those Errors which I cannot shun; my Love's as high, but all my Wishes gone; my Passion still remains entire and raving, but no Desire; I burn, I die, but do not wish to hope; I would be all Despair, and, like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in suffering. Yes, *Sylvia*—when you made me
wife

wife, you made me wretched too: Before, like a false Worshipper, 'I only saw the gay, the gilded side of the deceiving Idol; but now 'tis fall'n ——— discovers all the Cheat, and shews a God no more; and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in Love it self, harmless and innocent, as 'tis by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily Discontents and Torments, that Fears, Distrusts and Jealousies create; a little soft Dissimulation's needful; for where the Lover's easie, he's most constant. But oh, when Love it self's defective too, and manag'd by Design and little Interest, what Cunning, oh what Cautions ought the Fair Designer then to call to her Defence; yet I confess your Plot——still charming *Sylvia*, was subtilly enough contriv'd, discreetly carry'd on ——— The Shades of Night, the happy Lover's Refuge, favour'd you too; 'twas only Fate was cruel, Fate that conducted me in an unlucky Hour; dark as it was, and silent too the Night, I saw:——Yes, faithless Fair, I saw I was betray'd; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I saw my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy; and, like a tame ignoble Sufferer, left you without Revenge!

I must confess, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never could pretend to what I wish'd, and yet methinks, because I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion that it paid you, I merited at least not to have been impos'd upon; but after so dishonourable an Action, 'as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but just that I shou'd be betray'd, and you have paid me well, deservedly well, and that shall make me silent, and whatsoe'er I suffer, howe'er I die, howe'er I languish out my wretched Life, I'll bear my Sighs where you shall never hear 'em, nor the Reproaches my Complaints express: Live thou a Punishment to vain fantastick hoping Youth, live and advance in Cunning and Deceit, to make the fond believing Men more wise, and teach the Women new Arts of Falshood, 'till they deceive so long, that
Man

Man may hate, and set as vast a Distance between Sex and Sex, as I've resolv'd (oh *Sylvia*) thou shalt be for ever from

OCTAVIO.

This Letter came just as *Sylvia* was going to write to him, of which she was extreamly glad; for all along there was nothing express'd that could make her think he meant any other than the Cheat she put upon him in *Antoniet* instead of her self: And it was some Ease to her Mind to be assur'd of the Cause of his Anger and Absence, and to find her own Thought confirm'd, that he had indeed discover'd the Truth of the Matter: She knew, since that was all, she could easily reconcile him by a plain Confession, and giving him new Hopes; she therefore writes this Answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

I Own, too angry and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Person of your Gallantry, Wit and Gaiety would have pass'd over so little a Fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly; I did not expect so grave a Reproof, or rather so serious an Accusation. Youth has a thousand Follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Sylvia*? I rather expected to have seen you early here this Morning, pleasantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a distance at it; calling it by a thousand Names that does not merit half this Malice: And sure you do not think me so poor in good Nature, but I cou'd some other coming Hour have made you Amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I could have wish'd my self with you at the same time; and had I, perhaps, follow'd my Inclination, I had made you happy as you wish'd, but there were powerful Reasons that prevented me. I conjure you

to

to let me see you, where I will make a Confession of my last Night's Sin; and give you such Arguments to convince you of the Necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to Love, Hope, and——

S Y L V I A.

It being late, she only sent this short Billet: And not hoping that Night to see him, she went to Bed, after having enquir'd the Health of *Brilliard*, whom she heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impossible to meet *Octavio* as he had promis'd, not to fight him but to ask his Pardon for his Mistake, he made a shift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this:

My Lord,

I Confess my Yesterday's Rudeness, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World; for I was last Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordship, to beg what this most earnestly does for your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

B R I L L I A R D.

This Billet, tho' it signify'd nothing to *Octavio*, it serv'd *Sylvia* afterwards to very good use and purpose, as a little Time shall make appear. And *Octavio* receiv'd these two Notes from *Brilliard* and *Sylvia* at the same time; the one he flung by regardless, the other he read with infinite Pain, Scorn, Hate, Indignation, all at once storm'd in his Heart, he felt every Passion there but that of Love, which caus'd 'em all; if he thought her false and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the lowest degree of Lewdness, to own her Crime with such Impudence; he fancies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her absolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himself to Bed, believing he shall sleep as well as before he saw the Light, the foolish *Sylvia*: But oh he boasts in vain, the light, the

the foolish *Sylvia* was charming still; still all the Beauty appear'd, even in his Slumbers the Angel dawn'd about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He sees her lovely Face, but the false Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the Cunning's hush'd: He views the Motions of her delicate Body, without regard to those of her Mind; he thinks of all the tender Words she has given him in which the jilting Part it lost, and all forgotten; or if by Chance it cross'd his happier Thought he rolls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name 'till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the Pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh 'tis a tender Part, and can endure no Hurt; he soothes it therefore, and at the worst resolves, since the vast Blessing may be purchas'd, to revel in Delight, and cure himself that Way: These flattering Thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he resolves his Visit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it over again, and, by degrees wrought himself up to Madness at the Thought that *Sylvia* was possess'd: *Philander* he could bear with little Patience, but that, because before he lov'd or knew her, he could allow; but this——this wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of Fury he writes this Letter without Consideration.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

SINCE you profess your self a common Mistress, and set up for the glorious Trade of Sin, send me your Price, and I perhaps may purchase Damnation at your Rate. May be you have a Method in your Dealing, and I have mistook you all this while, and dealt not your way; instruct my Youth, great Mistress of the Art, and I shall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money, pray name your Time and Sum for Hours, or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all, or any, as you shall find Leisure to receive the impatient *Octavio*.

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This in a mad Moment he writ, and sent it e'er he had consider'd farther; and *Sylvia*, who expected not so coarse and rough a Return, grew as mad as he in reading it; and she had much ado to hold her Hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it: To whom she turn'd with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Master that he is a Villain; and if you dare approach me any more from him, I'll have my Footmen whip you;* and with a Scorn that discover'd all the Indignation in the World she turn'd from him, and, tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way: And the Page, thunder-struck, return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his Passion no better, and at what the Boy told him was wholly convinc'd of his Error; he now consider'd her Character and Quality, and accus'd himself of great Indiscretion; and as he was sitting the most dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his Misfortune, the Post arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*, which he open'd, and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Sylvia*, he read that from *Philander* to himself.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

THERE is no Pain, my dear *Ottavio*, either in Love or Friendship, like that of Doubt; and I confess my self guilty of giving it you, in a great measure, by my Silence the last Post; but having Business of so much greater Concern to my Heart than even writing to *Ottavio*, I found my self unable to pursue any other; and I believe you could too with the less Impatience bear with my Neglect, having Affairs of the same Nature there; our Circumstances and the Business of our Hearts then being so resembling, methinks I have as great an Impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours,

yours, and to know what Advances you have made in the Heart of the still charming *Sylvia*! tho' there will be this Difference in the Relations; mine, whenever I recount it, will give you a double Satisfaction, first from the Share your Friendship makes you have in all the Pleasures of *Philander*, and next that it excuses *Sylvia*, if she can be false to me for *Octavio*; and still advances his Design on her Heart: But yours, whenever I receive it, will give me a thousand Pains, which 'tis however but just I should feel, since I was the first Breaker of the solemn League and Covenant made between us; which yet I do, by all that's sacred, with a Regret that makes me reflect with some Repentance in all those Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Calista*; yes more, because new.

In my last, my dear *Octavio*, you left me pursuing, like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty enchanted within some invisible Tree, or Castle, or Lake, or any thing inaccessible, or rather wandring in a Dream after some glorious disappearing Fantom: And for some time indeed I knew not whether I slept or wak'd. I saw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*, of whom I durst not so much as ask a civil Question towards the Satisfaction of my Soul; the Page was sent into *Holland* (with some Express to a Brother-in-Law of the Count's) of whom before I had the Intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Master; and for the rest of the Servants they spoke all *Spanish*, and the Devil a Word we understood each other, so that 'twas impossible to learn any thing farther from them; and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Industry, but how to set it a working I could not devise; at last it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three Sides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded that 'twas in that Part of the House my fair new Conqueress resided, but how to be resolv'd I could not tell, nor which way the Win-

dow's look'd that were to give the Light, towards that part o'th Garden there was none; at last I saw the good old Gentleman come trudging through the Garden, fumbling out of his Pocket a Key; I stepp'd into an Arbour to observe him, and saw him open a little Door that led him into another Garden, and locking the Door after him vanish'd; and observing how that side of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large Compass found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore-part of the Apartment. I made a Story of some Occasion I had for some upper Rooms, and went into many Houses to find which fronted best the Apartment, and still dislik'd something till I met with one so directly to it, that I could, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this By-street; there 'twas I fix'd, and learn'd from a young *Dutch* Woman that spoke good *French*, that this was the very Place I look'd for; the Apartment of Madam, the Countess of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every Day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and sometimes 2 Nights; and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better Entertainment than what an old wither'd *Spaniard* of threescore and ten could give her. I found this young Woman apt for my Purpose, and having very well pleas'd her with my Conversation, and some little Presents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and resolv'd to serve me on any Design; and returning to my Lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been caress'd by so fair and young a Lady; which very Thought made me rave, and I had abundance of Pain to withhold my Rage from breaking out upon him, so jealous and envious was I of what now I lov'd and desir'd a thousand times more than ever since the Relation my new young Female Friend had given me, who had Wit and Beauty sufficient to make her Judgment impartial: However I contain'd my Jealousie with the Hopes of a sudden Revenge; for
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fancy'd the Business half accomplish'd in my Knowledge of her Residence I feign'd some Business to the old Gentleman, that would call me out of Town for a Week to consult with some of our Party; and taking my leave of him, he offer'd me the Compliment of Money, or what else I should need in my Affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me; and being well furnish'd for my Enterprize, I took Horse without a Page or Footman to attend me, because I pretended my Business was a Secret, and taking a Turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horse without the Gates, and went to my secret new Quarters, where my young Friend receiv'd me with the Joy of a Mistress, and with whom indeed I could not forbear entertaining my self very well, which engag'd her more to my Service, with the Aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one Spark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Calista*; and I was impatient for Night, against which time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for so it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my Purpose, I fix'd my self at the Window that look'd directly towards her Sashes, and had the Satisfaction to see her leaning there, and looking on a Fountain that stood in the midst of the Garden, and cast a thousand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy Noise in falling into a large Alabaster Cistern beneath; Oh how my Heart danc'd at the dear Sight to all the Tunes of Love; I had not Power to stir or speak, or to remove my Eyes, but languish'd on the Window where I lean half dead with Joy and Transport; for she appear'd more charming to my View; undress'd and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, such are the Pangs which I believe thou feel'st at the Approach of *Sylvia*, so beats thy Heart, so rise thy Sighs and Wishes, so trembling and so pale at every View, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! and thus I fed my Soul 'till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object but my Heart——a

thousand dear Ideas: And now I sally'd out, and with good Success; for with a long Engine which reach'd the Top of the Wall I fix'd the End of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and sitting on the Top brought my Ladder easily up to me, and turn'd over to the other side, and with abundance of ease descended into the Garden, which was the finest I had ever seen; for now, as good Luck would have it, who was design'd to favour me, the Moon began to shine so bright, as even to make me distinguish the Colours of the Flowers that dress'd all the Banks in ravishing Order; but these were not the Beauty I came to possess, and my new Thoughts of disposing my self, and managing my Matters, now took off all that Admiration that was justly due to so delightful a Place, which Art and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Sense; thus much I consider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thousand pretty Recesses of Arbours, Grotts and little artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whose dear fragrant Banks a wishing amorous God would make his soft Retreat. After having rang'd about, rather to seek a Covert on occasion, and to know the Passes of the Garden, which might serve me in any extremity of Surprise that might happen, I return'd to the Fountain that fac'd *Calista's* Window, and leaning on its Brink view'd the whole Apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Just against me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it, which while I was considering how to get open I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Basen of the Fountain (yet so as to mark who came out) I saw, to my unspeakable Transport, the fair, the charming *Calista*, dress'd just as she was at the Window, a loose Gown of Silver Stuff lapp'd about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night-cloaths, and all careless as my Soul could wish; she came and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her say in coming out—*This is too fine a Night to sleep in: Prithee, Dormina,*

mina, do not grudge me the Pleasure of it, since there are so very few that entertain Calista. This last she spoke with a Sigh, and a Languishment in her Voice, that shot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trill'd through all my Veins, while she pursu'd her Walk with the old Gentlewoman; and still I kept myself at such a Distance to have 'em in my Sight, but slid along the shady Side of the Walk, where I could not be easily seen, while they kept still on the shiny Part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Desire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thousand times I was tempted to approach her, and discover my self, but I dreaded the fatal Consequence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore waited with Impatience when she would speak, that by that I might make some Discovery of my Destiny that Night, and after having tir'd her self a little with walking, she sat down on a fine Seat of white Marble, that was plac'd at the End of a grassie Walk, and only shadow'd with some tall Trees that rank'd themselves behind it, against one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an Hour they sat as silent as the Night, where only soft-breath'd Winds were heard amongst the Bows, and softer Sighs from fair Calista; at last the old Thing broke Silence, who was almost asleep while she spoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not sit gazing here at the Moon: To Bed,* reply'd Calista, *What should I do there? Marry, sleep,* quoth the old Gentlewoman; *What should you do? Ah, Dormina* (sigh'd Calista,) *would Age would seize me too, for then perhaps I should find at least the Pleasure of the old; be dull and lasie, love to eat and sleep, not have my Slumbers disturb'd with Dreams more insupportable than my waking Wishes; for Reason then suppresses*

*ses rising Thoughts, and the Impossibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in Order; but Sleep——gives an unguarded Loose to soft Desire, it brings the lovely Phantom to my View, and tempts me with a thousand Charms to Love; I see a Face, a Mien, a Shape, a Look! such as Heav'n never made, or anything but fond Imagination! Oh 'twas a wond'rous Vision! For my part, reply'd the old One, I am such a Heathen Christian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any such things as Visions, or Ghosts, or Phantoms: But your Head runs of a young Man, because you are marry'd to an old one; such an Idea as you fram'd in your Wishes possess'd your Fancy, which was so strong (as indeed Fancy will be sometimes) that it persuaded you 'twas a very Phantom or Vision. Let it be Fancy or Vision, or whatever else you can give a Name to, reply'd Calista, still 'tis that that never ceas'd since to torture me with a thousand Pains; and prithee why, Dormina, is not Fancy since as powerful in me as it was before? Fancy has not been since so kind; yet I have given it room for Thought, which before I never did; I set whole Hours and Days, and fix'd my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an Inch, tall and divinely made; I saw his Hair, long, black, and curling to his Waste, all loose and flowing; I saw his Eyes, where all the Cupids play'd, black, large, and sparkling, piercing, loving, languishing; I saw his Lips sweet, dimpled, red, and soft; a Youth compleat in all, like early May, that looks, and smells, and cheers above the rest: In fine, I saw him such as nothing but the nicest Fancy can imagine, and nothing can describe; I saw him such as robs me of my Rest, as gives me all the raging Pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any single Hope: Oh, Madam, said Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nurs'd with Hope, why that's its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it so, reply'd Calista. At that she sigh'd as if her Heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a Rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and so continu'd sighing without speaking; while
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I, who was not a little transported with what I heard, with infinite Pain with-held my self from kneeling at her Feet, and prostrating before her that happy Phantom of which she had spoke so favourably; but still I fear'd my Fate, and to give any Offence. While I was amidst a thousand Thoughts considering which to pursue, I could hear *Dormina* snoring as fast as could be, leaning at her Ease on the other end of the Seat, supported by a White Marble Rail; which *Calista* hearing also, turn'd and look'd on her, then softly rose and walk'd away to see how long she would sleep there, if not wak'd. Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not absolutely subdu'd to my Interest, and if all things did not favour my Design: The very Thought of being alone with *Calista*, of making my self known to her, of the Opportunity she gave me by going from *Dormina* into a by-Walk, the very Joy of ten thousand Hopes, that fill'd my Soul in that happy Moment, which I fancy'd the most bless'd of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unassur'd Steps I softly pursu'd the Object of my new Desire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cause her to make some Noise that might alarm the sleeping *Dormina*, I slack'd my Pace, 'till in a Walk, at the End of which she was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd, and suffer'd her to go on; 'twas a Walk, of Grass, broad, and at the End of it a little Arbour of Greens, into which she went and sate down, looking towards me, and methought she look'd full at me; so that finding she made no Noise, I softly approach'd the Door of the Arbour at a convenient distance; she then stood up in great Amaze, as she after said; and I kneeling down in an humble Posture, cry'd — Wonder not, oh sacred Charmer of my Soul, to see me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a Place so inaccessible; for what Attempt is there so hazardous despairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what Impossibility almost can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh
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Conqueress of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that adores you: I have a thousand Wounds, a thousand Pains that prove me Flesh and Blood; if you would hear my Story: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe you do the sacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your charming Lips ascends the Heav'ns: ——— With such Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers serve themselves with on Occasion, I lessen'd the Terrors of the frighted Beauty, and she soon saw, with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a Mortal, and the same she had before seen in the outward Garden: I rose from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wander'd all over my Body, trembling and panting I approach'd her, and took her Hand and kiss'd it with a Transport that was almost ready to lay me fainting at her Feet, nor did she answer any thing to what I had said, but with Sighs suffer'd her Hand to remain in mine; her Eyes she cast to Earth, her Breast heav'd with nimble Motions, and we both, unable to support our selves, sat down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either side. I confess, my dear *Octavio*, I have felt Love before, but do not know that ever I was possess'd with such pleasing Pain, such agreeable Languishment in all my Life, as in those happy Moments with the fair *Calista*: And on the other I dare answer for the soft fair One; she felt a Passion as tender as mine; which, when she could recover her first Transport, she express'd in such a manner as has wholly charm'd me: For with all the Eloquence of young Angels, and all their Innocence too, she said, she whisper'd, she sigh'd the softest things that ever Lover heard. I told you before she had from her Infancy been bred in a Monastery, kept from the sight of Men, and knew no one Art or Subtilty of her Sex; but in the very Purity of her Innocence she appear'd like the first born Maid in Paradise, generously giving her Soul away to the
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great Lord of all, the new-form'd Man, and nothing of her Heart's dear Thoughts did she reserve, (but such as modest Nature should conceal;) yet, if I touch'd but on that tender Part where Honour dwelt, she had a Sense too nice, as 'twas a Wonder to find so vast a Store of that mixt with so soft a Passion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Woman is, e'er Man has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himself inconstant? All I could ask of Love she freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but 'twas in such a way, so innocently she confess'd her Passion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and made me raging mad: At last she suffer'd me to kiss with Caution; but one begat another, — that a Number — and every one was an Advance to Happiness; and I, who knew any Advantage, lost no Time, but put each Minute to the properest use; now I embrace, clasp her fair lovely Body close to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown; my busie Hands find Passage to her Breasts, and give and take a thousand nameless Joys; all but the last I reap'd; that Heav'n was still deny'd; though she were fainting in my trembling Arms, still she had watching Sense to guard that Treasure: Yet, in spite of all, a thousand times I brought her to the very point of yielding; but oh she begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love! tells me that what she had to give me she gave, but would not violate her Marriage-Vow; no, not to save that Life she found in Danger with too much Love, and too extream Desire: She told me that I had undone her quite; she sigh'd, and wish'd that she had seen me sooner, e'er Fate had render'd her a Sacrifice to the Embraces of old *Clarinau*; she wept with Love, and answer'd with a Sob to every Vow I made: Thus by degrees she wrought me to Undoing, and made me mad in Love. 'Twas thus we pass'd the Night; we told the hasty Hours, and curs'd their coming: We told from ten to three, and all that Time seem'd but a little Minute:

Minute: Nor would I let her go, who was as loath to part, 'till she had given me leave to see her often there; I told her all my Story of her Conquest, and how I came into the Garden: She ask'd me pleasantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*; I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her, which Thought I could not bear: She assur'd me I had so little Reason to envy him, that he rather deserv'd my Compassion, for that her Aversion was so extream to him; his Person, Years, his Temper, and his Diseases were so disagreeable to her, that she could not dissemble her Disgust, but gave him most evident Proofs of it too frequently, ever since she had the Misfortune of being his Wife; but that since she had seen the charming *Philander*, (for so we must let her call him too) his Company and Conversation was wholly insupportable to her; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never disturb'd her Repose, she should have been dead with his nasty Entertainment: She vow'd she never knew a soft Desire but for *Philander*, she never had the least Concern for any of his Sex besides, and 'till she felt his Touches—took in his Kisses, and suffer'd his dear Embraces, she never knew that Woman was ordain'd for any joy with Man, but fancy'd it design'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppress'd at pleasure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more: But I had taught her now, she said, to her Eternal Ruin, that there was more in Nature than she knew, or ever should, had she not seen *Philander*; she knew not what dear Name to call it by, but something in her Blood; something that panted in her Heart, glow'd in her Cheeks, and languish'd in her Looks, told her she was not born for *Clarinau*, or Love would do her wrong: I sooth'd the Thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the Power of Love, Necessity of Youth—and the Wonder that was yet behind, that ravishing something, which not Love or Kisses could make

make her guess at; so beyond all soft Imagination, that nothing but a Trial could convince her; but she resisted still, and still I pleaded with all the subtlest Arguments of Love, Words mix'd with Kisses, Sighing mix'd with Vows, but all in vain; Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms: Thus did we pass the Night, 'till the young Morn advancing in the East forc'd us to bid adieu: Which oft we did, and oft we sigh'd and kiss'd, oft parted and return'd, and sigh'd again, and as she went away, she weeping, cry'd,——wringing my Hand in hers, *Pray Heav'n, Philander, this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me; for' ob, I find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear Minute more would forfeit all my Honour.* At this she started from my trembling Hand, and swept the Walk like Wind so swift and sudden, and left me panting, sighing, wishing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope; and after a little time I scal'd my Wall, and return'd unseen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after before I could get any other Happiness, but that of seeing her at her Window, which was just against mine, from which I never stirr'd, hardly to eat or sleep, and that she saw with Joy; for every Morning I had a Billet from her, which we contriv'd that Happy Night should be convey'd me thus——It was a By-Street where I lodg'd, and the other side was only the dead Wall of her Garden, where early in the Morning she us'd to walk, and having the Billet ready, she put it with a Stone into a little Leathern-Purse, and toss'd it over the Wall, where either my self from the Window, or my young Friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Evening she receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impossible to tell you the innocent Passion she express'd in them, innocent in that there was no Art, no feign'd nice Folly to express a Virtue that was not in the Soul; but all she spoke confess'd her Heart's soft Wishes. At last, (for I am tedious in a Relation of what gave me
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so much Pleasure in the Entertainment) at last, I say, I receiv'd the happy Invitation to come into the Garden as before; and Night advancing 'for my Purpose, I need not say that I deliver'd my self upon the Place appointed, which was by the Fountain side beneath her Chamber-Window; towards which I cast, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock struck Ten, Eleven, and then Twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my Happiness; at last I heard the little Garden-Door (against the Fountain) open, and saw *Calista* there wrap'd in her Night-Gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Transports of an eager Lover, and almost smother'd my self in her warm rising Breast; for she taking me in her Arms let go her Gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body. But she bid me hear what she had to say before I proceeded farther; she told me she was forc'd to wait 'till *Dormina* was asleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then stealing the Key, she came softly down to let me in. But, said she, *since I am all undress'd, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promise me, on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for Dormina's Sleep is like Death it self; however lest she chance to awake, and should take an Occasion to speak to me, 'twere absolutely necessary that I were there; for since I serv'd her such a Trick the other Night, and let her sleep so long, she will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument perswaded me to yield to any thing to be with *Calista* any where; so that both returning softly to her Chamber, she put her self into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But 'twas not long that I remain'd so; from the dear Touches of her Hands and Breast we came to Kisses, and so equally to a Forgetfulness of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles that were not in the Favour of Love; so that stripping my self by degrees,
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while she with an unwilling Force made some feeble Resistance, I got into the Arms of the most charming Woman that ever Nature made; she was all over Perfection; I dare not tell you more; let it suffice she was all that luxurious Man could wish, and all that renders Woman fine and ravishing. About two Hours thus was my Soul in Rapture, while sometimes she reproach'd me, but so gently that 'twas to bid me still be false and perjur'd if these were the Effects of it; *if Disobedience have such wondrous Charms, may I, said she, be still commanding thee, and thou still disobeying.* While thus we lay with equal Ravishment, we heard a murmuring Noise at distance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew still louder and louder, but still at distance too; this first alarm'd us, and I was no sooner perswaded to rise, but I heard a Door unlock at the side of the Bed, which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heav'ns,* said the fair frightened Trembler, *here is the Count of Clarinau.* For he always came up that way, and those Stairs by which I ascended were the Back Stairs; so that I had just time to grope my way towards the Door, without so much as taking my Cloaths with me; never was any amorous Adventurer in so lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hinder'd him from entering with my Sword in my Hand, and secur'd him from ever disturbing my Pleasure any more; but he implor'd I would not, and in this Minute's Dispute he came so near me, that he touch'd me as I glided from him; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never seen my way, I lighted in my Passage on *Dormina's* Pallat-Bed, and threw my self quite over her to the Chamber Door, which made a damnable clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Catastrophe, she set up such a Bawl as frighted and alarm'd the old Count, who was just taking in a Candle from his Footman, who had lighted it at his Flamboy: So that hearing the Noise,

Noise, and knowing it must be some Body in the Chamber, he let fall his Candle in the Fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Toledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrapp'd in his Night-Gown, with three or four Wollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleasant Figure, and such a one as had like to have betray'd me by laughing at it; he closely pursu'd me, though not so close as to see me before him, yet so as not to give me time to ascend the Wall, or to make my Escape up or down any Walk, which were straight and long, and not able to conceal any Body from Pursuers, approach'd so near as the Count was to me: What should I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no Defence against his jealous Rage; and now in Danger of my Life, I knew not what to resolve on; yet I swear to you, *Octavio*, even in that Minute (which I thought my last) I had no Repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which possess'd me for the fair *Calista*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my Safety (for I had scarce a Thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea-born Queen lent me immediate Aid, and e'er I was aware of it, I touch'd the Fountain, and in the same Minute threw my self into the Water, which a mighty large Basen or Cistern of White-Marble contain'd, of a Compass that forty Men might have hid themselves in it; they had pursu'd me so hard, they fancy'd they heard me press the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they search'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the Bottom of it, while I sometimes div'd, and sometimes peep'd up to take a view of my busie Coxcomb, who had like to have made me burst into Laughter many times to see his Figure; the dashing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above into the Basen, hindred him from hearing the Noise I might possibly have made by my swimming in it: After he had survey'd it round without side, he took the Torch in his own Hand, and survey'd the Water it self,

self, while I div'd, and so long forc'd to remain so, that I believ'd I had escap'd his Sword to die that foolisher way; but just as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was sure some Body did go out before him; and now he search'd every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fish I lay basking in Element still, not daring to adventure out, lest his hasty Return should find me on the Wall, or in my Passage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, so that at last returning to *Calista's* Chamber, after finding no Body, he desir'd (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Calista*, who 'till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my Cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, she was laid as fast asleep as Innocence it self; so that *Clarinau* awaking her, she seem'd as surpriz'd and ignorant of all as if she had indeed been innocent; so that *Dormina* now remain'd the only suspected Person; who being ask'd what she could say concerning that Uproar she made, she only said, as she thought, that she dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright she found 'twas but a Dream, and so she fell asleep again 'till he awak'd her, whom she wonder'd to see there at that Hour; he told 'em that while they were securely sleeping he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his Apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both swear that there was no Body in the Chamber of *Calista*, before he wou'd be undeceiv'd, for he vow'd he saw something in the Garden, which, to his thinking, was all in White, and it vanish'd on the sudden behind the Fountain, and we could see no more of it. *Calista* dissembled abundance of Fear, and said she would never walk after Candle-light for fear of that Ghost; and so they pass the rest of the Night, while I, all wet and cold, got me to my Lodging unperceiv'd, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

T

Thus

Thus, dear *Ostasio*, I have sent you a Novel, instead of a Letter, of my first most happy Adventure, of which I must repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I was never so perfectly well entertain'd for two Hours, and I am waiting with infinite Impatience a second Encounter. I shall be extremely glad to hear what Progress you have made in your Amour, for I have lost all for *Sylvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for those we have undone; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Calista's*, the bright, the young, the witty, the gay, the fondly loving *Calista*: Only some Reserve I have in all for *Ostasio*. Pardon this long History, for 'tis a sort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling 'em to a Friend so dear as is the gallant *Ostasio* to

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

I should for some Reasons that concern my Safety, have quitted this Town before, but I am chain'd to it, and have no Sense of Danger while Calista compels my Stay.

If *Ostasio's* Trouble was great before from but his Fear of *Calista's* yielding, what must it be now, when he found all his Fears confirm'd? The Pressures of his Soul were too extreme before, and the Concern he had for *Sylvia* had brought it to the highest Tide of Grief; so that this Addition o'erwhelm'd it quite, and left him no Room for Rage; no, it could not discharge it self so happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the Extremes of Love, Grief and Sense of Honour; he threw himself upon his Bed, and lay without Sense or Motion for a whole Hour, confus'd with Thought, and divided in his Concern, half for a Mistress false, and half for a Sister loose and undone; by turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by turns they break his Heart: He had this Comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her Ruin made way for his Love and Happiness with

with *Sylvia*, but now—he had no Prospect left that could afford any Ease, he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Sylvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Sylvia*; but like to feverish Men that toss about here and there, remove for some Relief, he shifts but to new Pain, where e'er he turns he finds the Mad-Man still; in this Distraction of Thought he remain'd 'till a Page from *Sylvia* brought him this Letter, which in midst of all he started from his Bed with Excess of Joy, and read.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

After your last Affront by your Page, I believe it will surprize you to receive any thing from *Sylvia* but Scorn and Disdain: But, my Lord, the Interest you have by a thousand ways been so long making in my Heart, cannot so soon be cancelled by a Minute's Offence, and every Action of your Life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at least you are not well in your Senses: I have committed a Fault against your Love, I must confess and am not asham'd of the little Cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonet* instead of *Sylvia*: I was asham'd to be so easily won, and took it ill your Passion was so mercenary to ask so courselly for the Possession of me; too great a Pay I thought for so poor Service, as rendring up a Letter which in Honour you ought before to have shew'd me: I own I gave you Hope, in that too I was criminal; but these are Faults that sure deserv'd a kinder Punishment than what I last receiv'd—A Whore—A common Mistress! Death, you are a Coward—and even to a Woman dare not say it, when she confronts the Scandaler,—Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind—at least allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the least Confession of my Resentment, but I could not

leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Conversation and Friendship alone I have remain'd so long, without acquitting my self of those Obligations I had to you; I send you therefore the Key of my Closet and Cabinet, where you shall find not only your Letters, but all those Presents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Friendship, I render you the less valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio*, than the dear Memory of that part of his Life that was so agreeable to the unfortunate

S Y L V I A.

He reading this Letter, finish'd with Tears of tender Love; but considering it all over, he fancy'd she had put great Constraint upon her natural high Spirit to write in this calm manner to him, and through all he found dissembled Rage, which yet was visible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found she was not able to contain at the Word common Mistress: In fine, however calm it was, and however design'd, he found, and at least he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint she gave him of the Change of *Antonet* for her self in Bed, that it was some new Cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her self off with Credit: Yet, in spite of all this appearing Reason, he wishes, and has a secret Hope, that either she is not in fault, or that she will so cozen him into a Belief she is not, that it may serve as well to sooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that she will not put so neat a Cheat upon him, but that he shall be able to see through it, and still be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love return'd, she had rous'd the Flame a-new, and softned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter; and now in haste he calls for his Cloaths, and suffering himself to be dress'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himself into his Coach, and goes to *Sylvia*, whom he finds just dress'd *en Chevalier*, (and setting her Head and Feather

in

in good order before the Glass) with a design to depart the Town, at least so far as should have rais'd a Concern in Octavio, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her; he ran up without asking leave into her Chamber; and e'er she was aware of him he threw himself at her Feet, and clasping her Knees, to which he fixt his Mouth, he remain'd there for a little space without Life or Motion, and press'd her in his Arms as fast as a dying Man. She was not offended to see him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been: His Grief had added a Languishment and Paleness to his Face, which sufficiently told her he had not been at Ease while absent from her; and on the other side Sylvia appear'd ten thousand times more charming than ever, the Dress of a Boy adding extremely to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, said she, raising him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Mistress so for a little innocent Raillery.*——*Come, sit and tell me how you came to discover the harmless Cheat*; setting him down on the side of her Bed: *Oh name it no more*, cry'd he, *let that damn'd Night be blotted from the Year, deceive me, flatter me, say you are innocent, tell me my Senses rave, my Eyes were false, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my Madness, and bring me back to tame adoring Love.* What means Octavio, reply'd Sylvia, *sure he is not so nice and squeamish a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming so prepar'd for Love; tho' it was not she whom he expected, it might have serv'd as well i'th' dark at least.* Well said, reply'd Octavio, forcing a Smile——*advance, pursue the dear Design, and cheat me still, and to convince my Soul, oh swear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows and Tears, Sighs, Imprecations, Ravings, are all the Tools to fashion Mankind Coxcombs: I am an easie Fellow, fit for use, and long to be initiated Fool; come, swear I was not here the other Night.* 'Tis granted, Sir, you were: *Why all this Passion?* This Sylvia spoke; and took him by the Hand, which burnt with

raging Fire; and though he spoke with all the Heat of Love, his Looks were soft the while as infant *Cupids*: Still he proceeded, *Oh charming Sylvia, since you are so unkind to tell me Truth, cease, cease to speak at all, and let me only gaze upon those Eyes that can so well deceive: Their Looks are innocent, at least they'll flatter me, and tell mine that they lost their Faculties that other Night.* No, reply'd Sylvia, *I am convinc'd they did not, you saw Antonet—* Conduct a happy Man (interrupted he) to Sylvia's Bed: *Oh why by your Confession must my Soul be tortur'd o'er a new!* at this he hung his Head upon his Bosom, and sigh'd as if each Breath would be his last: *Heavens!* cry'd Sylvia, *what is't Octavio says!* Conduct a happy Lover to my Bed! *by all that's Sacred I am abus'd, design'd upon to be betray'd and lost; what said you, Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting Tone, clasping her to his Arms, *Now, Sylvia, you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to cozening still—* Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as before I saw your Falshood, and ne'er will lose one Thought upon it more. *Forbear,* said she, *you'll make me angry: In short, what is it you would say? or swear you rave, and then I'll pity what I now despise, if you can think me false.* He only answer'd with a Sigh, and she pursu'd, *Am I not worth an Answer? Tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as e'er you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preserve my Quiet.* If you will promise me to say 'tis false, reply'd he softly, *I will confess the Errors of my Senses.* I came the other Night at twelve, the Door was open.—'Tis true, said Sylvia—*At the Stairs-Foot I found a Man, and saw him led to you into your Chamber, sighing as he went, and panting with Impatience: Now, Sylvia, if you value my Repose, my Life, my Reputation, or my Services, turn it of handsomly, and I'm happy:* At that, being wholly amaz'd, she told him the whole Story, as you heard, of her dressing Antonet, and bringing him to her; at which he smil'd, and begg'd her to go on—She fetch'd the Pieces of *Brilliard's* counterfeit Letters, and shew'd him; this brought him

a little to his Wits, and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him; he found the Character his, but not the Business; and in great Amaze reply'd, *Ab! Madam, did you know Octavio's Soul so well, and could you imagine it capable of a Thought like this? A Presumption so daring to the most awful of her Sex; this was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes, reply'd she, with all Kindness I could force my Pen to express.* So that after canvassing the Matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilliard* was the Man: for *Antonet* was call'd to Council; who now recollecting all things in her Mind, and knowing *Brilliard* but too well, she confess'd she verily believ'd it was he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio's* for him that Day, and how he was ill of the same Disease still. *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Brilliard* had sent him, and all appear'd as clear as Day: But *Antonet* met with a great many Reproaches for shewing her Lady's Letters, which she excus'd as well as she could: But never was Man so ravish'd with Joy as *Octavio* was at the Knowledge of *Sylvia's* Innocence; a thousand times he kneel'd and begg'd her Pardon; and her Figure encouraging his Caresses, a thousand times he embrac'd her, he smil'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd with Love and Joy, and knew not how to express it most effectually: And *Sylvia*, who had other Business than Love in her Heart and Head, suffer'd all the Marks of his eager Passion and Transport out of Design, for she had a farther use to make of *Octavio*; tho' when she survey'd his Person handsom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Sylvia*; when she consider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reign'd, when she consults the Excellence of his Nature, his Generosity, Courage, Friendship, and Softness, she sigh'd and cry'd, 'twas Pity to impose upon him; and make his

Love, for which she should esteem him, a Property to draw him to his Ruin, for so she fancy'd it must be if ever he encounter'd *Philander*; and tho' Good-nature was the least Ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Charmer, yet now she found she had a Mixture of it, from her Concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her so many soft Vows, and tender Protestations of the Respect and Awfulness of his Passion, that she was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave; nor could she see the constant Languisher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her Feet, without suffering some Warmth about her Heart, which she had never felt but for *Philander*; and this Day she express'd herself more obligingly than ever she had done, and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more Softness than hitherto she had; and, absolutely charm'd, he promises lavishly and without Reserve all she would ask of him; and in Requital she assur'd him all he could wish or hope, if he would serve her in her Revenge against *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her Undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the Care and Tenderness of her noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedless Youth: Sometimes the Reflection on her Ruin, she looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquillity, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Octavio* sigh and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the amorous Part of her Relation) she would sigh and languish with the Remembrance of past Joys in their beginning Love; and sometimes smile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Escapes; so that different Passions seiz'd her Soul while she spoke, while that of all Love fill'd *Octavio*'s: He dotes, he burns, and every Word she utters inflames him still the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face, and every thing she says raises his vast Esteem and Passion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence

quence of sacred Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Passion, finish'd her moving Tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whose falling Showers kept equal Time and Pace, and for a little time were still as Thought: When *Octavio*, oppress'd with mighty Love, broke the soft Silence, and burst into Extravagance of Passion, says all that Men (grown mad with Love and Wishing) could utter to the Idol of his Heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in short; wherein, in spite of all his Modesty, she found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate and Honest: And having now confirm'd her he deserv'd her, kneeling implor'd she would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Passion, for Dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Risler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the censuring World; he vow'd he would forget that ever any Part of it was lost, nor by a Look or Action e'er upbraid her with a Misfortune past, but still look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Priest to tie the solemn Knot: In spite of all her Love for *Philander*, she could not chuse but take this Offer kindly; and indeed it made a very great Impression on her Heart; she knew nothing but the height of Love could oblige a Man of his Quality and vast Fortune, with all the Advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in so ill Circumstances; and paying him first those Acknowledgments that were due on so great an Occasion, with all the Tendernefs in her Voice and Eyes that she could put on, she excus'd her self from receiving the Favour, by telling him she was so unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that Thought into new Tears, she mov'd him to infinite Love, and infinite Compassion; insomuch that wholly abandoning himself to Softness, he assur'd her, if she would secure him all his Happiness by marrying him now, that he would wait 'till she were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recompence

pence he aspir'd to; so that *Sylvia*, being oppress'd with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Passion for *Philander*, she knew not how to take, or how to refuse the Blessing offer'd, since *Octavio* was a Man whom, in her height of Innocence and Youth, she might have been vain and proud of engaging to this degree: He saw her Pain and Irresolution, and being absolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander's* last Letter to him, with what he had sent her inclos'd; the sight of the very Out-side of it made her grow pale as Death, and a Feebleness seiz'd her all over, that made her unable for a Moment to open it; all which Confusion *Octavio* saw with Pain, which she perceiving recollected her Thoughts as well as she could, and open'd it, and read it; that to *Octavio* first, as being fondest of the Continuation of the History of his Falshood, she read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period; and having finish'd it she fell down on the Bed where they sat: *Octavio* caught her in her Fall in his Arms, where she remain'd dead some Moments; whilst he, just on the Point of being so himself, ravingly call'd for Help; and *Antonet* being in the Dressing-Room ran to 'em, and by degrees *Sylvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thousand Pardons for exposing a Weakness to him, which was but the Effects of the last Blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonet* brought her, she rous'd, resolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the Hand: Now, said she, *shew your self that generous Lover you have profess'd, and give me your Vows of Revenge on Philander; and after that, by all that's Holy, kneeling as she spoke, and holding him fast, by all my injur'd Innocence, by all my Noble Father's Wrong: and my dear Mother's Grief; by all my Sister's Sufferings, I swear, I'll marry you, love you, and give you all!* This she spoke without considering *Antonet* was by, and spoke it with all the Rage, and Blushes in her Face, that injur'd Love and Revenge could inspire: And on the other side, the Sense of his Sister's Honour

lost,

lost, and that of the tender Passion he had for *Sylvia*, made him swear by all that was Sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Sylvia*, to go and revenge himself and her on the false Friend and Lover, and confess'd the second Motive, which was his Sister's Fame; *For*, cry'd he, *that foul Adulteress, that false Calista, is so ally'd to me.* But still he urg'd that would add to the Justness of his Cause, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover, and revenge an injur'd Wife as well as Sister; and now he could ask nothing she did not easily grant; and because 'twas late in the Day, they concluded that the Morning shall consummate all his Desires: And now she gives him her Letter to read; *For*, said she, *I shall esteem my self henceforth so absolutely Octavio's, that I will not so much as read a Line from that perjur'd Ruiner of my Honour*; he took the Letter with Smiles and Bows of Gratitude, and read it.

PHILANDER to SYLVIA.

THERE are a thousand Reasons, dearest *Sylvia*, at this Time that prevent my writing to you, Reasons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon, and plead my Cause with her that loves me; all which I will lay before you when I have the Happiness to see you; I have met with some Affairs since my Arrival to this Place, that wholly take up my Time; Affairs of State, whose Fatigues have put my Heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully manag'd may turn to my perpetual Ruin, so that I have not an Hour in a Day to spare for *Sylvia*; which, believe me, is the greatest Affliction of my Life; and I have no Prospect of Ease in the endless Toils of Life, but that of reposing in the Arms of *Sylvia*: Some short Intervals: Pardon my haste, for you cannot guess the weighty Business that at present robs you of

Your PHILANDER.

You

You lie, false Villain——reply'd Sylvia in mighty Rage, I can guess your Business, and can revenge it too; Curse on thee, Slave, to think me grown as poor in Sense as Honour: To be cajol'd with this——Stuff that would never sham a Chamber-maid: Death! am I so forlorn, so despicable; I am not worth the Pains of being well dissembled with? Confusion overtake him, Misery seize him; may I become his Plague while Life remains, or publick Tortures end him: This, with all the Madness that ever inspir'd a Lunatick, she utter'd with Tears and violent Actions: When Octavio besought her not to afflict her self, and almost wish'd he did not love a Temper so contrary to his own: He told her he was sorry, extreamly sorry, to find she still retain'd so violent a Passion for a Man unworthy of her least Concern; when she reply'd —— Do not mistake my Soul, by Heav'n 'tis Pride, Disdain, Despight and Hate——to think he should believe this dull Excuse could pass upon my Judgment; had the false Traitor told me that he hated me, or that his faithless Date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries; but poorly thus to impose upon my Wit—— By Heav'n he shall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph! No more——I've vow'd he shall not——my Soul has fix'd, and now will be at ease.——Forgive me, oh Octavio; and letting her self fall into his Arms, she soon obtain'd what she ask'd for; one Touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love and Softness.

Thus, after a thousand Transports of Passion on his side, and all the seeming Tenderness on hers, the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either side of pursuing the happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again resolv'd they appointed that *Sylvia* and *Antonet* should go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* should meet 'em there to be confirm'd and secur'd of all the Happiness he propos'd to himself in this World —— *Sylvia* being so wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accomplishment of which alone

alone she accepted of *Octavio*) that she had lost all Remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilliard*: Or if it ever enter'd into her Thought 'twas only consider'd as a Sham, nothing design'd but to secure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Respect to the sacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did she design this with *Octavio* from any Respect she had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Lust of Vengeance which she would buy at any Price, and which she found no Man so well able to satisfy as *Octavio*.

But what wretched Changes of Fortune she met with after this, and what miserable Portion of Fate was destin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the last Part of *Philander's* Life, and the third and last Part of this History, shall most faithfully relate.

The End of the second Part.

T H E

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THE
AMOURS
OF
PHILANDER
AND
SYLVIA:

Being the Third and Last Part

OF THE
LOVE-LETTERS
BETWEEN A
NOBLEMAN
AND HIS
SISTER.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1718.

THE
AMOURS
OF
PHILANDER
AND
SYLVIA:
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OF
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T O T H E

Lord SPENCER.

My LORD,

WHEN a new Book comes into the World, the first thing we consider is the Dedication; and according to the Quality and Humour of the Patron, we are apt to make a Judgment of the following Subject: If to a States-man we believe it Grave and Politick; if a Gown-man, Law or Divinity; if to the Young and Gay, Love and Gallantry. By this Rule, I believe the gentle Reader, who finds your Lordship's Name prefix'd before this, will make as many various Opinions of it, as they do Characters of your Lordship, whose youthful Sallies have been the Business of so much Discourse; and which, according to the Relator's Sense or good Nature, is either aggravated or excus'd; though the Woman's Quarrel to your Lordship has some more reasonable Foundation, than that of your own Sex; for your Lordship being form'd with all the Beauties and Graces of Mankind, all the Charms of Wit, Youth, and Sweetness of Disposition (deriv'd to you from an Illustrious Race of Heroes) adapting you to the noblest Love

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

and Softness, they cannot but complain on that mistaken Conduct of yours, that so lavishly deals out those agreeable Attractions, squandering away that Youth and Time on many, which might be more advantageously dedicated to some one of the Fair; and by a Liberty (which they call) not being Discreet enough, rob 'em of all the Hopes of Conquest over that Heart which they believe can fix no where; they cannot caress you into Tameness; or if you sometimes appear so, they are still upon their Guard with you; for like a young Lion you are ever apt to leap into your natural Wildness; the Greatness of your Soul disdaining to be confin'd to laste Repose; tho' the Delicacy of your Person and Constitution so absolutely require it; your Lordship not being made for Diversions so rough and fatiguing, as those your active Mind would impose upon it. Your Lordship is plac'd in so Glorious a Station (the Son of so Great a Father) as renders all you do more perspicuous to the World than the Actions of common Men already; the Advantages of your Birth have drawn all Eyes upon you, and yet more on those coming Greatnesses, to which you were born: If Heav'n preserves your Lordship amidst the too vigorous Efforts, and too dangerous Adventures, which a too brisk Fire in your Noble Blood, a too forward Desire of gaining Fame daily exposes you to; and will, unless some Force confine your too impatient Bravery, shorten those Days which Heav'n has surely design'd for more Glorious Actions; for
according

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according to all the Maxims of the judging Wise, the little Extravagancies of Youth accomplish and perfect the Riper Years. 'Tis this that makes indulgent Parents permit those Sparks of Fire, that are gleaming in young Hearts, to kindle into a Flame, knowing well that the Consideration and Temperament of a few more Years will regulate it to that just Degree, where the noble and generous Spirit should fix it self: And for this we have had the Examples of some of the greatest Men that ever adorn'd History.

My Lord, I presume to lay at your Lordship's Feet an illustrious Youth; the unhappy Circumstances of whose Life ought to be written in the lasting Characters of all Languages, for a Precedent to succeeding Ages of the Misfortune of heedless Love, and a too early Thirst of Glory; for in him, your Lordship will find the fatal Effects of great Courage without Conduct, Wit without Discretion, and a Greatness of Mind without the steady Virtues of it; so that from a Prince even ador'd by all, by an Imprudence, that too often attends the Great and Young, and from the most exalted Height of Glory, mis-led by false Notions of Honour and falser Friends, fell the most pity'd Object that ever was abandon'd by Fortune. I hope no One will imagine I intend this as a Parallel between your Lordship and our mistaken brave Unfortunate, since your Lordship hath an unquestion'd and hereditary Loyalty, which nothing can deface, born from a Father, who has

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given the World so evident Proofs, that no Fear of threaten'd Danger can separate his useful Service and Duties from the Interest of his Royal and God-like Master, which he pursues with an undaunted Fortitude, in disdain of Phantastical Censures, and those that want the Bravery to do a just Action for fear of future turns of State, And such indeed is your true Man of Honour; and as such I doubt not but your Lordship will acquit your self in all Times, and on all Occasions.

Pardon the Liberty, my Zeal for your Lordship has here presum'd to take, since among all those that make Vows and Prayers for your Lordship's Health and Preservation, none offers them more devoutly, than,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

A. B.

THE
A M O U R S
O F
Philander and Sylvia.

P A R T III.

OCTAVIO, the Brave, the Generous, and the Amorous, having left *Sylvia* absolutely resolv'd to give her self to that doting fond Lover, or rather to sacrifice her self to her Revenge, that unconsidering Unfortunate, whose Passion had expos'd him to all the unreasonable Effects of it, return'd to his own House, wholly transported with his happy Success. He thinks on nothing but vast coming Joys: Nor did one kind Thought direct him back to the evil Consequences of what he so hastily pursu'd; he reflects not on her Circumstances, but her Charms, not on the Infamy he should espouse with *Sylvia*, but on those ravishing Pleasures she was capable of giving him: He regards not the Reproaches of his Friends; but wholly abandon'd to Love and youthful Imaginations, gives a Loose to young Desire and Fancy that deludes him with a thousand soft Ideas: He reflects not that his gentle and easie Temper was most unfit to join with that of *Sylvia*, which was the most haughty and hu-

morous in Nature; for tho' she had all the Charms of Youth and Beauty that are conquering in her Sex, all the Wit and Insinuation that even surpasses Youth and Beauty, yet to render her Character impartially, she had also abundance of disagreeing Qualities mix'd with her Perfections. She was imperious and proud even to Insolence; vain and conceited even to Folly; she knew her Virtues and her Graces too well, and her Vices too little; she was very opinionated and obstinate, hard to be convinc'd of the falsest Argument, but very positive in her fancy'd Judgment: Abounding in her own Sense, and very Critical on that of others: Censorious, and too apt to charge others with those Crimes to which she was her self addicted, or had been guilty of: Amorously inclin'd, and indiscreet in the Management of her Amours, and constant rather from Pride and Shame than Inclination; fond of catching at every trifling Conquest, and loving the Triumph, tho' she hated the Slave. Yet she had Virtues too that balanc'd her Vices, among which we must allow her to have lov'd *Philander* with a Passion, that nothing but his Ingratitude could have decay'd in her Heart, nor was it lessen'd but by a Force that gave her a thousand Tortures, Racks and Pangs, which had almost cost her her less valu'd Life; for being of a Temper nice in Love, and very fiery, apt to fly into Rages at every Accident that did but touch that tenderest Part, her Heart, she suffer'd a World of Violence, and Extremity of Rage and Grief by turns, at this Affront and Inconstancy of *Philander*. Nevertheless she was now so discreet, or rather cunning, to dissemble her Resentment the best she could to her generous Lover, for whom she had more Inclination than she yet had leisure to perceive, and which she now attributes wholly to her Revenge; and considering *Octavio* as the most proper Instrument for that, she fancies, what was indeed a growing Tenderness from the Sense of his Merit, to be the Effects of that Revenge she so much thirsted after; and tho' without

out she dissembled a Calm, within she was all Fury and Disorder, all Storm and Distraction: She went to Bed rack'd with a thousand Thoughts of despairing Love; sometimes all the Softness of *Philander* in their happy Enjoyments came in view, and made her sometimes weep, and sometimes faint with the dear lov'd Remembrance; sometimes his late Enjoyments with *Calista*, and then she rav'd and burnt with frantick Rage: But oh! at last she found her Hope was gone, and wisely fell to argue with her Soul. She knew Love would not long subsist on the thin Diet of Despair, and resolving he was never to be retriev'd who once had ceas'd to love, she strove to bend her Soul to useful Reason, and thinks on all *Octavio's* Obligations, his Vows, his Affiduity, his Beauty, his Youth, his Fortune, and his generous Offer, and with the Aid of Pride resolves to unfix her Heart, and give it better Treatment in his Bosom: To cease at least to love the false *Philander*, if she could never force her Soul to hate him: And tho' this was not so soon done as thought on, in a Heart so prepossess'd as that of *Sylvia's*, yet there is some Hope of a Recovery, when a Woman in that Extremity will but think of listening to Love from any new Adorer; and having once resolv'd to pursue the Fugitive no more with the natural Artillery of their Sighs and Tears, Reproaches and Complaints, they have Recourse to every thing that may soonest chase from the Heart those Thoughts that oppress it: For Nature is not inclin'd to hurt it self, and there are but very few who find it necessary to die of the Disease of Love. Of this sort was our *Sylvia*, tho' to give her her due, never any Person who did not indeed die, ever languish'd under the Torments of Love, as did that charming and afflicted Maid.

While *Sylvia* remain'd in these eternal Inquietudes, *Antonet* having quitted her Chamber, takes this Opportunity to go to that of *Brilliard*, whom she had not visited in two Days before, being extremely trou-

bled at his Design, which she now found he had on her Lady; she had a Mind to vent her Spleen, and as the Proverb says, *call W——re first*. *Brilliard* long'd as much to see her, to rail at her for being privy to *Octavio's* Approach to *Sylvia's* Bed, (as he thought she imagin'd) and not giving him an Account of it, as she us'd to do of all the Secrets of her Lady. She finds him alone in her Chamber, recover'd from all but the Torments of his unhappy Disappointment. She approach'd him with all the Anger her sort of Passion could inspire (for Love in a mean unthinking Soul, is not that glorious thing it is in the Brave;) however she had enough to serve her Pleasure, for *Brilliard* was young and handsome, and both being bent on Railing without knowing each others Intentions, they both equally flew into high Words, he upbraiding her with her Infidelity, and she him with his. *Are not you*, said he (growing more calm) *the falsest of your Tribe, to keep a Secret from me that so much concern'd me? Is it for this I have refus'd the Addresses of Burgomasters Wives and Daughters, where I could have made my Fortune and my Satisfaction, to keep my self entirely for a thing that betrays me, and keeps every Secret of her Heart from me? False and forsworn, I will be Fool no more.* 'Tis well, Sir, (reply'd *Antonet*) that you having been the most perfidious Man alive, should accuse me who am Innocent: Come, come Sir, you have not carry'd Matters so swimmingly but I could easily dive into the other Night's Intrigue and Secret. What Secret thou false one? Thou art all over secret; a very hopeful Barwd at Eighteen — go, I hate ye — At this she wept, and he pursu'd his Railing to out-noise her, *You thought because your Deeds were done in Darkness they were conceal'd from a Lover's Eye; no, thou young Viper, I saw, I heard, and felt, and satisfy'd every Sense of this thy Falshood, when Octavio was conducted to Sylvia's Bed by thee. But what said she, if instead of Octavio I conducted the perfidious Traitor to Love, Brilliard? Who then*
was

was false and perjured? At this he blush'd extreamly, which was too visible on his fair Face. She being now confirm'd she had the better of him, continu'd — — —
Let thy Confusion, said she with Scorn, *witness the Truth of what I say, and I have been but too well acquainted with that Body of yours,* weeping as she spoke, *to mistake it for that of Octavio.* Softly, dear Antoner, reply'd he — — — *nay, now your Tears have calm'd me;* and taking her in his Arms, sought to appease her by all the Arguments of seeming Love and Tenderness; while she, yet wholly unsatisfy'd in that Cheat of his of going to Sylvia's Bed, remain'd still pouting and very frumpish. But he that had but one Argument left, that on all Occasions serv'd to convince her, had at last recourse to that, which put her in good Humour, and hanging on his Neck, she kindly chid him for putting such a Trick upon her Lady. He told her, and confirm'd it with an Oath, That he did it but to try how far she was just to his Friend and Lord, and not any Desire he had for a Beauty that was too much of his own Complexion to charm him, 'twas only the Brunet and the Black, such as her self, that could move him to Desire; thus he shams her into perfect Peace.
And why, said she, *were you not satisfy'd that she was false, as well from the Assignation, as the Trial?* Oh no, said he, *you Women have a thousand Arts of Gibing, and no Man ought to believe you; but put you to the Trial.* Well, said she, *when I had brought you to the Bed, when you found her Arms stretch'd out to receive you, why did you not retire like an honest Man, and leave her to her self?* Oh fie, said he, *that had not been to have acted Octavio to the Life, but would have made a Discovery.* Ah, said she, *that was your Aim to have acted Octavio to the Life, I believe, and not to discover my Lady's Constancy to your Lord; but I suppose you have been sworn at the Butt of Hedleburgh. never to kiss the Maid, when you can kiss the Mistress:* But he renewing his Caresses and Asseverations of
Love

Love to her, she suffer'd her self to be convinc'd of all he had a Mind to have her believe. After this she could not contain any Secret from him, but told him she had something to say to him, which, if he knew, would convince him she had all the Passion in the World for him: He presses eagerly to know, and she pursues to tell him, 'tis as much as her Life is worth to discover it, and that she lies under the Obligation of an Oath not to tell it; but Kisses and Rhetorick prevail, and she cries——*What will you say now if my Lady may marry one of the greatest and most considerable Persons in all this Country? I should not wonder at her Conquests* (reply'd *Brilliard*) *but I should wonder if she should marry. Then cease your Wonder,* reply'd she, *for she is to Morrow be marry'd to Count Octavio, whom she is to meet at nine in the Morning to that end, at a little Village a League from this Place.* She spoke, and he believes; and finds it true by the raging of his Blood, which he could not conceal from *Antonet*, and for which he feigns a thousand Excuses to the amorous Maid, and charges his Concern on that for his Lord: At last (after some more Discourse on that Subject) he pretends to grow sleepy, and hastens her to her Chamber; and locking the Door after her, he began to reflect on what she had said, and grew to all the Torment of Rage and Jealousy, and all the Despairs of a passionate Lover: And tho' this hope was not extreme before, yet as Lovers do, he found, or fancy'd a Probability (from his Lord's Inconstancy, and his own Right of Marriage) that the necessity she might chance to be in of his Friendship and Assistance in a strange Country, might some happy Moment or other render him the Blessing he so long had waited for from *Sylvia*; for he ever design'd, when either his Lord left her, grew cold, or should happen to die, to put in his Claim of Husband. And the soft familiar way, with which she eternally liv'd with him, encourag'd this Hope and Design; nay she had often made him

him Advances to that happy Expectation. But this fatal Blow had driven him from all his fancy'd Joys, to the most wretched Estate of a desperate Lover. He traverses his Chamber, wounded with a thousand different Thoughts, mix'd with those of preventing this Union the next Morning. Sometimes he resolves to fight *Octavio*, for his Birth might pretend to it, and he wanted no Courage; but he is afraid of being overcome by that gallant Man, and either losing his Hopes with his Life, or if he kill *Octavio*, to be forc'd from his Happiness, or die an ignominious Death. Sometimes he resolves to own *Sylvia* for his Wife, but then he fears the Rage of that dear Object of his Soul, which he dreads more than Death it self: So that toss'd from one Extreme to another, from one Resolution to a hundred, he was not able to fix upon any thing. In this Perplexity he remain'd 'till Day appear'd, that Day must advance with his undoing, while *Sylvia* and *Antonet* were preparing for the Design concluded on the last Night. This he heard, and every Minute that approach'd gave him new Torments, so that now he would have given himself to the Prince of Darkness for a kind Disappointment: He was often ready to go and throw himself at her Feet, and plead against her Enterprize in Hand, and to urge the Unlawfulness of a double Marriage, ready to make Vows for the Fidelity of *Philander*, tho' before so much against his own Interest, and to tell her all those Letters from him were forg'd: He thought on all things, but nothing remain'd with him, but Despair of every thing. At last the Devil and his own Subtilty put him upon a Prevention, tho' base, yet the most likely to succeed, in his Opinion.

He knew there were many Factions in *Holland*, and that the States themselves were divided in their Interests, and a thousand Jealousies and Fears were eternally spread amongst the Rabble; there were Cabals for every Interest, that of the *French* so prevailing, that

that of the *English*, and that of the illustrious *Orange*, and others for the States; so that it was not a Difficulty to move any Mischief, and pass it off among the Croud for dangerous Consequences. *Brilliard* knew each Division, and which way they were inclin'd; he knew *Octavio* was not so well with the States as not to be easily rendred worse; for he was so intirely a Creature and Favourite of the Prince, that they conceiv'd abundance of Jealousies of him which they durst not own. *Brilliard* besides knew a great Man, who having a Pique to *Octavio*, might the sooner be brought to receive any ill Character of him: To this sullen Magistrate he applies himself, and deluding the credulous busie old Man with a thousand circumstantial Lies, he discovers to him that *Octavio* held a Correspondence with the *French King* to betray the State; and that he caball'd to that End with some who were look'd upon as *French Rebels*, but indeed were no other than Spies to *France*. This coming from a Man of that Party, and whose Lord was a *French Rebel*, gain'd a perfect Credit with the old Sir *Politick*; so that immediately hastening to the State-House, he lays this weighty Affair before them, who soon found it reasonable, if not true, at least they fear'd, and sent out a Warrant for the speedy apprehending him; but coming to his House, tho' early, they found him gone, and being inform'd which way he took, the Messenger pursu'd him, and found his Coach at the Door of a *Cabaret* too obscure for his Quality, which made them apprehend this was some Place of Rendezvous, where he possibly met with his traiterous Associators: They send in, and cunningly inquire who he waited for, or who was with him, and they understood he stay'd for some Gentlemen of the *French Nation*, for he had order'd *Sylvia* to come in Man's Cloaths that she might not be known; and had given Order below, that if two *French Gentlemen* came they should be brought to him. This Information made the Scandal as clear as Day, and the Messenger

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ger no longer doubted of the Reasonableness of his Warrant, tho' he was loath to serve it on a Person whose Father he had serv'd so many Years. He waits at some distance from the House unseen, tho' he could take a View of all; he saw *Octavio* come often out into the Balcony, and look with longing Eyes towards the Road that leads to the Town; he saw him all rich and gay as a young Bridegroom, lovely and young as the Morning that flatter'd him with so fair and happy a Day; at last he saw two Gentlemen alight at the Door, and giving their Horses to a Page to walk a while, they ran up into the Chamber where *Octavio* was waiting, who had already sent his Page to prepare the Priest in the Village-Church to marry them. You may imagine with what Love and Joy the ravish'd Youth approach'd the Idol of his Soul, and she who beholds him in more Beauty than ever yet she thought he had appear'd, pleas'd with all things he had on, with the gay Morning, the flow'ry Field, the Air, the little Journey, and a thousand diverting things, made no Resistance to those fond Embraces that press'd her a thousand times with silent Transport, and falling Tears of eager Love and Pleasure, but even in that Moment of Content she forgot *Philander*, and receiv'd all the Satisfaction so soft a Lover could dispense: While they were mutually thus exchanging Looks, and almost Hearts, the Messenger came into the Room, and as civilly as possible told *Octavio* he had a Warrant for him, to secure him as a Traitor to the State, and a Spy for *France*. You need not be told the Surprize and Astonishment he was in; however he obey'd: The Messenger turning to *Sylvia*, cry'd, *Sir, tho' I can hardly credit this Crime that is charg'd to my Lord, yet the finding him here with two French Gentlemen gives me some more Fears that there may be something in it; and it would do well if you would deliver your selves into my Hands for the farther clearing this Gentleman.* This foolish grave Speech of the Messenger had like to have put

put *Ottavio* into a loud Laughter, he addressing himself to two Women for two Men: But *Sylvia* reply'd, Sir, I hope you do not take us for so little Friends to the gallant *Ottavio*, to abandon him in this Misfortune; no, we will share it with him; be it what it will. To this the generous Lover, blushing with kind Surprise, bow'd, and kissing her Hand with Transport, calling her his charming Friend; and so all three being guarded back in *Ottavio's* Coach they return to the Town, and to the House of the Messenger, which made a great Noise all over, that *Ottavio* was taken with two *French* Jesuits plotting to fire *Amsterdam*, and a thousand things equally ridiculous. They were all three lodg'd together in one House, that of the Messenger, which was very fine, and fit to entertain any Persons of Quality; while *Brilliard*, who did not like that part of the Project, bethought him of a thousand ways how to free her from thence; for he design'd, as soon as *Ottavio* should be taken, to have got her to have quitted the Town under Pretence of being taken upon Suspicion of holding Correspondence with him, because they were *French*; but her delivering her self up had not only undone all his Design, but had made it unsafe for him to stay. While he was thus bethinking himself what he should do, *Ottavio's* Uncle, who was one of the States, extreemly affronted at the Indignity put upon his Nephew and his sole Heir, the Darling of his Heart and Eyes, commands that this Informer may be secur'd; and accordingly *Brilliard* was taken into Custody, who giving himself over for a lost Man, resolves to put himself upon *Ottavio's* Mercy, by telling him the Motives that induc'd him to this violent and ungenerous Course. It was some Days before the Council thought fit to call for *Ottavio*, to hear what he had to say for himself; in the mean time, he having not had Permission yet to see *Sylvia*; and being extreemly desirous of that Happiness, he bethought himself that the Messenger having been in his Father's Service,

Service, might have so much Respect for the Son, as to allow him to speak to that fair Charmer, provided he might be a Witness to what he should say: He sends for him, and demanded of him where those two fair Prisoners were lodg'd who came with him in the Morning; he told him in a very good Apartment on the same Floor, and that they were very well accommodated, and seem'd to have no other Trouble but what they suffer'd for him. *I hope, my Lord,* added he——*your Confinement will not be long, for I hear there is a Person taken up, who has confest he did it for a Revenge on you.* At this *Octavio* was very well pleas'd, and ask'd him who it was; and he told him a *French Gentleman* belonging to the Count *Philander*, who about six Months ago was oblig'd to quit the Town as an Enemy to *France*. He soon knew it to be *Brilliard*, and comparing this Action with some others of his lately committed, he no longer doubts it the Effects of his Jealousie. He ask'd the Messenger if it were impossible to gain so much Favour of him, as to let him visit those two *French Gentlemen*, he being by while he was with them: The Keeper soon granted his Request, and reply'd——There was no Hazard he would not run to serve him; and immediately putting back the Hangings, with one of those Keys he had in his Hand he open'd a Door in his Chamber that led into a Gallery of fine Pictures, and from thence they pass'd into the Apartment of *Sylvia*: As soon as he came in he threw himself at her Feet, and she receiv'd him, and took him up into her Arms with all the Transports of Joy a Soul (more than ever possess'd with Love for him) could conceive; and tho' they all appear'd of the Masculine Sex, the Messenger soon perceiv'd his Error, and begg'd a thousand Pardons. *Octavio* makes haste to tell her his Opinion of the Cause of all this Trouble to both; and she easily believ'd, when she heard *Brilliard* was taken, that it was as he imagin'd, for he had been found too often faulty not to be suspected now: This Thought brought

brought a great Calm to both their Spirits, and almost reduc'd them to their first soft Tranquillity, with which they began the Day: For he protested his Innocence a thousand times, which was wholly needless, for the generous Maid believ'd, before he spoke, he could not be guilty of the Sin of Treachery. He renews his Vows to her of eternal Love, and that he would perform what they were so unluckily prevented of doing this Morning; and that tho' possibly by this unhappy Adventure, his Design might have taken Air, and have arriv'd to the Knowledge of his Uncle, yet in spite of all Opposition of Friends, or the Malice of *Brilliard*, he would pursue his glorious Design of marrying her, tho' he were forc'd for it to wander in the farthest Parts of the Earth with his lovely Prize. He begs she will not disesteem him for this Scandal on his Fame, for he was all Love, all soft Desire, and had no other Design than that of making himself Master of that greatest Treasure in the World; that of the possessing the most charming, the all-ravishing *Sylvia*: In return, she paid him all the Vows that could secure an Infidel in Love, she made him all the indearing Advances a Heart could wish, wholly given up to tender Passion, insomuch that he believes, and is the gayest Man that ever was blest by Love. And the Messenger who was present all this while, found that this caballing with the *French* Spies, was only an innocent Design to give himself away to a fine young Lady: And therefore gave them all the Freedom they desir'd; and which they made use of to the most Advantage Love could direct or Youth inspire. This Suffering with *Octavio* begot a Pity and Compassion in the Heart of *Sylvia*, and that grew up to Love; for he had all the Charms that could inspire, and every Hour was adding new Fire to her Heart, which at last burnt into a Flame; such Power has mighty Obligation on a Heart that has any grateful Sentiments. And yet

yet when she was absent a-Nights from *Octavio*, and thought on *Philander's* Passion for *Calista*, she would rage and rave, and find the Effects of wondrous Love, and wondrous Pride, and be even ready to make Vows against *Octavio*: But those were Fits that seldomer seiz'd her now, and every Fit was like a departing Ague, still weaker than the former, and at the Sight of *Octavio* all would vanish, her Blushes would rise and discover the soft Thoughts her Heart conceiv'd for the approaching Lover; and she soon found that vulgar Error of the Impossibility of loving more than once. It was four Days they thus remain'd without being call'd to the Council, and every Day brought its new Joys along with it: They were never asunder, never interrupted with any Visit, but one for a few Moments in a Day by *Octavio's* Uncle, and then he would go into his own Apartment to receive him: He offer'd to bail him out; but *Octavio*, who had found more real Joy there, than in any Part of the Earth besides, evaded the Obligation, by telling his Uncle he would be oblig'd to nothing but his Innocence for his Liberty: So would get rid of the fond old Gentleman, who never knew a Passion but for his darling Nephew, and return with as much Joy to the Lodgings of *Sylvia* as if he had been absent a Week, which is an Age to a Lover; there they sometimes would play at Cards, where he would lose considerable Sums to her, or at Hazard; or be studying what they should do next to pass the Hours most to her Content; not but he had rather have lain eternally at her Feet, gazing, dotting, and saying a thousand fond things, which at every View he took were conceiv'd in his Soul: And tho' but this last Minute he had finish'd, saying all that Love could dictate, he found his Heart oppress'd with a vast Store of new Softness, which he languish'd to unload in her ravishing Bosom: But she, who was not arriv'd to his pitch of loving, diverts his softer Hours with Play sometimes, and otherwhile with making him follow her into the Gallery, which was adorn'd with pleasant Pictures, all of *Hempskerk's* Hand, which afforded great Variety

of Objects very Drole and Antique, *Octavio* finding something to say of every one that might be of Advantage to his own Heart; for whatever Argument was in dispute, he would be sure to bring it home to the Passion he had for *Sylvia*; it should end in Love, however remotely begun: So strange an Art has Love to turn all things to the Advantage of a Lover.

'Twas thus they pass'd their Time, and nothing was wanting that lavish Expence could procure, and every Minute he advances to new Freedoms, and unspeakable Delights, but still such as might hitherto be allow'd with Honour; he sighs and wishes, he languishes and dies for more, but dares not utter the Meaning of one Motion of Breath, for he lov'd so very much, that every Look from those fair Eyes charm'd him, aw'd him to a Respect that robb'd him of many happy Moments a bolder Lover would have turn'd to his Advantage, and he treated her as if she had been an unspotted Maid; with Caution of offending, he had forgot that general Rule, That where the sacred Laws of Honour are once invaded, Love makes the easier Conquest.

All this while you may imagine *Brilliard* endur'd no little Torment, he could not on the one side determine what the *States* would do with him, when once they should find him a false Accuser of so great a Man, and on the other side he suffer'd a thousand Pains and Jealousies from Love; he knew too well the Charms and Power of *Octavio*, and what Effects Importunity and Opportunity have on the Temper of feeble Woman: He found the *States* did not make so considerable a Matter of his being impeach'd, as to confine him strictly, and he dies with the Fears of those happy Moments he might possibly enjoy with *Sylvia*, where there might be no Spies about her to give him any kind Intelligence; and all that could afford him any Glimpse of Consolation, was, that while they were thus confin'd, he was out of Fear of their being marry'd. *Octavio's* Uncle this while was not idle, but taking it for a high Indignity his Nephew should remain so long without being heard, he mov'd it to the Council,

Council, and accordingly they sent for him to the State-House the next Morning, where *Brilliard* was brought to confront him; whom, as soon as *Octavio* saw, with a scornful Smile, he cry'd — *'Tis well, Brilliard, that you, who durst not fight me fairly, should find out this nobler way of ridding your self of a Rival: I am glad at least that I have no more honourable a Witness against me. Brilliard, who never before wanted Assurance, at this Reproach was wholly confounded; for it was not from any Villany in his Nature, but the absolute Effects of mad and desperate Passion, which put him on the only Remedy that could relieve him; and looking on Octavio with modest Blushes, that half pleaded for him, he cry'd* — *Yes, my Lord, I am your Accuser, and come to charge your Innocence with the greatest of Crimes, and you ought to thank me for my Accusation; when you shall know 'tis* *Regard to my own Honour, violent Love for Sylvia, and extream Respect to your Lordship, has made me thus saucy with your unspotted Fame. How,* reply'd *Octavio,* *shall I thank you for accusing me with a Plot upon the State? Yes, my Lord,* reply'd *Brilliard; and yet you had a Plot to betray the State, and by so new a Way, as could be found out by none but so great and brave a Man —* *Heav'ns,* reply'd *Octavio, enrag'd, this is an Impudence, that nothing but a Traitor to his own King, and one bred up in Plots and Mischiefs, could have invented: I betray my own Countrey? —* *Yes, my Lord,* cry'd he (more briskly than before, seeing *Octavio* colour so at him) *to all the Looseness of unthinking Youth, to all the Breach of Laws both Human and Divine; if all the Youth should follow your Example, you would betray Posterity itself; and only mad Confusion would abound: In short, my Lord, that Lady who was taken with you by the Messenger was my Wife: And going towards Sylvia, who was struck as with a Thunder-Bolt, he seiz'd her Hand, and cry'd, —* while all stood gazing on — *This Lady, Sir, I mean — she is my Wife, my lawful marry'd Wife. At this Sylvia could no longer hold her Patience within its Bounds, but with that other Hand he had left her, she struck*

him a box on the Ear, that almost stagger'd him, coming unawares; and as she struck, she cry'd aloud, *Thou ly'st, base Villain — and I'll be reveng'd*; and flinging her self out of his Hand, she got on the other side of Octavio, while the whole Company remain'd confounded at what they saw and heard. *How*, cry'd out old Sebastian, Uncle to Octavio, *a Woman, this? By my Troth, sweet Lady, (if you be one) methought you were a very pretty Fellow*: And turning to Brilliard, he cry'd, — *Why, what Sir, then it seems all this Noise of betraying the State was but a Cuckold's Dream. Hab!* and this wonderful and dangerous Plot, was but one upon your Wife, Sir; *hab*, — *was it so? Marry, Sir, at this rate, I rather think 'tis you have a Design of betraying the State — you cuckoldy Knaves that bring your handsome Wives to seduce our young Senators from their Sobriety and Wits. Are these the Recompences*, reply'd Brilliard, *you give the Injur'd, and in lieu of restoring me my Right, am I reproach'd with the most scandalous Infamy that can befall a Man? Well, Sir, reply'd Sebastian, is this all you have to charge this Gentleman with? At which he bow'd, and was silent — and Sebastian continu'd — If your Wife, Sir, have a Mind to my Nephew, or he to her, it should have been your Care to have forbid it, or prevented it, by keeping her under Lock and Key, if no other way to be secur'd; and, Sir, we do not sit here to relieve Fools and Cuckolds; if your Lady will be civil to my Nephew, what's that to us: Let her speak for her self: What say you, Madam? — I say,* reply'd Sylvia, *that this Fellow is mad and raves, that he is my Vassal, my Servant, my Slave; but, after this, unworthy of the meanest of these Titles. This she spoke with a Disdain that sufficiently shew'd the Pride and Anger of her Soul — La you, Sir,* reply'd Sebastian, *you are discharg'd your Lady's Service, 'tis a plain Case she has more mind to the young Count than the Husband, and we cannot compel People to be honest against their Inclinations. And coming down from the Seat where he sat, he embrac'd Octavio a hundred times, and told the Board, he was extremely glad they found the mighty Plot but a Vagary* of

of Youth, and the Spleen of a jealous Husband or Lover, or whatsoever other malicious thing; and desir'd the angry Man might be discharg'd, since he had so just a Provocation as the loss of a Mistress. So all laughing at the Jest, that had made so great a Noise among the Grave and Wife, they freed 'em all: And *Sebastian* advis'd his Nephew, that the next Cuckold he made he would make a Friend of him first, that he might hear of no more Complaints against him. But *Octavio* very gravely reply'd: *Sir, you have infinitely mistaken the Character of this Lady, she is a Person of too great Quality for this Railery; at more leisure you shall have her Story.* While he was speaking this, and their Discharges were making, *Sylvia*, confounded with Shame, Indignation, and Anger, goes out, and taking *Octavio*'s Coach that stood at the Gate, went directly to his House, for she resolv'd to go no more where *Brilliard* was. After this *Sebastian* fell seriously to good Advice, and earnestly besought his Darling to leave off those wild Extravagancies that had so long made so great a Discourse all the Province over, where nothing but his splendid Amours, Treats, Balls, and Magnificences of Love, was the Business of the Town, and that he had forborn to tell him of it, and had hitherto justify'd his Actions, tho' they had not deserv'd it; and he doubted this was the Lady to whom for these six or eight Months he heard he had so intirely dedicated himself: He desires him to quit this Lady, or if he will pursue his Love, to do it discreetly, to love some unmarried Woman, and not injure his Neighbours; to all which he blush'd and bow'd, and silently seem'd to thank him for his grave Counsel. And *Brilliard* having receiv'd his Discharge, and Advice how he provok'd the Displeasure of the *States* any more, by accusing of great Persons, he was ordered to ask *Octavio*'s Pardon; but, in lieu of that, he came up to him and challeng'd him to fight him for the Injustice he had done him, in taking from him his Wife; for he was sure he was undone in her Favour, and that Thought made him mad enough to put himself on this second Extravagancy: However this was not so silently manag'd but *Sebastian* perceiv'd it, and was

so inrag'd at the young Fellow for his second Insolence, that he was again confin'd, and sent back to Prison, where he swore he should suffer the utmost of the Law: And the Council breaking up, every one departed to his own Home. But never was Man ravish'd with Excess of Joy as *Octavio* was, to find *Sylvia* meet him with extended Arms on the Stair-Case, whom he did not imagine to have found there, nor knew he how he stood in the Heart of that Charmer of his own, since the Affront she had receiv'd in the Court from those that however did not know her, for they did not imagine this was that Lady, Sister to *Philander*, of whose Beauty they had heard so much, and her Face being turn'd from the Light, the old Gentlemen did not so much consider or see it. *Sylvia* came into his House the back way, through the Stables and Garden, and had the good Fortune to be seen of none of his Family but the Coach-man, who brought her home, whom she conjur'd not to speak of it to the rest of his Servants: And unseen of any Body she got into his Apartment, for often she had been there at Treats and Balls with *Philander*. She was alone, for *Antonet* stay'd to see what became of her false Lover, and, after he was seiz'd again, retir'd to her Lodging the most disconsolate Woman in the World, for having lost her Hopes of *Brilliard*, to whom she had engag'd all that Honour she had. But when she miss'd her Lady there, she accus'd her self with all the Falshood in the World, and fell to repent her Treachery. She sends the Page to enquire at *Octavio*'s House, but nobody there could give him any Intelligence; so that the poor amorous Youth returning without Hope, endur'd all the Pain of a hopeless Lover, for *Octavio* had a-new charm'd his Coachman: And calling up an ancient Woman who was his House-keeper, who had been his Nurse, he acquainted her with the short History of his Passion for *Sylvia*, and order'd her to give her Attendance on the Treasure of his Life; he bid her prepare all things as magnificent as she could in that Apartment he design'd her, which was very rich and gay, and towards a fine Garden: The Hangings and Beds all glorious, and fitter for
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a Monarch than a Subject; the finest Pictures the World afforded, Flowers in-laid with Silver and Ivory, gilded Roofs, carved Wainscot, Tables of Plate, with all the rest of the Moveables in the Chambers of the same, all of great value, and all was perfum'd like an Altar, or the Marriage-Bed of some young King. Here *Sylvia* was design'd to lodge, and hither *Octavio* conducted her; and setting her on a Couch while the Supper was getting ready, he sits himself down by her, and his Heart being ready to burst with Grief, at the Thought of the Claim which was laid to her by *Brilliard*, he silently views her, while Tears were ready to break from his fix'd Eyes, and Sighs stoppt what he would fain have spoke: While she (wholly confounded with Shame, Guilt, and Disappointment, for she could not imagine that *Brilliard* could have had the Impudence to have claim'd her for a Wife) fix'd her fair Eyes to the Earth, and durst not behold the languishing *Octavio*. They remain'd thus a long time silent, she not daring to defend her self from a Crime, of which she knew too well she was guilty, nor he daring to ask her a Question to which the Answer might prove so fatal; he fears to know what he dies to be satisfy'd in, and she fears to discover too late a Secret which was the only one she had conceal'd from him. *Octavio* runs over in his Mind a thousand Thoughts that perplex him, of the Probability of her being marry'd; he considers how often he had found her with that happy young Man, who more freely entertain'd her than Servants use to do: He now considers how he had seen 'em once on a Bed together, when *Sylvia* was in the Disorder of a yielding Mistress, and *Brilliard* of a ravish'd Lover; he considers how he has found 'em alone at Cards and Dice, and often entertaining her with Freedoms of a Husband, and how he wholly manag'd her Affairs, commanded her Servants like their proper Master, and was in full Authority of all. These, and a thousand more Circumstances, confirm *Octavio* in all his Fears: A thousand times she is about to speak, but either Fear to lose *Octavio* by clear Confession, or to run her self into farther Error by denying the Matter of Fact, stops her

Words, and she only blushes and sighs at what she dares not tell; and if by chance their speaking Eyes meet, they would both decline 'em hastily again, as afraid to find there what their Language could not confess. Sometimes he would press her Hand and sigh — *Ah, Sylvia, you have undone my Quiet*; to which she would return no Answer, but sigh; and now rising from the Couch, she walk'd about the Chamber as sad and silent as Death, attending when he should have advanc'd in speaking to her, tho' she dreads the Voice she wishes to hear, and he waits for her Reply, tho' the Mouth that he adores should deliver Poison and Daggers to his Heart. While thus they remain'd in the most silent and sad Entertainment (that ever was between Lovers that had so much to say) the Page, which *Octavio* only trusts to wait, brought him this Letter.

BRILLIARD to OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

I Am too sensible of my many high Offences to your Lordship, and have as much Penitence for my Sin committed towards you as 'tis possible to conceive; but when I implore a Pardon from a Lover, who by his own Passion may guess at the violent Effects of my despairing Flame, I am yet so vain to hope it. *Artonet* gave me the Intelligence of your Design, and rais'd me up to a Madness that hurry'd me to that Barbarity against your unspotted Honour. I own the Baseness of the Fact, but Lovers are not, my Lord, always guided by Rules of Justice and Reason; or if I had, I should have kill'd the fair Adulteress that drew you to your Undoing, and who merits more your Hate than your Regard; and who having first violated her Marriage Vow to me with *Philander*, would sacrifice us both to you, and at the same time betray you to a Marriage that cannot but prove fatal to you, as it is most unlawful in her; so that, my Lord, if I have injur'd you, I have at the same time sav'd you from a Sin and Ruin, and humbly implore that you will suffer the Good I have render'd you in the last to atone for the Ill I did you in the first. If I have accus'd you of a Design against the State, it

was

was to save you from that of the too subtle and too charming *Sylvia*, which none but myself could have snatch'd you from: 'Tis true, I might have acted something more worthy of my Birth and Education; but, my Lord, I knew the Power of *Sylvia*; and if I should have sent you the Knowledge of this, when I sent the Warrant for the Security of your Person, the haughty Creature would have prevail'd above all my Truths with the Eloquence of Love, and you had yielded and been betray'd worse by her, than by the most ungenerous Measures I took to prevent it: Suffer this Reason, my Lord, to plead for me in that Heart where *Sylvia* reigns, and shews how powerful she is every where. Pardon all the Faults of a most unfortunate Man undone by Love, and by your own, guess what his Passion would put him on, who aims or wishes at least for the intire Possession of *Sylvia*, tho' it was never absolutely hop'd by the most unfortunate

BRILLIARD.

At the beginning of this Letter *Octavio* hop'd it contain'd the Confession of his Fault in claiming *Sylvia*; he hop'd he would have own'd it done in order to his Service to his Lord, or his Love to *Sylvia*, or any thing but what it really was; but when he read on—and found that he yet confirm'd his Claim, he yielded to all the Grief that could sink a Heart over-burthen'd with violent Love; he fell down on the Couch where he was sate, and only calling *Sylvia* with a dying Groan, he held out his Hand in which the Letter remain'd, and look'd on her with Eyes that languish'd with Death, Love, and Despair; while she, who already fear'd from whom it came, receiv'd it with Disdain, Shame, and Confusion: And *Octavio* recovering a little—cry'd in a faint Voice—*See, Charming, Cruel Fair—see how much my Soul adores you, when even this—cannot extinguish one Spark of that Flame you have kindled in my Soul:* At this she blush'd and bow'd with a graceful Modesty that was like to have given the Lie to all the Accusations against her: She reads the Letter, while he greedily fixes his Eyes upon her Face as she read, observing with curious Search every

every Motion there, all killing and adorable. He saw her Blushes sometimes rise, then sink again to their proper Fountain, her Heart; there swell and rise, and beat against her Breast that had no other covering than a thin Shirt, for all her Bosom was open, and betray'd the nimble Motion of her Heart. Her Eyes sometimes would sparkle with Disdain, and glow upon the fatal tell-tale Lines; and sometimes languish with Excess of Grief: But having concluded the Letter, she laid it on the Table and began again to traverse the Room, her Head inclin'd, and her Arms across her Bosom. *Octavio* made too true an Interpretation of this Silence and Calm in *Sylvia*, and no longer doubted his Fate. He fixes his Eyes eternally upon her, while she considers what she shall say to that afflicted Lover; she considers *Philander* lost, or if he ever returns, 'tis not to Love, so that he was for ever gone; for too well she knew no Arts, Obligations, or Industry, could retrieve a flying *Cupid*: She found if even that could return, his whole Fortune was so exhausted he could not support her; and that she was of a Nature so haughty and impatient of Injuries, that she could never forgive him those Affronts he had done her Honour first, and now her Love, she resolves no Law or Force shall submit her to *Brilliard*; she finds this Fallacy she had put on *Octavio*, has ruin'd her Credit in his Esteem, at least she justly fears it; so that believing her self abandoned by all in a strange Countrey, she fell to weeping her Fate, and the Tears wet the Floor as she walk'd: At which Sight so melting, *Octavio* starts from the Couch, and catching her in his trembling Arms, he cry'd, *Be false, be Cruel, and Deceitful; yet still I must, I am compell'd to adore you*—This being spoken in so hearty and resolv'd a Tone, from a Man of whose Heart she was so sure, and knew to be so generous, gave her a little Courage—and like sinking Men she catches at all that presents her any Hope of escaping. She resolves by discovering the whole Truth to save that last Stake, his Heart, tho' she could pretend to no more; and taking the fainting Lover by the Hand, she leads him to the Couch; *Well*, said she,

she, Octavio, you are too generous to be impos'd on in any thing, and therefore I will tell you my Heart without Reserve as absolutely as to Heav'n it self, if I were interceding my last Peace there. She begg'd a thousand Pardons of him for having conceal'd any Part of her Story from him, but she could no longer be guilty of that Crime, to a Man for whom she had so perfect a Passion; and as she spoke she embrac'd him with an unresistible Softness that wholly charm'd him: She reconciles him with every Touch, and sighs on his Bosom a thousand grateful Vows and Excuses for her Fault, while he weeps his Love, and almost expires in her Arms; she is not able to see his Passion and his Grief, and tells him she will do all things for his Repose. *Ah Sylvia, sigh'd he, talk not of my Repose, when you confess your self Wise to one and Mistress to another, in either of which I have alas no Part: Ah, what is reserv'd for the unfortunate Octavio, when two happy Lovers divide the Treasure of his Soul? Yet tell me Truth, because it will look like Love; shew me that excellent Virtue so rarely found in all your fickle Sex. Oh! tell me Truth, and let me know how much my Heart can bear before it break with Love; and yet perhaps to hear thee speak to me with that insinuating dear Voice of thine, may save me from the Terror of thy Words; and tho' each make a Wound, their very Accents have a Balm to heal! Oh quickly pour it then into my listening Soul and I'll be silent as o'er-ravish'd Lovers, whom Joys have charm'd to tender Sighs and Pantings.* At this, embracing her anew, he let fall a Shower of Tears upon her Bosom, and sighing cry'd—*Now I attend thy Story:* She then began anew the Repetition of the Loves between her self and Philander; which she slightly ran over, because he had already heard every Circumstance of it, both from herself and Philander; till she arriv'd to that Part of it where she left Bellfont, her Father's House: *Thus far, said she, you have had a faithful Relation; and I was no sooner miss'd by my Parents, but you may imagine the diligent Search that would be made both by Foscario, who I was to have marry'd the next Day, and my tender Parents; but all Search, all Huc-and-Cries were vain; at last they put*
me

me into the weekly Gazette, describing me to the very Features of my Face, my Hair, my Breast, my Stature, Youth and Beauty, omitting nothing that might render me apparent to all that should see me, offering vast Sums to any that should give Intelligence of such a lost Maid of Quality. Philander, who understood too well the Nature of the common People, and that they would betray their very Fathers for such a proffer'd Sum, durst trust me no longer to their Mercy: His Affairs were so involv'd with those of Cesario, he could not leave Paris; for they every Moment expected the People should rise against their King, and those glorious Chiefs of the Faction were oblig'd to wait and watch the Motions of the dirty Crowd. Nor durst he trust me in any Place from him, for he could not live a Day without me; (at that Thought she sigh'd, and then went on;) so that I was oblig'd to remain obscurely lodg'd in Paris, where now I durst no longer trust my self, though disguis'd in as many Shapes as I was oblig'd to have Lodgings. At last we were betray'd, and had only the short Notice given us to yield or secure our selves from the Hand of Justice by the next Morning, when they design'd to surprize us: To escape we found almost impossible, and very hazardous to attempt it; so that Philander, who was raving with his Fear, call'd my self and this young Gentleman, Brilliard (then Master of his Horse) and one that had serv'd us faithfully through the whole Course of our Lives, to Council: Many things were in vain debated, but at last this hard shift was found out of marrying me to Brilliard, for to Philander it was impossible; so that no Authority of a Father could take me from the Husband. I was at first extremely unwilling, but when Philander told me it was to be only a Mock-Marriage to secure me to himself, I was reconcil'd to it, and more when I found the infinite Submission of the young Man, who vow'd he would never look up to me with the Eyes of a Lover or Husband, but in Obedience to his Lord did it to preserve me intirely for him; nay farther, to secure my future Fear, he confess'd to me he was already privately marry'd to a Gentlewoman by whom he had two Children. Oh—tell me true, my Sylvia, was he marry'd to another! Cry'd

out

out the over-joy'd Lover. *Yes, on my Life, reply'd Sylvia; for when it was prov'd in Court that I was marry'd to Brilliard (as at last I was, and innocently bedded) this Lady came and brought her Children to me, and falling at my Feet wept and implor'd I would not own her Husband, for only she had right to him; we all were forc'd to discover to her the Truth of the Matter, and that he had only marry'd me to secure me from the Rage of my Parents; that if he were her Husband she was still as entirely possess'd of him as ever, and that he had advanc'd her Fortune in what he had done, for she should have him restor'd with those Advantages that should make her Life, and that of her Children more comfortable; and Philander making both her and the Children considerable Presents, sent her away very well satisfy'd. After this, before People, we us'd him to a thousand Freedoms, but when alone, he retain'd his Respect intire; however this us'd him to something more Familiarity than formerly, and he grew to be more a Companion than a Servant, as indeed we desir'd he should, and of late have found him more Presumptuous than usual: And thus much more, I must confess, I have Reason to believe him a most passionate Lover, and have lately found he had Designs upon me, as you well know.*

Judge now, oh dear Octavio, how unfortunate I am; yet judge too, whether I ought to esteem this a Marriage, or him a Husband? No, reply'd Octavio, more briskly than before, nor can he by the Laws of God or Man pretend to such a Blessing, and you may be divorc'd. Pleas'd with this Thought, he soon assum'd his native Temper of Joy and Softness, and making a thousand new Vows that he would perform all he had sworn on his Part, and imploring and pressing her to renew those she had made to him, she obeys him; she makes a thousand grateful Returns, and they pass the Evening the most happily that ever Lovers did. By this time Supper was serv'd up, noble and handsome, and after Supper he led her to his Closet, where he presented her with Jewels and other Rarities of great Value, and omitted nothing that might oblige an avaricious designing Woman, if Sylvia had been such;

such; nor any thing that might beget Love and Gratitude in the most insensible Heart: And all he did, and all he gave, was with a peculiar Grace, in which there lyes as great an Obligation as in the Gift it self: The handsome way of giving being an Art so rarely known, even to the most Generous. In these happy and glorious Moments of Love, wherein the Lover omitted nothing that could please, *Philander* was almost forgotten; for 'tis natural for Love to beget Love, and Inconstancy its Likeness or Disdain: And we must conclude *Sylvia* a Maid wholly insensible if she had not been touch'd with Tenderness, and even Love it self, at all these extravagant Marks of Passion in *Octavio*; and it must be confess'd she was of a Nature soft and apt for Impression; she was, in a Word, a Woman. She had her Vanities and her little Foibleses, and lov'd to see Adorers at her Feet, especially those in whom all things, all Graces, Charms of Youth, Wit, and Fortune agreed to form for Love and Conquest: She naturally lov'd Power and Dominion, and it was her Maxim, That never any Woman was displeas'd, to find she could beget Desire.

'Twas thus they liv'd with uninterrupted Joys, no Spies to pry upon their Actions, no false Friends to censure their real Pleasures, no Rivals to poison their true Content, no Parents to give Bounds or grave Rules to the Destruction of nobler lavish Love; but all the Day was pass'd in new Delights, and every Day produc'd a thousand Pleasures; and even the Thoughts of Revenge were no more remembered on either side; it lessen'd in *Sylvia*'s Heart as Love advanc'd there, and her Resentment against *Philander* was lost in her growing Passion for *Octavio*: And sure if any Woman had Excuses for Loving and Inconstancy, the most Wise and Prudent must allow 'em now to *Sylvia*; and if she had Reason for Loving 'twas now, for what she paid the most deserving of his Sex, and whom she manag'd with that Art of Loving (if there be Art in Love) that she gain'd every Minute upon his Heart, and he became more and more her Slave the more he found he

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was belov'd: In spight of all *Brilliard's* Pretension he would have marry'd her, but durst not do it while he remain'd in *Holland*, because of the Noise *Brilliard's* Claim had made, and he fear'd the Displeasure of his Uncle; but waited for a more happy Time, when he could settle his Affairs so as to remove her into *Flanders*, tho' he could not tell how to accomplish that without ruining his Interest: These Thoughts alone took up his Time whenever he was absent from *Sylvia*, and would often give him abundance of Trouble, for he was given over to his Wish of possessing *Sylvia*, and could not live without her; he lov'd too much, and thought and consider'd too little. These were his eternal Entertainments when from the lovely Object of his Desire, which was as seldom as possible, for they were both unwilling to part, tho' Decency and Rest requir'd it, a thousand soft things would hinder him, and make her willing to retain him; and tho' they were to meet again next Morning, they grudge themselves the parting Hours, and the Repose of Nature. He longs and languishes for the blessed Moment that shall give him to the Arms of the ravishing *Sylvia*, and she finds but too much yielding on her Part in some of those silent lone Hours, when Love was most prevailing, and feeble Mortals most apt to be overcome by that insinuating God; so that tho' *Ostavio* could not ask what he sigh'd and dy'd for, tho' he resolv'd he would not press her, though for the safety of his Life, for any Favours; and though, on the other side, *Sylvia* resolv'd she would not grant, no, tho' mutual Vows had pass'd, tho' Love within pleaded, and almost irresistible Beauties and Inducements without, tho' all the Powers of Love, of Silence, Night and Opportunity, tho' on the very Point a thousand times of yielding, she had resisted all: But oh! one Night; let it not rise up in Judgment against her, you bashful modest Maids, who never yet try'd any powerful Minute; nor you chaste Wives, who give no Opportunities; one Night—they lost themselves in Dalliance, forgot how very near they were to yielding, and with imperfect Transports found

found themselves half dead with Love, clasp'd in each others Arms, betray'd by soft degrees of Joy to all they wish'd. 'Twould be too Amorous to tell you more; to tell you all that Night, that happy Night produc'd; let it suffice that *Sylvia* yielded all, and made *Octavio* happier than a God. At first he found her weeping in his Arms, raving on what she had inconsideringly done; and with her soft Reproaches chiding her ravish'd Lover, who lay sighing by, unable to reply any other way, he held her fast in those Arms that trembled yet, with Love and new-past Joy; he found a Pleasure even in her Railing, with a Tenderness that spoke more Love than any other Language Love could speak. Betwixt his Sighs he pleads his Right of Love, and the Authority of his solemn Vows, he tells her that the Marriage Ceremony was but contriv'd to satisfy the Ignorant, and to proclaim his Title to the Crowd, but Vows and Contracts were the same to Heaven: He speaks——and she believes; and well she might, for all he spoke was honourable Truth. He knew no Guile, but utter'd all his Soul, and all that Soul was honest, just and brave; thus by degrees he brought her to a Calm.

In this soft Rencounter he had discover'd a thousand new Charms in *Sylvia*, and contrary to those Men, whose end of Love is Lust (which extinguish together) *Octavio* found Encrease of Tenderness from every Bliss she gave; and grew at last so fond——so doting on the still more charming Maid, that he neglected all his Interest, his Business in the State, and what he ow'd his Uncle, and his Friends, and became the common Theme over all the United Provinces, for his Wantonness and Luxury, as they were pleas'd to call it; and living so contrary to the Humour of those more sordid and slovenly Men of Quality, which make up the Nobility of that parcel of the World. For while thus he liv'd retir'd, scarce visiting any one, or permitting any to visit him, they charge him with a thousand Crimes of having given himself over to Effeminacy; as indeed he grew too lazy in her Arms; neglecting Glory, Arms and Power, for the more real Joys

Joys of Life; while she even rifles him with Extravagancy; and grows so bold and hardy, that regarding not the Humours of the stingy censorious Nation, his Interest, or her own Fame, she is seen every Day in his Coaches going to take the Air out of Town; puts him upon Balls, and vast expensive Treats; devises new Projects and Ways of Diversion, 'till some of the more busy Impertinents of the Town made a publick Complaint to his Uncle, and the rest of the *States*, urging he was a Scandal to the Reverend and Honourable Society. On which it was decreed that he should either lose that Honour, or take up, and live more according to the Gravity and Authority of a Senator: This incensed *Sebastian*, both against the *States* and his Nephew; for tho' he had often reprov'd and counsell'd him, yet he scorn'd his Darling should be school'd by his Equals in Power. So that resolving either to discard him, or draw him from the Love of this Woman; he one Morning goes to his Nephew's House, and sending him up Word by his Page he would speak to him, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he found him in his Night-Gown: He began to upbraid him, first with his want of Respect and Duty to him, and next, of his Affairs, neglecting to give his Attendance on the Publick: He tells him he is become a Scandal to the Common-wealth, and that he liv'd a lewd Life with another Man's Wife: He tells him he has all her Story, and she was not only a Wife, but a scandalous Mistress too to *Philander*: *She boasts, says he, of honourable Birth; but what's that, when her Conduct is infamous?* In short, Sir, continu'd he, *your Life is obnoxious to the whole Province: Why what Sir, — cannot honest Men's Daughters (cry'd he more angrily) serve your turn, but you must crack a Commandment? Why, this is flat Adultery: A little Fornication in a civil Way might have been allow'd, but this is stark naught. In fine, Sir, quit me this Woman, and quit her me presently; or, in the first Place I renounce thee, cast thee from me as a Stranger, and will leave thee to Ruin, and the incensed States. A little Pleasure — a little Recreation, I can allow:*

low: *A Layer of Love, and a Layer of Business*—But to neglect the Nation for a *Wench*, is flat *Treason* against the State; and I wish there were a Law against all such unreasonable *Whore-Masters*—that are *States-Men*—for the rest 'tis no great matter. Therefore in a Word, Sir, leave me off this *Mistress* of yours, or we will secure her yet for a *French Spy*, that comes to debauch our *Common-wealths-Men*—The States can do it Sir, they can—Hitherto *Octavio* receiv'd all with Blush and Bow, in sign of Obedience; but when his Uncle told him the States would fend away his *Mistress*; no longer able to contain his Rage, he broke out into all the Violence imaginable against them, and swore he would not now forgo *Sylvia* to be Monarch over all the nasty Provinces, and 'twas a greater Glory to be a Slave at her Feet. Go, tell your States, cry'd he, — they are a Company of *Cynical Fops*, born to moil on in sordid Business, who never were worthy to understand so great a Happiness of Life as that of nobler Love. Tell 'em, I scorn the dull Gravity of those *Asses* of the *Common-wealth*, fit only to bear the dirty Load of State-Affairs, and die old busie Fools. The Uncle, who little expected such a Return from him who us'd to be all Obedience, began more gently to persuade him with more solid Reason, but could get no other Answer from him, than that what he commanded he should find it difficult to disobey; and so for that time they parted. Some Days after (he never coming so much as near their Councils) they sent for him to answer the Contempt: He came and receiv'd abundance of hard Reproaches, and finding they were resolv'd to degrade him, he presently rally'd them in Answer to all they said; nor could all the Cautions of his Friends persuade him to any Submission, after receiving so rough and ill-bred a Treatment as they gave him: And impatient to return to *Sylvia*, where all his Joys were center'd, he was with much a-do persuaded to stay and hear the Resolution of the Council, which was to take from him those Honours he held amongst them; at which he cock'd and smil'd, and told 'em he receiv'd what he was much more proud

of than of those useleſs Trifles they call'd Honours, and wiſhes they might treat all that ſerv'd them at that ungrateful Rate; For he that had receiv'd a hundred Wounds, and loſt a Stream of Blood for their Security, ſhall, if he kiſs their Wives againſt their Wills, be baniſh'd like a Coward: So haſting from the Council he got into his Coach, and went to *Sylvia*. This incens'd the old Gentleman to a high Degree, and they carry'd it againſt the younger Party (becauſe more in Number) that this French Lady who was for High-Treaſon, as they call'd it, forc'd to fly *France*, ſhould be no longer protected in *Holland*. And in Order to her Removal, or rather their Revenge on *Octavio*, they ſent out their Warrant to apprehend her; and either to ſend her as an Enemy to *France*, or force her to ſome other part of the World. For a Day or two *Sebaſtian's* Intereſt prevail'd for the ſtopping the Warrant, believing he ſhould be able to bring his Nephew to ſome Submiſſion; which when he found in vain he betook himſelf to his Chamber, and refus'd any Viſits or Diversions: By this time *Octavio's* rallying the States, was become the Jeſt of the Town, and all the Sparks laugh'd at them as they paſt, and lampoon'd 'em to damnable Dutch Tunes, which ſo highly incens'd 'em that they ſent immediately and ſerv'd the Warrant on *Sylvia*, whom they ſurpriz'd in *Octavio's* Coach as ſhe was coming from taking the Air. You may imagine what an Agony of Trouble and Grief our generous and ſurpriz'd Lover was in: It was in vain to make Reſiſtance, and he who before would not have ſubmitted to have ſav'd his Life, to the States, now for the Preſervation of one Moment's Content to *Sylvia*, was ready to go and fall at their Feet, kiſs their Shoes, and implore their Pity. He firſt accompanies her to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, where he only is permitted to behold her with Eyes of dying Love, and unable to ſay any thing to her, left her with ſuch Gifts, and Charge to the Meſſenger's Care, as might oblige him to treat her well; while *Sylvia* leſs ſurpriz'd, bid him, at going from her, not to afflict himſelf for any thing ſhe ſuffer'd; ſhe

found it was the Malice of the peevish old Magistrates, and that the most they could do to her, was to send her from him: This last she spoke with a Sigh, that pierc'd his Heart more sensibly than ever any thing yet had done; and he only reply'd (with a Sigh) *No, Sylvia, no rigid Power on Earth shall ever be able to deprive you of my eternal Adoration, or to separate me one Moment from Sylvia, after she is compell'd to leave this ungrateful Place; and whose Departure I will hasten all that I can, since the Land is not worthy of so great a Blessing.* So leaving her for a little Space, he hasten'd to his Uncle, whom he found very much discontented: He throws himself at his Feet, and assails him with all the moving Eloquence of Sighs and Tears; in vain was all, in vain alas he pleads. From this he flies to Rage——and says all a distracted Lover could pour forth to ease a tortur'd Heart; what Divinity did he not provoke? Wholly regardless even of Heav'n and Man, he made a publick Confession of his Passion, deny'd her being marry'd to *Brilliard*, and weeps as he protests her Innocence: He kneels again, implores and begs anew, and made the moving'st Moan that ever touch'd a Heart, but could receive no other Return but Threats and Frowns: The old Gentleman had never been in Love since he was born, no not enough to marry, but bore an unaccountable Hate to the whole Sex, and therefore was pitiless to all he could say on the Score of Love; tho' he endeavours to soften him by a thousand things more dear to him. *For, my sake, Sir,* said he, *if ever my soft Plea were grateful to you, when all your Joy was in the young Octavio; release, release the charming Sylvia; regard her tender Youth, her blooming Beauty, her timorous helpless Sex, her noble Quality, and save her from rude Assaults of Power——Oh save the lovely Maid!* This he utter'd with interrupting Sighs and Tears, which fell upon the Floor as he pursu'd the Obdurate on his Knees: At last Pity touch'd his Heart, and he said——*Spare, Sir, the Character of your enchanting Circe; for I have heard too much of her, and what Mischiefs she has bred in France, abandoning her Honour, betraying a*

virtuous

virtuous Sister, defaming her noble Parents, and ruining an Illustrious young Nobleman, who was both her Brother and her Lover. This, Sir, in short, is the Character of your beauteous Innocent. Alas, Sir, reply'd Octavio, you never saw this Maid; or if you had, you would not be so cruel. Go too, Sir, reply'd the old Gentleman, I am not so soon soften'd at the Sight of Beauty. But do but see her, Sir, reply'd Octavio, and then perhaps you will be charm'd like me——You are a Fop, Sir, reply'd Sebastian, and if you would have me allow any Favour to your enchanting Lady, you must promise me first to abandon her, and marry the Widow of Monsieur——who is vastly rich, and whom I have so often recommended to you; she loves you too, and tho' she be not fair, she has the best Fortune of any Lady in the Netherlands. On these Terms, Sir, I am for a Reconciliation with you, and will immediately go and deliver the fair Prisoner; and she shall have her Liberty to go or stay, or do what she please——and now, Sir, you know my Will and Pleasure——Octavio found it vain to pursue him any farther with his Petitions; only reply'd, it was wondrous hard and cruel. To which the old one reply'd; 'Tis what must be done, I have resolv'd it, or my Estate in value above two hundred thousand Pounds, shall be disposed of to your Sister, the Countess of Clarinau: And this he ended with an Execration on himself if he did not do; and he was a Man that always was just to his Word.

Much more to this ungrateful Effect he spoke, and Octavio had Recourse to all the Dissimulation his generous Soul was capable of; and 'twas the first base thing, and sure the last that ever he was guilty of. He promises his Uncle to obey all his Commands and Injunctions, since he would have it so; and only begg'd he might be permitted but one Visit, to take his last leave of her: This was at first refused, but at last, provided he might hear what he said to her, he would suffer him to go: For, said the crafty old Man, (who knew too well the Cunning of Youth, *I will have no Tricks put upon me; I will not be outwitted by a young Knave:* This was the

worst part of all; he knew, if he alone could speak with her, they might have contriv'd, by handsome agreeing Flattery, to have accomplish'd their Design; which was, first, by the Authority of the old Gentleman to have freed her from Confinement; and next, to have settled his Affairs in the best Posture he could, and without valuing his Uncle's Fortune, his own being greater, he resolv'd to go with her into *Flanders* or *Italy*; but his going with him to visit her would prevent whatever they might resolve: But since the Liberty of *Sylvia* was first to be consider'd, he resolves——since it must be so, and leaves the rest to Time and his good Fortune. *Well then, Sir, said Octavio, since you have resolv'd your self, to be a Witness of those melancholy things, I shall possibly say to her, let us haste to end the great Affair——* Hang it, cry'd Sebastian, if I go I shall abuse the young Hussie, or commit some Indecency that will not be suitable to good Manners——I hope you will, Sir——reply'd Octavio——Whip 'em, whip 'em, reply'd the Uncle, I hate the young cozening Baggages, that wander about the World undoing young and extravagant Coxcombs; gots so they are naught, stark naught——Be sure dispatch as soon as you can; and——do you hear——let's have no Whining. Octavio, overjoy'd he should have her releas'd to Night, promis'd lavishly all he was urg'd to; and his Coach being at the Gate they both went immediately to the House of the Messenger; all the way the old Gentleman did nothing but rail against the Vices of the Age, and the Sins of Villainous Youth; the Snares of Beauty, and the Danger of witty Women; and of how ill Consequences these were to a Common-wealth. He said, if he were to make Laws, he would confine all young Women to Monasteries, where they should never see Man 'till Forty, and then come out and marry for Generation sake, no more: For his part he had never seen the Beauty that yet could inspire him with that silly thing call'd Love; and wonder'd what the Devil ail'd all the young Fellows of this Age that they talk'd of nothing else: At this rate they discours'd 'till they arriv'd at the Prison, and calling

calling for the Messenger, he conducted them both to the Chamber of the fair Prisoner, who was laid on a Couch, near which stood a Table with two Candles, which gave a great Light to that part of the Room, and made *Sylvia* appear more fair than ever, if possible. She had not that Day been dress'd but in a rich Night-Gown, and Cornets of the most advantagious Fashion: At his Approach she blush'd (with a secret Joy, which never had possess'd her Soul for him before) and spread a thousand Beauties round her fair Face: She was leaping with a transported Pleasure to his Arms, when she perceiv'd an old grave Person follow him into the Room; at which she re-assum'd a Strangeness, a melancholy Languishment, which charm'd no less than her Gaiety. She approaches 'em with a modest Grace in her beautiful Eyes; and by the Reception *Ostasio* gave her, she found that reverend Person was his Uncle, or at least some Body of Authority; and therefore assuming a Gravity unusual, she receiv'd 'em with all the Ceremony due to their Quality: And first she address'd her self to the old Gentleman, who stood gazing at her, without Motion; at which she was a little out of Countenance. When *Ostasio* perceiving it, approach'd his Uncle and cry'd, *Sir, this is the Lady*——*Sebastian* starting as from a Dream, cry'd——*Pardon me, Madam, I am a Fellow whom Age bath render'd less ceremanious than Youth: I have never yet been so happy as to have been us'd to a fair Lady. Women never took up one Minute of my more precious Time, but I have been a Satyr upon the whole Sex: And if my Treatment of you be rougher than your Birth and Beauty merits, I beseech you*——*fair Creature, pardon it, since I come in order to do you Service.* *Sir*, reply'd *Sylvia* (blushing with Anger at the Presence of a Man who had contributed to the having brought her to that Place) *I cannot but wonder at this sudden Change of Goodness, in a Person to whom I am indebted for part of my Misfortune, and which I shall no longer esteem as such, since it has occasion'd me a Happiness, and an Honour, to which I could no other Way have arriv'd.* This last she

spoke with usual insinuating Charms; the little Affectation of the Voice sweeten'd to all the Tenderneſs it was poſſible to put on, and ſo eaſy and natural to *Sylvia*: And if before the old Gentleman were ſeiz'd with ſome unuſual Pleaſure, which before he never felt about his icy and inſenſible Heart, and which now began to thaw at the Fire of her Eyes——I ſay, if before he were ſurpriz'd with looking, what was he when ſhe ſpoke——with a Voice ſo ſoft, and an Air ſo bewitching? He was all Eyes and Ears, and had uſe of no other Senſe but what inform'd thoſe: He gazes upon her, as if he waited and liſten'd what ſhe would farther ſay, and ſhe ſtood waiting for his Reply, 'till aſham'd, ſhe turn'd her Eyes into her Boſom, and knew not how to proceed. *Octavio* views both by Turns, and knows not how to begin the Diſcourſe again, it being his Uncle's Cue to ſpeak: But finding him altogether mute——he ſteps to him, and gently pull'd him by the Sleeve——but finds no Motion in him; he ſpeaks to him, but in vain, for he could hear nothing but *Sylvia's* charming Voice, nor ſaw nothing but her lovely Face, nor attended any thing but when ſhe would ſpeak again, and look that way. At this *Octavio* ſmil'd, and taking his Adorable by the Hand, he led her nearer her admiring Adverſary; whom ſhe approach'd with Modeſty and Sweetneſs in her Eyes, that the old Fellow, having never before beheld the like Viſion, was wholly vanquiſh'd, and his old Heart, burnt in the Socket, which being his laſt Blaze made the greater Fire. *Fine Lady*, cry'd he,——or rather *fine Angel*, how is it I ſhall expiate for a Barbarity that nothing could be guilty of but the Brute, who had not learn'd Humanity from your Eyes: What Atonement can I make for my Sin; and how ſhall I be puniſh'd? Sir, reply'd *Sylvia*, if I can merit your Eſteem and Aſſiſtance, to deliver me from this cruel Confinement, I ſhall think of what's paſt as a Joy, ſince it renders me worthy of your Pity and Compaſſion. To answer you, Madam, were to hold you under this unworthy Roof too long; therefore let me convince you of my Service, by leading you to a Place more fit for ſo fair a Perſon. And calling

calling for the Messenger, he ask'd him if he would take his Bail for his fair Prisoner; who reply'd, *Your Lordship may command all things*: So throwing him a little Purse, about thirty Pounds in Gold, he bid him drink the Lady's Health; and without more Ceremony or Talk, led her to the Coach; and never so much as asking her whither she would go, insensibly carries her, where he had a Mind to have her, to his own House: This was a little Affliction to *Octavio*, who nevertheless durst not say any thing to his Uncle, nor so much as ask him the Reason why: But being arriv'd all thither, he conducts her to a very fair Apartment, and bid her there command that World he could command for her: He gave her there a very magnificent Supper, and all three sup'd together, *Octavio* and *Sylvia* still wondring what would be the Issue of this Business; for *Octavio* could not imagine that his Uncle, who was a single Man, and a grave Senator, one fam'd for a Woman-Hater, a great Railer at the Vices of young Men, should keep a fair young single Woman in his House: But it growing late, and no Preparation for her Departing, she took the Courage to say——*Sir, I am so extreamly oblig'd to you, and have receiv'd so great a Favour from you, that I cannot flatter my self 'tis for any Virtue in me, or merely out of Compassion to my Sex, that you have done this; but for some Body's sake to whom I am more engag'd than I am aware of; and when you pass'd your Parole for my Liberty, I am not so vain to think it was for my Sake; therefore pray inform me, Sir, how I can pay this Debt, and to whom; and who it is you require should be bound for me, to save you harmless. Madam, cry'd Sebastian, tho' there need no greater Security than your own Innocence, yet lest that Innocence should not be sufficient to guard you from the Outrage of a People approaching to Savages, I beg for your own Security, not mine, that you will make this House your Sanctuary; my Power can save you from impending Harms; and all that I call mine, you shall command.* At this she blushing bow'd, but durst not make Reply to contradict him: She knew at least that there she was safe and well, free from
Fear

Fear of the Tyranny of the rest, or any other Apprehension: 'Tis true she found, by the Shyness of *Octavio* towards her before his Uncle, that she was to manage her Amour with him by stealth, 'till they could contrive Matters more to their Advantage: She therefore finding she should want nothing, but as much of *Octavio's* Conversation as she desir'd, she begg'd he would give her leave to write a Note to her Page, who was a faithful sober Youth, to bring her Jewels and what things she had of Value to her, which she did, and receiv'd those and her Servants together, who found a perfect Welcome to the old Lover; but *Antonet* had like to have lost her Place, but that *Octavio* pleaded for her, and she herself confessing 'twas Love to the false *Brilliard* that made her do that foolish thing (in which she vow'd she thought no Harm, tho' it was like to have cost her so dear) she was again receiv'd into Favour: So that for some Days *Sylvia* found her self very much at her Ease with the old Gentleman, and had no want of any thing but *Octavio's* Company: But she had the Pleasure to find by his Eyes and Sighs he wanted hers more: He dy'd every Day, and his fair Face faded like falling Roses: Still she was gay, for if she had it not about her, she assum'd it to keep him in Heart: She was not displeas'd to see the old Man on Fire too, and fancy'd some Diversion from the Intrigue: But he concealed his Passion all he could, both to hide it from his Nephew, and because he knew not what he ail'd: A strange Change he found, a wonderous Disorder in Nature, but could not give a Name to it, nor sigh aloud for fear he should be heard, and lose his Reputation; especially for this Woman, on whom he had rail'd so lavishly. One Day therefore, after a Night of Torment very incommode to his Age, he takes *Octavio* into the Garden alone, telling him he had a great Secret to impart to him. *Octavio* guessing what it might be, put his Heart in as good order as he could to receive it: He at least knew the worst was but for him at last to steal *Sylvia* from him, if he should be weak enough to dote on the young Charmer, and therefore resolv'd to hear with Patience.

tience. But if he were prepar'd to attend, the other was not prepar'd to begin, and so both walk'd many silent Turns about the Garden. *Sebastian* had a Mind to ask a thousand Questions of his Nephew, who he found, maugre all his Vows of deserting *Sylvia*, had no Power of doing it: He had a Mind to urge him to marry the Widow, but durst not now press it, tho' he us'd to do so, lest he should take it for Jealousie in him; nor durst he now forbid him seeing her, lest he should betray the Secrets of his Soul: He began every Moment to love him less, as he lov'd *Sylvia* more, and beholds him as an Enemy to his Repose, nay his very Life. At last the old Man (who thought if he brought his Nephew forth under Pretence of a Secret, and said nothing to him, it would have look'd ill) began to speak. *Octavio*, said he, *I have hitherto found you so just in all you have said, that 'twere a Sin to doubt you in what relates to Sylvia. You have told me she is nobly born; and you have with infinite Imprecations convinc'd me she is Virtuous; and lastly, you have sworn she was not marry'd*—— At this he sigh'd and paus'd, and left *Octavio* trembling with Fear of the Result: A thousand times he was like to have deny'd all, but durst not defame the most sacred Idol of his Soul: Sometimes he thought his Uncle would be generous, and think it fit to give him *Sylvia*; but that Thought was too Seraphick to remain a Moment in his Heart. Sir, reply'd *Octavio*, *I own I said so of Sylvia, and hope no Action she has committed since she had a Protection under your Roof has contradicted any thing I said. No*, said *Sebastian*, sighing——and pausing, as loath to speak more: Sir, said *Octavio*, *I suppose this is not the Secret you had to impart to me, for which you separate me to this lonely Walk; fear not to trust me with it, whatever it be, for I am so intirely your own, that I will grant, submit, prostrate my self, and give up all my Will, Power, and Faculties to your Interest or Designs.* This encourag'd the old Lover, who reply'd——*Tell me one Truth, Octavio, which I require of you, and I will desire no more*——*Have not you had the Possession of this fair Maid? You apprehend me.* Now it was that he fear'd what Design the Amorous old Gentleman

tleman had in his Head and Heart ; and was at a loss what to say, whether to give him some Jealousie that he had known and possess'd her, and so prevent his Designs on her ; or by saying he had not, to leave her defenceless to his Love. But on second Thoughts, he could not resolve to say any thing to the Disadvantage of *Sylvia*, tho' to save his own Life ; and therefore assur'd his Uncle he never durst assume the Boldness to ask so rude a Question of a Woman of her Quality : And much more he spoke to that purpose to convince him. That 'tis true he would have marry'd her, if he could have gain'd his Consent ; maugre all the Scandal that the malicious World had thrown upon her. But since he was positive in his Command for the Widow, he would bend his Mind to Obedience. *In that, reply'd Sebastian, you are Wise, and I am glad all your youthful Fires are blown over ; and having once fixt you in the World as I design, I have resolv'd on an Affair*——At this again he paus'd——*I am, says he, in Love*——*I think it is Love, or that which you call so : I cannot eat nor sleep, nor even pray, but this fair Stranger interposes ; or if by chance I slumber, all my Dreams are of her, I see her, I touch her, I embrace her, and find a Pleasure even then, that all my waking Thoughts could never procure me. If I go to the State-house, I mind nothing there, my Heart's at home with the Young Gentlewoman ; on the Change, or wheresoever I go, my restless Thoughts present her still before me : And prithee tell me, is not this Love, Octavio ? It may arrive to Love, reply'd the blushing Youth, if you would fondly give way to it : But you are Wise and Grave, should hate all Women, Sir, 'till about Forty, and then for Generation only : You are above the Follies of vain Youth. And let me tell you, Sir, without offending, already you are charg'd with a thousand little Vanities unsuitable to your Years, and the Character you have had, and the Figure you have made in the World. I heard a Lampoon on you the other Day,——Pardon my Freedom, Sir, for keeping a Beauty in your House, who they are pleas'd to say was my Mistress before. And pulling out a Lampoon, which his Page had before given him, he gave it his Uncle. But instead of making him*

him resolve to quit *Sylvia*, it only serv'd to incense him against *Octavio*; he rail'd at all Wits, and swore there was not a more dangerous Enemy to a civil, sober Commonwealth: That a Poet was to be banish'd as a Spy, or hang'd as a Traitor: That it ought to be as much against the Law to let 'em live, as to shoot with white Powder; and that to write Lampoons should be put into the Statute against Stabbing. And could he find the Rogue that had the Wit to write that, he would make him a Warning to all the Race of that damnable Vermin; what to abuse a Magistrate, one of the States, a very Monarch of the Commonwealth!—'twas abominable, and not to be borne, — and looking on his Nephew, — and considering his Face a while, he cry'd — *I fancy, Sir, by your Physiognomy, that you your self have a Hand in this Libel*: At which *Octavio* blush'd, which he taking for Guilt, flew out into terrible Anger against him, not suffering him to speak for himself, or clear his Innocence. And as he was going in this Rage from him, having forbidden him ever to set his Foot within his Doors, he told him, — *If, said he, the scandalous Town, from your Instructions, have such Thoughts of me, I will convince it by marrying this fair Stranger the first thing I do: I cannot doubt but to find a Welcome, since she is a banish'd Woman, without Friend or Protection; and especially when she shall see how civilly you have handled her here, in your Doggrel Ballad: I'll teach you to be a Wit, Sir; and so your humble Servant.* — And leaving him almost wild with his Fears, he went directly to *Sylvia*, where he told her his Nephew was going to make up the Match between himself and Madam the Widow of — and that he had made a scandalous Lampoon on her fair self. He forgot nothing that might make her hate the amiable young Nobleman, whom she knew too well to believe that any thing of this was other than the Effects of his own growing Passion for her. For tho' she saw *Octavio* every Day, in this time she had remain'd at his Uncle's, yet the old Lover so watch'd their very Looks, that 'twas impossible almost to tell one another's Heart by the Glance there. But *Octavio* had once

in this time convey'd a Letter to her, which having Opportunity to do, he put it into her Comb-box, when he was with his Uncle one Day in her Dressing-room; for he durst not trust her Page, and less *Antonet*, who had before betray'd 'em: And having for *Sylvia's* Release so solemnly sworn to his Uncle, (to which Vows he took Religious Care to keep him,) he had so perfect an Awe upon his Spirits from every Look and Command of his Uncle's, he took infinite heed how he gave him any Umbrage by any Action of his; and the rather because he hop'd when time should serve to bring about his Business of stealing *Sylvia* from him, for she was kept and guarded like a mighty Heiress; so that by this prudent Management on both sides, they heighten'd the growing Love in every Heart: In that Billet which he dropt in her Comb-box, he did not only make ten thousand Vows of Eternal Passion and Faith, and beg the same Assurance of her again; but told her he was secur'd (so well he thought of her) from fears of his Uncle's Addresses to her, and begg'd she would not let 'em perplex her, but rather serve her for her Diversion; that she should from time to time write him all he said to her, and how he treated her when alone; and that since the old Lover was so watchful, she should not trust her Letters with any Body; but as she walk'd into the Garden, she should in passing thro' the Hall, put her Letter in at the broken Glass of an old Sedan that stood there, and had stood for several Years; and that his own Page, whom he could trust, should, when he came with him to his Uncles, take it from thence. Thus every Day they writ, and receiv'd the dearest Returns in the World; where all the Satisfaction that Vows oft repeated could give, was rendred each other; with an Account from *Sylvia* that was very pleasant, of all the Passion of the Doting old *Sebastian*, the Presents he made her, the Fantastick Youth he would assume, and unusual manner of his Love, which was a great Diversion to both; and this Difficulty of speaking to *Sylvia*, and entertaining her with Love, tho' it had its Pains, had its infinite

infinite Pleasure too; it increas'd their Love on both sides, and all their Wishes. But now by this last Banishment from the House where she was, to lose that only Pleasure of beholding the Adorable Maid, gave him all the Pains, without the Hope of one Pleasure; and he began to fear he should have a World of Difficulty to secure the dear Object of his continual Thoughts: He found no way to send to her, and dreads all his malicious Uncle and Rival may say to his Disadvantage: He dreads even that infinite Tenderness and Esteem he had for the good old Man, who had been so fond a Parent to him; lest even that should make him unwilling to use that Extremity against him in the regaining *Sylvia*, which he would use to any other Man. Oh, how he curses the fatal Hour that ever he implor'd his Aid for her Release; and having overcome all Difficulties, even that of his Fears of *Philander*, (from whom they had receiv'd no Letter in two Months) and that of *Sylvia*'s Disdain, and had establish'd himself in her Soul and her Arms; he should, by employing his Uncle's Authority for *Sylvia*'s Service, be so unfortunate to involve 'em into new Dangers and Difficulties, of which he could foresee no other End, than that which must be fatal to some of 'em. But he believ'd half his Torture would be eas'd, could he but write to *Sylvia*, for see her he could not hope: He bethought himself of a way at last.

His Uncle had belonging to his House the most fine Garden of any in that Province, where those things are not much esteem'd, in which the old Gentleman took wonderful Delight, and kept a Gardener and his Family in a little House at the farther end of the Garden, on purpose to look to it and dress it. This Man had a very great Veneration for *Ottavio*, whom he call'd his Young Lord. Sure of the Fidelity of this Gardener, when it was dark enough to conceal him, he wrapt himself in his Cloak, and got him thither by a back way, where with Presents, he soon won those to his Interest, who would before have been commanded by him in any Service. He had a little clean Room, and some little *French* Novels which he brought; and there he was as well conceal'd as if he had
been

been at the *Indies*, he left Word at home that he was gone out of the Town. He knew well enough that *Sylvia's* Lodgings look'd that way; and when it was Dark enough he walk'd under her Window, 'till he saw a Candle light-ed in *Sylvia's* Bed-Chamber; which was as great a Joy to him as the Star that guides the Traveller or wandering Seaman, or the Lamp at *Sestos*, that guided the ravish'd Lover o'er the *Hellepont*. And by that time he could imagine all in Bed, he made a little Noise with a Key on the Pummel of his Sword; but whether *Sylvia* heard it or not I cannot tell, but she anon came to the Window, and putting up the Sash, lean'd on her Arms and look'd into the Garden. Oh! who but he himself that lov'd so well as *Octavio*, can express the Transports he was in at the Sight? which more from the Light within than that without, he saw was the lovely *Sylvia*; whom calling softly by her Name, answer'd him as if she knew the welcome Voice, and cry'd,——*Who's there, Octavio?* She was soon answer'd, you may imagine. And they began the most endearing Conversation that ever Love could dictate. He complains on his Fate that sets 'em at that distance, and she pities him. He makes a Thousand Doubts, and she undeceives 'em all. He fears, and she convinces his Error, and is impatient at his Suspicions. She will not indure him to question a Heart that has given him so many Proofs of its Tenderness and Gratitude: She tells him her own Wishes, how soft and fervent they are; and assures him, he is extreambly oblig'd to her——*Since for you——my Charming Friend*, said she to *Octavio*, *I have refus'd this Night to marry your Uncle; have a care*, said she, smiling, *how you treat me, lest I revenge my self on you; become your Aunt, and bring Heirs to the Estate you have a Right to: The Writings of all which I have now in my Chamber, and which were but just now laid at my Feet, and which I cannot yet get him to receive back. And to oblige me to a Compliance, has told me how you have deceived me, by giving your self to another, and exposing me in Lam-poons.*——To this *Octavio* would have reply'd, but she assur'd him she needed no Argument to convince her of the

the Falshood of all. He sighs and told her, all she said tho' dear and charming, was not sufficient to ease his Heart, for he foresaw a World of Hazard to get her from thence, and Mischiefs if she remain'd; insomuch that he caus'd the Tears to flow from the fair Eyes of *Sylvia*, with the Reflections on her rigid Fortune. And she cry'd, *Oh, my Octavio! what strange Fate or Stars rul'd my Birth, that I should be born to the Ruin of what I love, or of those that love me?* At this rate they pass'd the Night, sometimes more soft, sometimes encouraging one another; but the last Result was to contrive the means of escaping. He fancy'd she might easily do it by the Garden from that Window: But that he was not sure he could trust the Gardener so far, who in all things would serve him, in which his Lord and Master was not injured; and he, amongst the rest of the Servants, had Orders not to suffer *Sylvia* out of the Garden, for which Reason he kept a strict Guard on that Back-door. Some way must be found out which yet was not, and was left to time. He told her where he was, and that he would not stir from thence, 'till he were secur'd of her Flight: And Day coming on, tho' loath, yet for fear of Eyes and Ears that might spy upon 'em, he retir'd to his little Lodging, and *Sylvia* to Bed; after giving and receiving a thousand Vows and Farewels. The next Night he came to the same Place, but instead of entertaining her—he only saw her softly put up the Sash a little, and throw something white out of the Window and retire. He was wondring at the meaning, but taking up what was thrown down, he found and smelt it was *Sylvia's* Handkerchief, in which wasty'd up a *Billet*: He went to his little Lodging and read it.

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

GO from my Window, my adorable Friend, and be not afflicted that I do not entertain you as I had the Joy to do last Night, for both our Voices were heard by some one that lodges below; and tho' your Uncle could not tell me any part of our Conversation, yet he heard I talk'd to some body: I have perswaded him the

Z

Fellow

Fellow dream'd who gave him this Intelligence, and he is almost satisfy'd he did so; however hazard not thy dear self any more so, but let me lose for a while the greatest Happiness this Earth can afford me (in the Circumstances of our Fortunes) rather than expose what is dearer to me than Life or Honour: Pity the Fate I was born to, and expect all things from

Your SYLVIA

I will wait at the Window for your Answer, and let you down a Ribband, by which I will draw it up: But as you love me do not speak.

He had no sooner read this, but he went to write an Answer, which was this.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA

Complain not, thou Goddess of my Vows, on the Fate thou wert born to procure to all Mankind; but thank Heav'n for having receiv'd ten thousand Charms that can recompense all the Injuries you so unwillingly do us: And who would not implore his Ruin from all the angry Powers, if in return they would give him so glorious a Reward? Who would not be undone to all the trifling Honours of the mistaken World, to find himself in lieu of all, possess'd of the ravishing *Sylvia*? But oh where is that presumptuous Man, that can at the Price of all lay Claim to so vast a Blessing? Alas, my *Sylvia* even while I dare call you mine, I am not that hoping Slave, no not after all the valu'd dear things you have said and vow'd to me last Night in the Garden, welcome to my Soul as Life after a Sentence of Death, or Heav'n after Life is ended. But, oh *Sylvia*! all this even all you utter'd from your dear Mouth is not sufficient to support me: Alas, I die for *Sylvia*; I am not able to bear the cruel Absence longer, therefore without Delay assist me to contrive your Escape, or I shall die, and leave you to the Ravage of his Love who holds thee from me; the

very Thoughts of that is worse than Death. I die, alas, I die, for an intire Possession of thee: Oh let me grasp my Treasure, let me ingross it all, here in my longing Arms. I can no longer languish at this Distance from my cruel Joy, my Life, my Soul! But oh I rave, and while I should be speaking a thousand useful things, I am telling you my Pain, a Pain that you may guess; and confounding my self between those and their Remedies, am able to fix on nothing. Help me to think, oh my dear charming Creature, help me to think how I shall bear thee off! Take your own Measures, flatter him with Love; sooth him to Faith and Confidence, and then—oh pardon me, if there be Baseness in the Action—then—cozen him—deceive him—any thing—for he deserves it all that thinks that lovely Body was form'd for his Embraces, whom Age has render'd fitter for a Grave. Form any Plots, use every Stratagem to save the Life of

Your OCTAVIO.

He writ this in Haste and Disorder, as you may plainly see by the Style, and went to the Window with it, where he found *Sylvia* leaning expecting him: The Sashes were up, and he toss'd it in the Handkerchief into her Window: She read it, and writ an Answer back as soft as Love could form, to send him pleas'd to Bed; wherein she commanded him to hope all things from her Wit and industrious Love.

This had partly the Effects she wish'd, and after kissing his Hand, and throwing it up towards *Sylvia*, they parted as silent as the Night from Day, which was now just dividing—so long they stay'd, tho' but to look at each other; so that all the Morning was pass'd in Bed to make the Day seem shorter, which was too tedious to both: This Pleasure he had after Noon, towards the Evening, that when *Sylvia* walk'd, as she always did in the Garden, he could see her through the Glass of his Window, but durst not open it; for the old Gentleman was ever with her. In this time *Octavio* fail'd not how-

ever to essay the good Nature of the Gardener in order to *Sylvia's* Flight, but found there was no dealing with him in this Affair; and therefore durst not come right down to the Point: The next Night he came under the belov'd Window again, and found the sacred Object of his Wishes leaning in the Window expecting him: To whom, as soon as she heard his Tread on the Gravel, she threw down a Handkerchief again, which he took up, and toss'd his own with a soft complaining Letter to entertain her 'till his Return; for he hastened to read hers, and swept the Garden as he pass'd as swift as Wind, so impatient he was to see the Inside—which he found thus:

SYLVIA to OCTAVIO.

I Beg, my charming Friend, you will be assur'd of all I have promis'd you; and to believe that but for the Pleasure of those dear Billets I receive from you, I could as little support this cruel Confinement as you my Absence. I have but one Game to play, and I beseech you not to be surpriz'd at it, 'tis to promise to marry *Sebastian*: He is eternally at my Feet, and either I must give him my Vow to become his Wife, or give him hope of other Favours. I am so entirely yours, that I will be guided by you which I shall flatter him in to gain my Liberty, for if I grant either he has propos'd to carry me to his Countrey-house, two Leagues from the Town, and there consummate whatever I design to bless him with; and this is it that has wrought my Consent, that we being to go alone, only my own Servants, you may easily take me thence by Force upon the Road, or after our Arrival, where he will not guard me perhaps so strictly as he does here: For that, I leave it to your Conduct, and expect your Answer to your impatient

SYLVIA

He immediately sat down, and writ this:

OCTA-

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA.

HAVE a care, my charming Fair, how you play with Vows; and however you are forc'd, for that religious End of saving your Honour, to deceive the poor old Lover, whom, by Heav'n I pity, yet rather let me die than know you can be guilty of Vow-Breach, tho' made in jest. I am well pleas'd at the Glimpse of Hope you give me, that I shall see you at his *Villa*; and doubt not but to find a Way to secure you to my self: Say any thing, promise to sacrifice all to his Desire; but oh, do not give away thy dear, thy precious self by Vow, to any but the languishing

OCTAVIO.

After he had writ this, he hasted, and throws it into her Window, and return'd to Bed without seeing her, which was no small Affliction to his Soul: He had an ill Night of it, and fancy'd a thousand tormenting things; that the old Gentleman, might then be with her; and if alone, what might he not persuade, by force of rich Presents, of which his Uncle was well stor'd: And so he guess'd, and as he guess'd it prov'd, as by his next Night's Letter he was inform'd, that the old Lover no sooner saw *Sylvia* retire, but having a Mind to try his Fortune in some critical Minute—for such a Minute he had heard there was that favour'd Lovers; but he goes to his Closet, and taking out some Jewels of great Value, to make himself the more welcome, he goes directly to *Sylvia*'s Chamber, and enter'd just as she had taken up *Octavio*'s Letter, and clap'd it in her Bosom as she heard some body at the Door; but was not in a little Confusion, when she saw who it was, which she excus'd, by telling him she was surpriz'd to find her self with a Man in her Chamber. That there he fell to pleading his Cause of Love, and offer'd her again to settle his Estate upon her, and implor'd she would be his Wife. After a thousand faint Denials, she told him she could not possibly receive that

Honour, but if she could, she would have look'd upon it as a great Favour from Heav'n; at that he was Thunder-struck, and look'd as ghastly as if his Mother's Ghost had frighten'd him, and after much Debate, Love and Grief on his side, Design and Diffimulation on hers, she gave him Hopes that aton'd for all she had before said; insomuch that before they parted an absolute Bargain was struck up, and he was to settle part of his Estate upon her, as also that *Villa*, to which he had resolv'd in two Days to carry her; in earnest of this he presents her a Necklace of Pearl of good Value, and other Jewels, which was the best Rhetorick he had yet spoke to her; and now she appear'd the most complaisant Lady in the World, she suffers him to talk wantonly to her, nay even to kiss her, and rub his grisly Beard on her Divine Face, grasp her Hands and touch her Breast; a Blessing he had never before arriv'd to with any Body above the Quality of his own Servant-Maid. To all which she makes the best Resistance she can, under the Circumstances of one who was to deceive well; and while she loths she seems well pleas'd, while the gay Jewels sparkled in her Eyes and *Octavio* in her Heart; so fond is Youth of Vanities, and to purchase an Addition of Beauty at any Price. Thus with her pretty Flatteries she wrought upon his Soul, and smil'd and look'd him into Faith; loath to depart, she sends him pleas'd away, and having her Heart the more inclin'd to *Octavio* by being persecuted with his Uncle's Love (for by Comparison she finds the mighty Difference) she sets her self to write him the Account of what I have related; this Night's Adventure, and Agreement between his Uncle and her self. She tells him that to Morrow, for now 'twas almost Day, she had promis'd him to go to his *Villa*: She tells him at what Rate she has purchas'd the Blessing expected; and lastly, leaves the Management of the rest to him, who needs not to be instructed. This Letter he receiv'd the next Night at the old Place, and *Sylvia* with it lets down a Velvet Night-Bag, which contain'd all the Jewels and things of Value she had receiv'd of himself, his Uncle, or any other.

After

After which he retir'd, and was pretty well at ease, with the Imagination he should e'er long be made happy in the Possession of *Sylvia*: In order to it the next Morning he was early up, and dressing himself in a great coarse Campaign-Coat of the Gard'ner's, putting up his Hair as well as he could under a Country-Hat, he got on a Horse that suited his Habit, and rides to the *Villa*, whither they were to come, and which he knew perfectly well every Room of, for there our Hero was born. He went to a little *Caberet* in the Village, from whence he could survey all the great House, and see every body that pass'd in and out: He remain'd fix'd at the Window, fill'd with a thousand Agitations; this he had resolv'd, not to set upon the good old Man as a Thief or Robber; nor could he find in his Heart or Nature to injure him, tho' but in a little affrighting him, who had given him so many anxious Hours, and who had been so unjust to desire that Blessing himself he would not allow him; and to believe that Virtue in himself which he exclaim'd against as so great a Vice in his Nephew; nevertheless he resolv'd to deceive him, to save his own Life. And he wanted that nice part of Generosity, as to satisfy a little unnecessary Lust in an old Man, to ruin the eternal Content of a young one so nearly ally'd to his Soul, as was his own dear proper Person. While he was thus considering he saw his Uncle's Coach coming, and *Sylvia* with that doting Lover in it, who was that Day dress'd in all the Fopperies of Youth, and every thing was young and gay about him but his Person, that was Winter itself, disguis'd in artificial Spring; and he was altogether a mere Contradiction: But who can guess the Disorders and Pantings of *Octavio's* Heart at the Sight; and tho' he had resolv'd before, he would not to save his Life lay violent Hands on his old Parent; yet at their Approach, at their presenting themselves together before his Eyes as two Lovers going to betray him to all the Miseries, Pangs and Confusions of Love, going to possess—her, the dear Object and certain Life of his Soul, and she the Parent of him, to whom she had dispos'd of her self so intirely already,

he was provok'd to break from all his Resolutions, and with one of those two Pistols he had in his Pockets, to have sent unerring Death to his old amorous Heart: But that Thought was no sooner born than stifled in his Soul, where it met with all the Sense of Gratitude that ever could present the tender Love and dear Care of a Parent there; and the Coach passing into the Gate put him upon new Designs, and before they were finish'd he saw *Sylvia's* Page coming from the House, after seeing his Lady to her Apartment, and being shew'd his own, where he laid his Vallice and Riding-things, and was now come out to look about a Countrey where he had never been before. *Octavio* goes down and meets him, and ventures to make himself known to him: And so infinitely glad was the Youth to have an Opportunity to serve him, that he vow'd he would not only do it with his Life, on Occasion, but believ'd he could do it effectually, since the old Gentleman had no sort of Jealousie now; especially since they had so prudently managed Matters in this time of his Lady's remaining at *Sebastian's* House. *So that, Sir, it will not be difficult,* says the generous Boy, *for me to convey you to my Lodging, when it is dark. He told him his Lady cast many a longing Look out towards the Road as she pass'd, for you, I am sure my Lord ——— for she had told both my self and An-tonet of her Design before, lest our Surprise or Resistance should prevent any Force you might use on the Road, to take her from my Lord Sebastian: She sigh'd and look'd on me as she alighted, with Eyes, my Lord, that told me her Grief for your Disappointment.* You may easily imagine how transported the poor *Octavio* was; he kiss'd and im-brac'd the amiable Boy a thousand times; and taking a Ring from his Finger of considerable Value, gave it the dear Reviver of his Hopes. *Octavio* already knew the Strength of the House, which consisted but of a Gard'ner, whose Wife was House-keeper, and their Son, who was his Father's Servant in the Garden, and their Daughter, who was a sort of Maid-servant: And they had brought only the Coach-man, and one Foot-man, who were like-

ly to be merrily imploy'd in the Kitchen at Night when all got to Supper together. I say, *Octavio* already knew this, and there was now nothing that oppos'd his Wishes: So that dismissing the dear Boy, he remain'd the rest of the tedious Day at the *Cabaret*; the most impatient of Night of any Man on Earth: And when the Boy appear'd it was like the Approach of an Angel. He told him his Lady was the most melancholy Creature that ever Eyes beheld, and that to conceal the Cause, she had feign'd her self ill, and had not stirr'd from her Chamber all the Day: That the old Lover was perpetually with her, and the most concern'd Dotard that ever *Cupid* enslav'd: That he had so wholly taken up his Lady with his disagreeable Entertainment, that it was impossible either by a Look or Note to inform her of his being so near her, whom she consider'd as her present Defender, and her future Happiness. *But this Evening*, continu'd the Youth, *as I was waiting on her at Supper, she spy'd the Ring on my Finger, which, my Lord, your Bounty made me Master of this Morning. She blush'd a thousand times and fix'd her Eyes upon it, for she knew it, and was impatient to have ask'd me some Questions, but contain'd her Words: And after that I saw a Joy dance in her lovely Eyes, that told me, she divin'd you were not far from thence. Therefore I beseech your Lordship let us haste.* So both went out together, and the Page conducted him into a Chamber he better knew than the Boy, while every Moment he receives Intelligence how Affairs went in that of *Sylvia's* by the Page, who leaving *Octavio* there went out as a Spy for him. In fine, with much ado, *Sylvia* perswaded her old Lover to urge her for no Favours that Night, for she was indispos'd and unfit for Love; yet she persuades with such an Air, so smiling and insinuating, that she increases the Fire she endeavour'd to allay: But he, who was all Obedience as well as new Desire, resolves to humour her, and shew the perfect Gallantry of his Love; he promises her she shall command: And after that never was the old Gentleman seen in so excellent a Humour before in the whole Course of his

his Life; a certain Lightning against a Storm that must be fatal to him. He was no sooner gone from her, with a Promise to go to Bed and Sleep, that he might be the earlier up to show her the fine Gardens which she lov'd, but she sends *Antonet* to call the Page, from whom she long'd to know something of *Ostasio*, and was sure he could inform her. But she was undressing while she spoke, and got into her Bed before she left her: But *Antonet*, instead of bringing the sighing Youth, brought the transported and ravish'd *Ostasio*, who had by this time pull'd off his coarse Campaign, and put down his Hair. He fell breathless with Joy on her Bedside; when *Antonet*, who knew that Love desir'd no Lookers on, retir'd, and left *Ostasio* almost dead with Joy, in the clasping Arms of the trembling Maid, the lovely *Sylvia*. Oh, who can guess their Satisfaction? who can guess their Sighs and Love, their tender Words half stifled in Kisses? Lovers! fond Lovers! only can imagine; to all besides this Tale will be insipid. He now forgets where he is, that not far off lay his amorous Uncle, that to be found there was Death and something worse; but wholly ravish'd with the languishing Beauty, taking his Pistols out of either Pocket, he lays them on a Dressing-table near the Bed-side, and in a Moment throws off his Cloaths, and gives himself up to all the Heav'n of Love that lay ready to receive him there, without thinking of any thing but the vast Power of eithers Charms. They lay and forgot the hasty Hours, but old *Sebastian* did not. They were all counted by him with the Impatience of a Lover: He burnt, he rag'd with fierce Desire, and tost from Side to Side and found no Ease; *Sylvia* was present in Imagination, and he like *Tantalus* reaches at the Food, which, tho' in view, is not within his reach: He would have pray'd; but he had no Devotion for any Deity but *Sylvia*; he rose and walk'd, and went to Bed again, and found himself uneasy every way. A Thousand times he was about to go, and try what Opportunity would do in the dark silent Night—but fears her Rage—he
fears

fears she'll chide at least; then he resolves and unresolves as fast: Unhappy Lover——thus to blow the Fire when there were no Materials to supply it; at last overcome with fierce Desire, too violent to be withstood, or rather Fate would have it so ordain'd, he ventures all, and steals to *Sylvia's* Chamber, believing when she found him in her Arms she could not be displeas'd; or if she were, that was the surest Place of Reconciliation: So that only putting his Night-Gown about him, he went softly to her Chamber for fear of waking her: The unthinking Lovers had left open the Door, so that it was hardly put to; and the first Alarm was *Octavio's* Hand being seiz'd, which was clasping his Treasure. He starts from the frighted Arms of *Sylvia*, and leaping from the Bed would have escap'd, for he knew too well the Touch of that old Hand; but *Sebastian*, wholly surpriz'd at so robust a Repulse, took most unfortunately a stronger Hold, and laying both his Hands roughly upon him, with a Resolution to know who he was, for he felt his Hair; and *Octavio* struggling at the same Minute to get from him, they both fell against the Dressing-Table, threw down the Pistols; in their Fall one of which going off, shot the unfortunate old Lover into the Head, so that he never spoke Word more: At the going off of the Pistol, *Sylvia*, who had not minded those *Octavio* laid on the Table, cry'd out——*Oh my Octavio! My dearest Charmer*, reply'd he, *I'm well*——And feeling on the dead Body, which he wonder'd had no longer Motion, he felt Blood flowing round it, and sighing cry'd——*Ah Sylvia! I'm undone*——*My Uncle*——*Oh my Parent*——*Speak, Dear Sir!* *Oh! what unlucky Accident has done this fatal Deed?* *Sylvia*, who was very soft by Nature, was extreamly surpris'd, and frighten'd at the News of a dead Man in her Chamber, so that she was ready to run mad with the Apprehension of it: She rav'd and tore her self, and express'd her Fright in Cries and Distraction; so that *Octavio* was compell'd from one charitable Grief to another. He goes to her and comforts her, and tells, since 'tis by no Design of either of them, their Innocence will be their Guardian
Angel

Angel. He tells her all their Fault was Love, which made him so heedlessly fond of Joys with her, he staid to reap those when he should have secur'd 'em by Flight. He tells her this is now no Place to stay in, and that he would put on her Cloaths and fly with her to some secure Part of the World; *For who, said he, that finds this poor Unfortunate here, will not charge his Death on me or thee. — Haste then, my dearest Maid, haste, haste, and let us fly —* So dressing her he led her into *Antoniet's* Chamber, and conjur'd her to say nothing of the Accident, while he went to see which way they could get out. So locking the Chamber-door where the dead Body lay, which by this time was stiff and cold, he lock'd that also of his Uncle's Chamber, and calling the Page they all got themselves ready; and putting two Horses in the Coach, they unseen and unperceiv'd got themselves all out: The Servants having drunk hard at their meeting in the Country last Night were all too sound asleep to understand any thing of what pass'd. It being now about the Break of Day, *Ottavio* was the Coach-man, and the Page riding by the Coach-side, while *Sylvia* and *Antoniet* were in it, they in an Hour's time reach'd the Town, where *Ottavio* pack'd up all that was carriagable; took his own Coach and Six Horses; left his Affairs to the Management of a Kinsman that dwelt with him, took Bills to the Value of two thousand Pounds, and immediately left the Town, after receiving some Letters that came last Night by the Post, one of which was from *Philander*; and indeed this new Grief upon *Ottavio's* Soul made him the most dejected and melancholy Man in the World, insomuch that he, who never wept for any thing but for Love, was often found with Tears rolling down his Cheeks, at the remembrance of an Accident so deplorable, and of which he and his unhappy Passion was the Cause, tho' innocently: Yet could not the dire Reflection of that, nor the loss of so tender a Parent as was *Sebastian*, lessen one Spark of that Fire for *Sylvia*, whose unfortunate Flame had been so fatal. While they were safe out of Danger, the Servants of *Sebastian* admir'd when ten, eleven and twelve a Clock was come, they
saw

saw neither the old Lord nor any of the new Guests. But when the Coach-man miss'd his Coach and Horses he was in a greater maze, and thought some Body had stolen 'em, and accusing himself of Sluggishness and Debauchery, that made him not able to hear when the Coach went out, he forswore all Drinking. But when the House-keeper and he met and discoursed about the Lady and the rest, they concluded that the old Gentleman and she were agreed upon the matter; and being got to Bed together had quite forgot themselves; and made a thousand Roguish Remarks upon 'em. They believ'd the Maid and the Page too were as well employ'd, since they saw neither. But when Dinner was ready she went up to the Maid's Chamber and found it empty, as also that of the Page; her Heart then presaging something, she ventures to knock at her Lord's Chamber-door, but finding it lock'd, and none answer, they broke it open; and after doing the same by that of *Sylvia*, they found the poor *Sebastian* stretched on the Floor and shot in the Head, the Toilet pull'd almost down, and the Lock of the Pistol hanging in the point of the Toilet intangled, and the Muzzle of it just against the Wound. At first when they saw him they fancy'd *Sylvia* might kill him, for either offering to come to Bed to her in the Night, or for some other Malicious end. But when they saw how the Pistol lay they fancy'd it Accident in the Dark; For, said the Woman——*I and my Daughter have been up ever since Day-break, and I'm sure no such thing happened then, nor could they since escape:* And it being natural in *Holland* to cry, *Loop Schellum*, that is, Run Rogue, to him that is alive, and who has kill'd another; and for every Man to set a helping Hand to bear him out of Danger, thinking it too much that one's already dead: I say, this being the Nature of the People, they never pursu'd the Murderers or fled Persons, but suffer'd *Sebastian* to lie 'till the Coroner sat upon him, who found it, or at least thought it, Accident; and there was all for that time. But this, with all the reasonable Circumstances, did not satisfy the *States*. Here is one of their High and Mighties kill'd, a fair Lady fled, and up-
on

on Enquiry a fine Young Fellow too, the Nephew: All knew they were Rivals in this fair Lady; all knew there were Animosities between them; all knew *Ottavio* was absconded some Days before; so that, upon Consideration, they concluded he was murder'd by Compact; and the rather, because they wish'd it so in spight to *Ottavio*; and because both he and *Sylvia* were fled like guilty Persons. Upon this they make a Seizure of both his and his Uncle's Estate to the use of the *States*. Thus the best and most glorious Man that ever grac'd that part of the World was undone by Love. While *Sylvia* with Sighs and Tears would often say, *That sure she was born the Fate of all that ador'd her, and no Man ever thriw'd that had a Design upon her, or a Pretension to her.*

Thus between Excess of Grief and Excess of Love, which indeed lay veil'd in the first, they arriv'd at *Bruxells*; where *Ottavio*, having News of the Proceedings of the *States* against him, resolving rather to lose his Life, than tamely to surrender his Right, he went forth in order to take some Care about it: And in these Extreame of a troubled Mind he had forgot to read *Philander's* Letters, but gave 'em to *Sylvia* to peruse, 'till he return'd, beseeching and conjuring her, by all the Charms of Love, not to suffer her self to be afflicted, but now to consider she was wholly his; and she could not, and ought not to rob him of a Sigh or Tear for any other Man. For they had concluded to marry as soon as *Sylvia* should be deliver'd from that Part of *Philander* of which she was possess'd. Therefore beholding her intirely his own, of whom she was so fondly tender, he could not indure the Wind should blow on her, and kiss her lovely Face: Jealous of even the Air she breath'd, he was ever putting her in Mind of whose and what she was; and she ever giving him new Assurances that she was only *Ottavio's*. The last Part of his ill News he conceal'd from her; that of the Usage of the *States*. He was so intirely careful of her Fame, that he had two Lodgings, one most magnificent for her, another for himself; and only visited her all the live-long Day. And being now retir'd from her, she whose Love and Curiosity grew less every Day

for

for the false *Philander*, open'd his Letter with a Sigh of departed Love, and read this.

PHILANDER to OCTAVIO.

SURE of your Friendship, my dear *Octavio*, I venture to lay before you the History of my Misfortunes, as well as those of my Joys, equally extream.

In my last I gave you an Account how triumphing a Lover I was in the Possession of the adorable *Calista*; and how very near I was being surpris'd in the Fountain, where I had hid my self from the Rage of old *Clarinau*; and escap'd wet and cold to my Lodging: And tho' indeed I escap'd, it was not without giving the old Husband a Jealousie, which put him upon Inquiry after a stricter manner, as I heard the next Day from *Calista*; but with as ill Success as the Night before; notwithstanding it appears by what after happen'd that he still retain'd his Jealousie, and that of me, from a thousand little Inquiries I had from time to time made, from my being now absent, and most of all from my being (as now he fancy'd) that Vision which *Calista* saw in the Garden. All these Circumstances wrought a thousand *Conundrums* in his *Spanish* politick Noddle: And he resolves that *Calista's* Actions should be more narrowly watch'd. This I can only guess from what ensu'd. I am not able to say by what good Fortune I escap'd several happy Nights after the first, but 'tis certain I did so; for the old Man carrying all things fair to the lovely Countess, she thought her self secure in her Joys hitherto, as to any Discovery: However, I never went on this dear Adventure but I was well arm'd against any Mishaps of Poniard, Sword, and Pistol, that Garb of a right *Spaniard*. *Calista* had been married above two Years before I beheld her, and had never been with Child: But it so chanc'd, that she conceiv'd the very first Night of our Happiness; since which time not all her Flatteries and Charms could prevail for one Night with the old Count: For, whether from her seeming Fondness he imagin'd the Cause, or what other Reason

on he had to withstand her Desire and Caresses, I know not: But still he found or feign'd some Excuses to put her off; so that *Calista's* Fears and Love increas'd with her growing Belly. And tho' almost every Night I had the fair young Charmer in Bed with me (without the least Suspicion on *Dormina's* side) or else in the Arbours, or on flow'ry Banks in the Garden; 'till I am confident there was not a Walk, a Grove, an Arbour, or Bed of Sweets, that was not conscious of our stolen Delights; nay, we grew so very bold in Love, that we often suffer'd the Day to break upon us; and still escap'd his Spies, who by either watching at the wrong Door or Part of the vast Garden, or by Sleepiness or Carelessness, still let us pass their View. Four happy Months, thus bless'd and thus secur'd, we liv'd, when *Calista* could no longer conceal her growing Shame from the Jealous *Clarinau* or *Dormina*. She fear'd with too much Reason that 'twas Jealousie which made him refrain her Bed, tho' he dissembled well all Day; and one Night, weeping in my Bosom, with all the Tenderness of Love, she said, *That if I lov'd her, as she hoped I did, I should be shortly very miserable: For oh, cry'd she, I can no longer hide this—— dear Effect of my stolen Happiness—— and Clarinau will no sooner perceive my Condition, but he will use his utmost Rigour against me; I know his jealous Nature, and find I am undone——* With that she told me how he had kill'd his first Wife; for which he was oblig'd to fly from the Court and Countrey of *Spain*: And that she found from all his Severity he was not chang'd from his Nature. In fine, she said and lov'd so much, that I was wholly charm'd, and vow'd myself her Slave, or Sacrifice, either to follow what she could propose, or fall a Victim with her to my Love. After which 'twas concluded (neither having a Mind to leave the World, when we both knew so well how to make ourselves happy in it) that the next Night I should bring her a Suit of Man's Cloaths; and she would in that Disguise fly with me to any Part of the World. For she vow'd if this unlucky Force of Flying had not happen'd to her, she had not been longer able to have indur'd his

Tyranny

Tyranny and Slavery : But had resolv'd to break her Chain, and put her self upon any Fortune. So that after the usual Indearments on both sides, I left her resolv'd to follow my Fortune, and she me, to sacrifice all to her Repose. That Night, and all next Day, she was not idle; but put up all her Jewels, of which she had the richest of any Lady in all those Parts, for in that the old Count was over lavish: And the next Night I brought her a Suit, which I had made that Day on purpose, as gay as could be made in so short a time; and scaling my Wall well arm'd, I found her ready at the Door to receive me; and going into an Arbour, by the aid of a Dark-Lanthorn I carry'd, she dress'd her in a lac'd Shirt of mine, and this Suit I had brought her, of blue Velvet, trim'd with rich Loops and Buttons of Gold; a white Hat and white Feather; a fair Peruke, and Scarlet Breeches, the rest suitable. And I must confess to you, my dear *Octavio*, that never any thing appear'd so ravishing, and yet I have seen *Sylvia*! But even she a Baby to this more noble Figure. *Calista* is tall, and fashion'd the most divinely—the most proper for that Dress of any of her Sex: And I own I never saw any thing so beautiful all over, from Head to Foot: And viewing her thus (carrying my Lanthorn all about her,) but more especially her Face, her wondrous Charming Face——(Pardon me if I say what does but look like Flattery)——I never saw any thing more resembling my dear *Octavio* than the lovely *Calista*. Your very Feature, your very Smile and Air; so that, if possible, that increas'd my Adoration and Esteem for her: Thus compleated, I armed her, and buckled on her Sword, and she would needs have one of my Pistols too that stuck in my Belt; and now she appear'd all lovely Man. 'Twas so late by that time we had done, that the Moon, which began to shine very bright, gave us a thousand little Fears, and disposing her Jewels all about us safe, we began our Adventure with a thousand dreadful Apprehensions on *Calista*'s side. And going up the Walk towards the Place where we were to mount the Wall, just at the end of it, turning a Corner we encounter'd two Men, who were too near us to be pre-
vented.

vented. Oh, cry'd *Calista* to me, who saw 'em first,—
My dear Philander we are undone! I look'd and saw 'em,
 and reply'd, *My Charmer, do not fear, they are but two to*
two whoe'er they be; for Love and I shall be of Force enough
to encounter 'em. No, my *Philander*, reply'd she briskly,
'tis I will be your Second in this Rencounter. At this ap-
 proaching 'em more near (for they hasted to us, nor could
 we fly from them,) we soon found by his hobbling, that
 old *Clarinau* was one, and the other a tall *Spaniard*, his
 Nephew. I clap'd my Hair under my Hat, and both of
 us making a Stand, we resolv'd, if they durst not ven-
 ture on us, to let 'em pass—but *Clarinau*, who was on
 that side which fac'd *Calista*, cry'd, *Ab Villain, have I*
caught thee! and at the same Instant with a *Poniard* stab-
 bed her into the Arm; for with a sudden Turn she eva-
 ded it from her Heart, to which it was design'd. At which
 repaying his Compliment, she shot off her Pistol, and
 down he fell, crying out for a Priest; while I at the same
 time laid my tall Boy at his Feet. I caught my dear *Vi-*
rago in my Arms, and hasted through the Garden with her,
 and was very hasty in mounting my Ladder, putting my
 fair Second before me, without so much as daring yet to
 ask her if she were wounded, lest it should have hindred
 our Flight if I had found her hurt: Nor knew I she was so,
 'till I felt her warm precious Blood streaming on my Face,
 as I lifted her over the Wall; but I soon convey'd her in-
 to my new Lodgings, yet not soon enough to secure her
 from those that pursu'd us. For with their bauling they al-
 arm'd some of the Servants, who looking narrowly for
 the Murderers, track'd us by *Castilla's* Blood, which they
 saw with their Flambeaus from the Place where *Clarinau*
 and his Nephew lay, to the very Wall; and thinking from
 our Wounds we could not escape far, they searching the
 Houses, found me dressing *Calista's* Wound, which I kiss'd a
 thousand times. But the matchless Courage of the fair
Virago! the Magnanimity of *Calista's* Soul! nothing of
 foolish Woman harbour'd there, nothing but softest Love
 for while I was raving mad, tearing my Hair and cur-
 sing my Fate in vain, she had no Concern but for me; no

Pain but that of her fear of being taken from me and being deliver'd to old *Clarinau*, whom I fear'd was not dead; nor could the very seizing her daunt her Spirits, but with an unmatched Fortitude she bore it all; she only wish'd she could have escaped without Bloodshed. We were both led to Prison, but none knew who we were, for those that seiz'd us had by chance never seen me, and *Calista's* Habit secur'd the Discovery. While we both remain'd there, we had this Comfort of being well lodg'd together; for they did not go about to part us, being in for one Crime. And all the Satisfaction she had, was, that she should, she hop'd, die conceal'd, if she must die for the Crime; and that was much a greater Joy than to think she should be render'd back to *Clarinau*, who in a few Days we heard was upon his Recovery. This gave her new Fears; but I confess to you I was not afflicted at it; nor did I think it hard for me to bribe *Calista* off; for the Master of the Prison was very Civil and Poor, so that with the help of some few of *Calista's* Jewels, he was wrought upon to let her escape, I offering to remain and bear all the brunt of the Business, and to pay whatever he could be fin'd for it. These Reasons, with the ready Jewels, mollify'd the needy Rascal; and tho' loth she were to leave me, yet she being assur'd that all they could do was but to fine me, and her Stay she knew was her inevitable Ruin, she at last submitted, leaving me sufficient in Jewels to satisfy for all that could happen, which were the Value of a hundred thousand Crowns. She is fled to *Bruxels*, to a Nunnery of *Augustins*, where the Lady Abbess is her Aunt, and where for a little time she is secure, 'till I can follow her.

I beg of you, my dear *Ottavio*, write to me, and write me a Letter of Recommendation to the Magistrates here, who all being concern'd when any one of 'em is a Cuckold, are very severe upon Criminals in those Cases. I tire you with my Melancholy Adventure—but 'tis some Ease in the Extrems of Grief to receive the tender Pity of a Friend, and that I'm sure *Ottavio* will afford his unhappy

PHILANDER.

As cold and as unconcern'd as *Sylvia* imagin'd she had found her Heart to *Philander's* Memory, at the reading of this Letter, in spite of all the Tenderness she had for *Octavio*, she was possess'd with all those Pains of Love and Jealousy, which heretofore tormented her when Love was young, and *Philander* appear'd with all those Charms with which he first conquer'd; she found the Fire was but hid under those Embers, which every little Blast blows off and makes it flame anew. 'Twas now that she, forgetting all the past Obligations of *Octavio*, all his vast Presents, his Vows, his Sufferings, his Passion and his Youth, abandon'd her self wholly to her Tenderness for *Philander*, and drowns her fair Cheeks in a Shower of Tears: And having eas'd her Heart a little by this natural Relief of her Sex, she open'd the Letter that was design'd for her self, and read this.

TO SYLVIA.

I Know, my lovely *Sylvia*, I am accus'd of a thousand Barbarities for unkindly detaining your Lover, who long e'er this ought to have thrown himself at your Feet, imploring a thousand Pardons for his tedious six Months Absence, tho' the Affliction of it is all my own, and I am afraid all the Punishment; but when, my dearest *Sylvia*, I reflect again, it is in order to our future Tranquillity, I depend on your Love and Reason for my Excuse. I know my Absence has procur'd me a thousand Rivals, and you as many Adorers, and fear *Philander* appears grown old in Love, and worn out with Sorrow and Care, unfit for the soft Play of the young and delicate *Sylvia*; new Lovers have new Vows and new Presents, and your fickle Sex stoop to the lavish Prostrate. Ill luck—unkind Fate has rifled me, and of a shining Fortune left me even to the Charity of the stingy World; and I have now no Compliment to maintain the Esteem in so great a Soul as that of *Sylvia*, but that old repeated one of telling her my dull, my trifling Heart is still her own: But, oh! I want the presenting Eloquence that so persuades and charms

charms the Fair, and am reduc'd to that fatal Torment of a generous Mind, rather to ask and take than to bestow. Yet out of my contemptible Stock, I have sent my *Sylvia* something towards that dangerous unavoidable Hour, which will declare me, however, a happy Father of what my *Sylvia* bears about her; 'tis a Bill for a thousand Pattacoons. I am at present under an easy Restraint about a little Dispute between a Man of Quality here and my self; I had also been at *Bruxels* to have provided all things for your coming Illness, but every Day expect my Liberty, and then without Delay I will take Post, and bring *Philander* to your Arms.

I have News that *Cesario* is arriv'd at *Bruxels*. I am at present a Stranger to all that passes, and having a double Obligation to haste, you need not fear but I shall do so.

This Letter rais'd in her a different Sentiment from that of the Story of his Misfortune; and that taught her to know that this he had writ to her was all false and dissembl'd; which made her, in concluding the Letter, cry out with a vehement Scorn and Indignation, --- *Oh how I hate thee, Traitor! who hast the Impudence to continue thus to impose upon me, as if I wanted common Sense to see thy Baseness: For what can be more Base and Cowardly than Lies, that poor Plebeian Shift, contemn'd by Men of Honour or of Wit.* Thus she spoke without reminding that this most contemptible Quality she her self was equally guilty of, tho' infinitely more excusable in her Sex, there being a thousand little Actions of their Lives liable to Censure and Reproach, which they would willingly excuse and colour over with little Falsties; but in a Man, whose most inconstant Actions pass oftentimes for innocent Gallantries, and to whom 'tis no Infamy to own a thousand Amours, but rather a Glory to his Fame and Merit; I say, in him (whom Custom has favour'd with an Allowance to commit any Vice and boast it) 'tis not so brave. And this Fault of *Philander's* cur'd *Sylvia* of her Disease of Love, and chas'd from her Heart all that

Softness which once had so much favour'd him. Nevertheless she was fill'd with Thoughts that fail'd not to make her extremely melancholy: And 'twas in this Humour *Octavio* found her; who forgetting all his own Grievs to lessen hers, (for his Love was arriv'd to a degree of Madness) he caresses her with all the Eloquence his Passion could pour out; he falls at her Feet, and pleads with such a Look and Voice as could not be resisted; nor ceas'd he 'till he had talk'd her into Ease, 'till he had look'd and lov'd her into a perfect Calm: 'Twas then he urg'd her to a new Confirmation of her Heart to him, and took hold of every yielding Softness in her to improve his Advantage. He press'd her to all he wish'd, but by such tender Degrees, by Arts so fond and endearing, that she could deny nothing. In this Humour she makes a thousand Vows against *Philander*, to hate him as a Man that has first ruin'd her Honour, and then abandon'd her to all the Ills that attend ungovern'd Youth, and unguarded Beauty: She makes *Octavio* swear as often to be reveng'd on him for the Dishonour of his Sister: Which being perform'd, they re-assum'd all the Satisfaction which had seem'd almost destroy'd by adverse Fate, and for a little Space liv'd in great Tranquillity; or if *Octavio* had Sentiments that represented past Unhappineffes, and a future Prospect of ill Consequences, he strove with all the Power of Love to hide 'em from *Sylvia*. In this time they often sent to the Nunnery of the *Augustins*, to inquire of the Countess of *Clarinau*; and at last hearing she was arriv'd, no force of Persuasion or Reason could hinder *Sylvia* from going to make her a Visit. *Octavio* pleads in vain the Overthrow of all his Revenge, by his Sister's Knowledge that her Intrigue was found out: But in an Undress — for her Condition permitted no other, she is carry'd to the Monastery, and asks for the Mother Prioress, who came to the Grate; where after the first Compliments over, she tells her she is a Relation to that Lady who such a Day came to the House. *Sylvia*, by her Habit and Equipage, appearing of Quality, was answer'd, that tho' the Lady were very much indif-

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pos'd, and unfit to appear at the Grate, she would nevertheless endeavour to serve her since she was so earnest; and commanding one of the Nuns to call down Madam the Countess, she immediately came; but tho' in a Dress all negligent, and Face where Languishment appear'd, she at first sight surpriz'd our fair one, with a certain Majesty in her Mein and Motion, and an Air of Greatness in her Face, which resembled that of *Octavio*: So that not being able to sustain her self on her trembling Supporters, she was ready to faint at a Sight so charming, and a Form so Angelick. She saw her all that *Philander* had describ'd; nor could the Partiality of his Passion render her more lovely than she appear'd this Instant to *Sylvia*. She came to reproach her — but she found a Majesty in her Looks above all Censure, that aw'd the jealous Upbraider, and almost put her out of Countenance; and with a rising Blush she seem'd asham'd of her Errand. At this Silence the lovely *Calista*, a little surpris'd, demanded of an attending Nun if that Lady would speak with her? This awak'd *Sylvia* into an Address, and she reply'd, *Yes, Madam, I am the Unfortunate, who am compell'd by my hard Fate to complain of the most charming Woman that ever Nature made: I thought in my coming hither I should have had no other Business but to have told you how false, how perjur'd a Lover I had had; but at a Sight so wondrous I blame him no more (whom I find now compell'd to Love) but you, who have taken from me, by your Charms, the only Blessing Heav'n had lent me.* This she ended with a Sigh; and Madam the Countess, who from the beginning of her speaking guess'd from a certain trembling at her Heart, who it was she spoke of, resolv'd to show no Signs of a womanish Fear or Jealousy, but with an unalterable Air and Courage, reply'd, *Madam, if my Charms were so powerful as you are pleas'd to tell me they are, they sure have attracted too many Lovers for me to understand which of 'em it is I have been so unhappy to rob you of. If he be a gallant Man, I shall neither deny him, nor repent my loving him the more for his having been a Lover before. To which Sylvia, who expected not so brisk an Answer, re-*

ply'd; *She that makes such a Confession with so much Generosity, I know cannot be insensible of the Injuries she does, but will have a Consideration and Pity for those Wretches at least, who are undone to establish her Satisfaction.* Madam, reply'd the Countess (a little touch'd with the Tenderness and Sadness with which she spoke) *you have so just a Character of my Soul, that I assure you I would not for any Pleasure in the World do an Action should render it less worthy of your good Thoughts. Name me the Man——* and if I find him such as I may return you with Honour, he shall find my Friendship no more. *Ah, Madam, 'tis impossible,* cry'd Sylvia, *that he can ever be mine, that has once had the Glory of being conquer'd by you; and what's yet more, of having conquer'd you.* Nay, Madam, reply'd Calista, *if your Loss be irrecoverable, I have no more to do but to sigh with you, and join our hard Fates; but I am not so vain of my own Beauty, nor have so little Admiration for that of yours, to imagine I can retain any thing you have a Claim to; for me, I am not fond of Admirers, if Heaven be pleas'd to give me one, I ask no more. I'll leave the World to you, so it allow me my Philander.* This she spoke with a little Malice, which call'd up all the Blushes in the fair Face of Sylvia; who a little nettled at the Word *Philander*, reply'd; *Go, take the perjur'd Man, and see how long you can maintain your Empire over his fickle Heart, who has already betray'd you to all the Reproach an incens'd Rival and an injur'd Brother can load you with: See where he has expos'd you to Octavio; and after that tell me what you can hope from such a perjur'd Villain——* At these Words she gave her the Letter *Philander* had writ to *Octavio*, with that he had writ to herself——and without taking Leave, or speaking any more, she left her thoughtful Rival: Who after pausing a Moment on what should be writ there, and what the angry Lady meant, she silently pass'd on to her Chamber. But if she were surpris'd with her Visiter, she was much more, when opening the Letters she found one to her Brother, fill'd with the History of her Infamy, and what press'd her Soul more sensibly, the other fill'd with Pas-

sion and Softness to a Mistress. She had scarcely read them out, but a young Nun, her Kinswoman, came into her Chamber; whom I have since heard protest she scarce saw in that Moment any Alteration in her, but that she rose and receiv'd her with her wonted Grace and Sweetness; and but for some Answers that she made *mal a propos*, and Sighs that against her Will broke from her Heart, she should not have found an Alteration; but this being unusual, made her inquisitive; and the faint Denial she met with made her importune, and that so earnestly and with so many Vows of Fidelity and Secrecy, that *Calista's* Heart, even breaking within, pour'd it self for Ease into the faithful Bosom of this young Devotee; and having told her all the Story of her Misfortune, she began, with so much Courage and Bravery of Mind, to make Vows against the charming Betrayer of her Fame, and with him all Mankind; and this with such Consideration and Repentance, as left no room for Reproach or Persuasion; and from this Moment resolv'd never to quit the Solitude of the Cloisters. She had all her Life before her Marriage liv'd in one, and wish'd now she had never seen the World, or departed from a Life so pure and innocent. She look'd upon this fatal Accident now a Blessing, to bring her back to a Life of Devotion and Tranquillity: And indeed is a Miracle of Piety. Some time after this she was brought to Bed, but commanded the Child should be remov'd where she might never see it, which accordingly was done; after which, in due time, she took the Habit, and remains a rare Example of Repentance and Holy-living. This new Penitent became the News of the whole Town; and it was not without some Pleasure that *Octavio* heard it, as the only Action she could do that could reconcile him to her; the Knowledge of which, and few soft Days with *Sylvia*, made him chase away all those Shiverings that had seiz'd him upon several Occasions: But *Sylvia* was all Sweetness, all Love and good Humour, and made his Days easy, and his Nights entirely happy. While on the other side there was no Satisfaction, no Pleasure, that the fond lavish Lover did not

at any Price purchase for her Repose; for it was the whole Business of his Life to study what would charm and please her: And being assur'd by so many Vows of her Heart, there was nothing rested to make him perfectly happy, but her being deliver'd of what belong'd to his Rival, and in which he had no Part, he was at perfect Ease. This she wishes with an Impatience equal to his; whose Love and Fondness for *Octavio* appear'd to be arriv'd to the highest Degree, and she every Minute expected to be freed from the only thing that hinder'd her from giving her self intirely to her impatient Lover.

In the midst of this Serenity of Affairs, *Sylvia's* Page one Day brings 'em News his Lord was arriv'd, and that he saw him in the Park, walking with some *French* Gentlemen, and undiscover'd to him came to give her Notice, that she might take her Measures accordingly. In spite of all her Love to *Octavio*, her Blushes flew to her Cheeks at the News, and her Heart panted with unusual Motion; she wonders at her self, and fears and doubts her own Resolution; she 'till now believ'd him wholly indifferent to her, but she knows not what Construction this new Disorder will bear; and what confounded and perplex'd her more, was, that *Octavio* beheld all these Emotions with unconceivable Resentment; he swells with Pride and Anger, and even bursts with Grief, and not able longer to contain his Complaint, he reproaches her in the softest Language that ever Love and Grief invented; while she weeps with Shame and divided Love, and demands of him a thousand Pardons; she deals thus kindly at least with him, to confess this Truth; that 'twas impossible, but at the Approach of a Man who taught her first to love, and for which Knowledge she had paid so infinitely dear, she could not but feel unusual Motions; that that Tenderness and Infant Flame he once inspir'd, could not but have left some Warmth about her Heart, and that *Philander*, the once charming dear *Philander*, could never be absolutely to her as a common Man, and begg'd that he would give some Grains of Allowance to a Maid, so soft by Nature, and who had

had once lov'd so well to be undone for the dear Object; and tho' every kind Word she gave his Rival was a Dagger at his Heart, nevertheless he found, or would think he found some Reason in what she said; at least he seem'd more pleas'd, while she on the other side dissembl'd all the Ease and Repose of Mind, that could flatter him to Calmness.

You must know that for *Sylvia's* Honour she had Lodgings by her self, and *Octavio* had his in another House, at an Aunt's of his, a Widow, and a Woman of great Quality; and *Sylvia* being near her Lying-in, had provided all things with the greatest Magnificence imaginable, and pass'd for a young Widow whose Husband dy'd at the Siege of——*Octavio* only visited her daily, and all the Nights she had to her self. For he treated her as one whom he designed to make his Wife, and one whose Honour was his own; but that Night the News of *Philander's* Arrival was told her, she was more than ordinary impatient to have him gone, pretending Illness, and yet seem'd loth to let him go, and Lovers (the greatest Cullies in Nature, and the aptest to be deceiv'd, tho' the most quick-sighted)——do the soonest believe; and finding it the more necessary he should depart, the more ill she feigned to be, he took his Leave, and left her to her Repose, after taking all Care necessary for one in her Circumstances. But she, to make his Absence more sure, and fearing lest he should suspect something of her Design, being her self guilty, she orders him to be call'd back, and caresses him anew, tells him she was never more unwilling to part with him, and all the while is complaining and wishing to be in Bed; and says he must not stir till he sees her laid. This obliges and cajoles him anew, and he will not suffer her Women to undress her, but does the grateful Business himself, and reaps some dear recompence by every Service, and pleases his Eyes and Lips with the ravishing Beauties of the loose unguarded suffering Fair One. She permits him any thing to have him gone, which was not till he saw her laid as if to her Rest: But he

he was no sooner got into his Coach, but she rose and flipp'd on her Night-Gown, and some other loose things, and got into a Chair, commanding her Page to conduct the Chairman to all the great *Cabarets*, where she believ'd it most likely to find *Philander*; which was accordingly done; and the Page entring, enquires for such a *Cavalier*, describing his Person and fine remarkable black Hair of his own: But the first he entred into, he saw *Brilliard* bespeaking Supper: For you must know that that Husband-Lover being left, as I have said, in Prison in *Holland*, for the Accusation of *Octavio*; the unhappy young Nobleman was no sooner fled upon the unlucky Death of his Uncle, but the *States* set *Brilliard* at Liberty; who took his Journey immediately to *Philander*, whom he found just releas'd from his troublesome Affair, and design'd for *Bruxels*, where they arriv'd that very Morning: Where the first thing he did was to go to the Nunnery of *St. Austin*, to enquire for the fair *Calista*; but instead of encountring the kind, the impatient, the brave *Calista*, he was address'd to by the old Lady Abbess in so rough a manner, that he no longer doubted upon what Terms he stood there, tho' he wonder'd how they should know his Story with *Calista*: When to put him out of doubt, she assur'd him he should never more behold the Face of her injur'd Niece; for whose Revenge she left him to Heav'n. It was in vain he kneel'd and implor'd; he was confirm'd again and again she should never come from out the Confines of those Walls; and that her whole remaining Life spent in Penitence was too little to wash away her Sins with him: And giving him the Letter he sent to *Octavio* (which *Sylvia* had given *Calista*, and she the Lady Abbess, with a full Confession of her Fault) she cry'd; *See there, Sir, the Treachery you have committed against a Woman of Quality — whom your criminal Love has render'd the most miserable of her Sex.* At the ending of which she drew the Curtain over the Grate, and left him, wholly amaz'd and confounded, finding it to be the same he had writ to *Octavio*, and in it that he had writ to *Sylvia*: By the Sight of

of which he no longer doubted but that Confident had betray'd him every way. He rails on his false Friendship, curses the Lady Abbess, himself, his Fortune and his Birth; but finds it all in vain: Nor was he so infinitely afflicted with the Thought of the eternal Loss of *Calista*, (because he had possess'd her) as he was to find himself betray'd to her, and doubtless to *Sylvia*, by *Octavio*; and nothing but *Calista*'s being confin'd from him (tho' she were very dear and charming to his Thought) could have made him rave so extremely for a Sight of her: He loves her the more by how much the more it was impossible for him to see her; and that Difficulty and his Despair increas'd his Flame. In this Humour he went to his Lodging, the most undone Extravagant that ever rag'd with Love. He considers her in a Place where no Art, or Force of Love, or human Wit, can retrieve her; no nor so much as send her a Letter. This added to his Fury, and in his first wild Imaginations he resolves nothing less than firing the Monastery, that in that Confusion he might seize his Right of Love, and do a Deed that would render his Name famous as the *Athenian* Youth, who to get a Fame, tho' an inglorious one, fir'd the Temple of their Gods. But his Rage abating by Consideration, that Impiety dwelt not long with him: And he ran over a Number more, 'till from one to another he reduc'd himself to a Degree of Moderation, which presenting him with some flattering Hope, that gave him a little Ease: 'Twas then that *Chevalier Tomaso*, and another *French* Gentleman of *Cesar*'s Faction, (who were newly arriv'd at *Bruxels*) came to pay him their Respects: And after a while carry'd him into the Park to walk, where *Sylvia*'s Page had seen him; and from whence they sent *Brilliard* to bespeak Supper at this *Cabaret*, where *Sylvia*'s Chair and her self waited, and where the Page found *Brilliard*, of whom he ask'd for his Lord; but understanding he would not possibly come in some Hours, being design'd for Court that Evening, whither he was oblig'd to go and kiss the Governor's Hands, he went to the Lady, who was almost dead

dead with Impatience, and told her what he had learn'd: Upon which she order'd her Chairmen to carry her back to her Lodgings, for she would not be perswaded to ask any Questions of *Brilliard*, for whom she had a mortal Hate: However she resolv'd to send her Page back with a Billet to wait *Philander's* coming, which was not long; for having sooner dispatch'd their Compliment at Court, than they believ'd they should, they went all to Supper together, where *Brilliard* had bespoke it; where being impatient to learn all the Adventures of *Cesario* since his Departure from him, and of which no Person could give so good an Account as *Chevalier Tomaso*, *Philander* gave Order that no Body whomsoever should disturb them, and sate himself down to listen to the Fortune of the Prince.

You know, my Lord, said *Tomaso*, the State of things at your Departure; and that all our glorious Designs for the Liberty of all *France* were discover'd and betray'd by some of those little Rascals, that great Men are oblig'd to make use of in the greatest Designs: Upon whose Confession you were proscib'd, my self, this Gentleman, and several others: It was our good Fortunes to escape untaken, and yours to fall first into the Messenger's Hands, and carry'd to the *Bastile*, even from whence you had the Luck to escape: But it was not so with *Cesario*. Heav'ns, cry'd *Philander*, the Prince, I hope, is not taken? Not so neither, reply'd *Tomaso*, nor should you wonder you have receiv'd no News of him in a long time, since forty thousand Crowns being offer'd for his Head, or to any that could discover him, it would have expos'd him to have written to any Body, he being beset on all Sides with Spies from the King, so that it was impossible to venture a Letter without very great Hazard of his Life. Besides all these Hindrances, *Cesario*, who, you know, was ever a great Admirer of the Fair Sex, happen'd in this his Retreat to fall most desperately in Love: Nor could the Fears of Death, which alarm'd him on all Sides, deter him from this new Amour: Which, because it has Relation to some Part of his Adventures,

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I cannot omit, especially to your Lordship, his Friend, to whom every Circumstance of that Prince's Fate and Fortune will be of Concern.

You must imagine, my Lord, that your Seizure and Escape was enough to alarm the whole Party; and there was not a Man of the League who did not think it high time to look about him, when one, so considerable as your Lordship, was surpriz'd. Nor did the Prince himself any longer believe himself safe, but retir'd himself under the Darkness of the following Night: He went only accompany'd with his Page to a Lady's House, a Widow of Quality at *Paris*, that populous City; being, as he conceiv'd, the securest Place to conceal himself in. This Lady was Madam the Countess of——who had, as you know, my Lord, one only Daughter, *Mademoiselle Hermione*, the Heiress of her Family. The Prince knew this young Lady had a Tendernefs for him ever since they were both very young, which first took beginning in a Mask at Court, where she then acted *Mercury*, and danc'd so exceeding finely, that she gave our young Hero new Desire, if not absolute Love, and charm'd him at least into Wishes. She was then old enough to perceive she conquer'd, as well as to make a Conquest: And she was capable of receiving Impressions as well as to give 'em: And it was believ'd by some who were very near the Prince, and knew all his Secrets then, that this young Lady pity'd the Sighs of the Royal Lover, and even then rewarded 'em: And tho' this were most credibly whisper'd, yet methinks it seems impossible he shou'd then have been happy; and after so many Years, after the Possession of so many other Beauties, shou'd return to her again, and find all the Passions and Pains of a beginning Flame. But there is nothing to be wonder'd at in the Contradictions and Humours of human Nature. But however inconstant and wavering he had been, *Hermione* retain'd her first Passion for him; and that I less wonder at, since you know the Prince has the most charming Person in the World, and is the most perfectly beautiful of all his Sex: To this his Youth and
Quality

Quality adds no little Lustre; and I should not wonder if all the softer Sex should languish for him, not that any one should love on — who hath once been touch'd with Love for him. 'Twas his last Assurance the Prince so absolutely depended on, that (notwithstanding she was far from the Opinion of his Party) made him resolve to take Sanctuary in those Arms he was sure would receive him in any Condition and Circumstances. But now he makes her new Vows, which possibly at first his Safety oblig'd him to, while she return'd 'em with all the Passion of Love. He made a thousand Submissions to Madam the Countess, who he knew was fond of her Daughter to that degree, that for her Repose she was even willing to behold the Sacrifice of her Honour to this Prince, whom she knew *Hermione* lov'd even to Death; so fond, so blindly fond is Nature: And indeed after a little time that he lay there conceal'd, he reap'd all the Satisfaction that Love could give him, or his Youth could wish, with all the Freedom imaginable. He only made Vows of renouncing all other Women, what Ties or Obligations soever he had upon him; and to resign himself intirely up to *Hermione*. I know not what new Charms he had found by frequent Conversation with her, and being uninterrupted by the Sight of any other Ladies; but 'tis most certain, my Lord, that he grew to that Excess of Love, or rather Dotage, (if Love in one so young can be call'd so) that he languish'd for her, even while he possess'd her all: He dy'd, if oblig'd by Company to retire from her an Hour, at the end of which, being again brought to her, he would fall at her Feet, and sigh, and weep, and make the most pitious Moan that ever Love inspir'd. He would complain upon the Cruelty of a Moment's Absence, and vow he could not live where she was not. All that disturb'd his Happiness he reproach'd as Enemies to his Repose, and at last made her feign an Illness, that no Visits might be made her, and that he might possess all her Hours. Nor did *Hermione* perceive all this without making her Advantages of so glorious an Opportunity; but, with the usual Cunning of her Sex, improv'd every Minute

nute she gave him: She now found her self sure of the Heart of the finest Man in the World; and of one she believ'd would prove the greatest, being the Head of a most powerful Faction, who were resolv'd, the first Opportunity, to order Affairs so as to come to an open Rebellion, and to make him a King. All these things, how unlikely soever in Reason, her Love and Ambition suggested to her; so that she believ'd she had but one Game more to play to establish her self the greatest and most happy Woman in the World. She consults in this weighty Affair, with her Mother, who had a share of Cunning that could carry on a Design as well as any of her Sex. They found but one Obstacle to all *Hermione's* rising Greatness; and that was the Prince's being marry'd; and that to a Lady of so considerable Birth and Fortune, so eminent for her Virtue, and all Perfections of Womankind; and withal so excellent for Wit and Beauty, that 'twas impossible to find any Cause of a Separation between 'em. So that finding it improbable to remove that Lett to her Glories, she grew very melancholy, which was soon perceiv'd by the too amorous Prince, who pleads, and sighs, and weeps on her Bosom Day and Night to find the Cause: But she, who found she had a difficult Game to play, and that she had need of all her little Aids, pretends a thousand little frivolous Reasons before she discovers the true one; which serv'd but to oblige him to ask a-new, as she design'd he should——At last, one Morning, finding him in the softest Fit in the World, and ready to give her whatever she could ask in return for the Secret of her Disquiet, she told him with a Sigh, how unhappy she was in loving so violently a Man who could never be any thing to her more than the Robber of her Honour: And at last, with Abundance of Sighs and Tears, bewail'd his Marriage——He taking her with all the Joy imaginable in his Arms, thank'd her for speaking of the only thing he had a thousand times been going to offer to her, but durst not for fear she should reproach him. He told her he look'd upon himself as marry'd to no Woman but

her self, to whom by a thousand solemn Vows he had contracted himself, and that he would never own any other while he liv'd, let Fortune do what she pleas'd with him. *Hermione* thriving hitherto so well, urg'd his easie Heart yet farther, and told him, Tho' she had left no Doubt remaining in her of his Love and Virtue, no Suspicion of his Vows, yet the World would still esteem the Princess his Wife, and her self only as a Prostitute to his youthful Pleasure; and as she conceiv'd her Birth and Fortune not to be much inferior to that of the Princess, she should die with Indignation and Shame, to bear all the Reproach of his Wantonness, while his now Wife would live esteem'd and pity'd as an injur'd Innocent. To all which he reply'd, as mad in Love, that the Princess, he confess'd, was a Lady to whom he had Obligations, but that he esteem'd her no more his Wife, since he was marry'd to her at the Age of twelve Years; an Age wherein he was not capacitated to chuse Good or Evil, or to answer for himself, or his Inclinations: And tho' she were a Lady of absolute Virtue, of Youth, Wit and Beauty; yet Fate had so ordain'd it, that he had reserv'd his Heart to this Moment intirely for her self; and that he renounc'd all Pretenders to him except her self; that he had now possess'd the Princess for the space of twenty Years; that Youth had a long Race to run, and could not take up at those Years with one single Beauty: That hitherto Ravage and Destruction of Hearts had been his Province and Glory, and that he thought he had never lost time but when he was a little while constant: but now he was fix'd to all he would ever possess whilst he had Breath; and that she was both his Mistress and his Wife; his eternal Happiness, and the end of all his loving. 'Tis there he said he would remain as in his first State of Innocence: That hitherto his Ambition had been above his Passion, but that now his Heart was so intirely subdu'd to this fair Charmer (for so he call'd and thought her) that he could be content to live and die in the Glory of being hers alone, without wishing for Liberty or Empire, but to render her more glorious: A
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thousand things tender and fond he said to this purpose, and the Result of all ended in most solemn Vows, that if ever Fortune favour'd him with a Crown, he would fix it on her Head, and make her in spite of all former Ties and Obligations, Queen of *France*. This was sufficient to appease her Sighs and Tears, and she remain'd intirely satisfy'd of his Vows, which were exchang'd before Madam the Countess, and confirm'd by all the binding Obligations, Love on his side could invent, and Ambition and Subtilty on hers. When I came at any time to visit him, which by stealth a-Nights I sometimes did, to take Orders from him how I should act in all things, (tho' I lay conceal'd like himself) he would tell me all that had pass'd between him and *Hermione*. I suppose, not so much for the reposing the Secret in my Breast, as out of a fond Pleasure to be repeating Passages of his Dotage, and repeating her Name, which was ever in his Mouth: I saw she had reduc'd him to a great degree of Slavery, and could not look tamely on, while a Hero so young, so gay, so great, and so hopeful, lay idling away his precious Time, without doing any thing, either in order for his own Safety or Ambition. 'Twas, my Lord, a great Pity to see how his noble Resolution was chang'd, and how he was perfectly effeminated into soft Woman. I endeavour'd at first to rouse him from this Lethargy of Love; and argu'd with him the little Reason, that in my Opinion he had to be so charm'd. I told him *Hermione*, of all the Beauties of *France*, was esteem'd one of the meanest, and that if ever she had gain'd a Conquest (as many she was infamously fam'd for) it was purely the force of her Youth and Quality; but that now that Bloom was past, and she was one of those, which in less Quality we call'd old. At these Reproaches of his Judgment, I often perceiv'd him to blush, but more with Anger than Shame. Yet because, according to the Vogue of the Town, he found there was Reason in what I said, and which he could only contradict by saying, however she was she appear'd all otherwise to him: He blam'd me a little kindly for my hard Words against her, and

began to swear to me he thought her all over Charm. He vow'd there was absolute Fascination in her Eyes and Tongue. *'Tis confess'd*, said he, *she has not much of Youth, nor of that which we agree to call Beauty: But she has a Grace so masculine, an Air so ravishing, a Wit and Humour so absolutely made to charm, that they all together sufficiently recompense for her want of Delicacy in Complexion and Feature: And in a Word, my Tomaso, cries he, imbracing me, she is, tho' I know not what, or how, a Maid that compels me to adore her; she has a natural Power to please above the rest of her dull Sex; and I can abate her a Face and Shape, and yet vie her for Beauty with any of the celebrated ones of France.*

I found, by the manner of his saying this, that he was really charm'd, and, past all Retrieve, bewitch'd to this Lady. I found it vain therefore to press him to a Separation, or to lessen his Passion, but on the contrary told him there was a time for all things; if Fate had so ordain'd it that he must love. But I besought him with all the Eloquence of perfect Duty and Friendship, not to suffer his Passion to surmount his Ambition and his Reason, so far as to neglect his Interest and Safety; and for a little Pleasure with a Woman, suffer all his Friends to perish that had woven their Fortunes with his, and must stand or fall as he thriv'd: I implor'd him not to cast away the *Good Cause* which was so far advanc'd, and that yet, notwithstanding this Discourse, might all be retriev'd by his Conduct and good Management. That I knew, however the King appear'd in outward shew to be offended, that it was yet in his Power to calm the greatest Tempest this Discovery had rais'd: That 'twas but casting himself at his Majesty's Feet, and begging his Mercy, by a Confession of the Truth of some part of the Matter; and that it was impossible he could fail of a Pardon from so indulgent a Monarch as he had offended: That there was no Action could wholly raze out of the King's Heart that Tenderness and Passion he had ever express'd towards him; and his Peace might be made with all the Facility imaginable. To this he urg'd a very
great

great Reluctancy, and cry'd he would sooner die, than by a Confession expose the Lives of his Friends, and let the World see their whole Design before they had Power to effect it: And not only so, but put it past all their Industry ever to bring so hopeful a Plot about again. At this I smil'd, and ask'd his Highness pardon, told him I was of another Opinion, as most of the Heads of the *Hugonots* were, that what he said to his Majesty in private could never possibly be made publick: That his Majesty would content himself with the Knowledge of the Truth, without caring to satisfy the World, so greatly to the Prejudice of a Prince of the Blood, and a Man so very dear to him as himself: He urg'd the Fears this would give those of the reform'd Religion, and alarm 'em with a thousand Apprehensions, that it would discover every Man of 'em by unravelling the Intrigue. To this I reply'd, that their Fears would be very short-liv'd; for as soon as he had, by his Submission and Confession, gain'd his Pardon, he had no more to do but to renounce all he had said, leave the Court, and put himself into the Protection of his Friends, who were ready to receive him. That he need but appear abroad a little time, and he would see himself address'd to again by all of the *Hugonot* Party, who would quickly put him into a Condition of fearing nothing.

My Counsel, with the same Persuasion from all of Quality of the Party, who came to see him, was at last approv'd of by him, and he began to say a thousand things to assure me of his Fidelity to his Friends, and the Faction, which he vow'd never to forsake for any other Interest, but to stand or fall in its Defence, and that he was resolv'd to be a King or nothing; and that he would put in Practice all the Arts and Stragems of Cunning, as well as Force, to attain to this glorious End, however crooked and indirect they might appear to Fools. However he conceiv'd the first necessary Step to this, was the getting his Pardon to gain a little time to manage things a-new to the best Advantage: That at present all things were at a stand without Life or Motion, wanting

the sight of himself who was the very Life and Soul of Motion; the Axle-tree that could turn the Wheel of Fortune round again.

And now he had talk'd himself into Sense again; he cry'd——*Oh my Tomaso! I long to be in Action, my Soul is on the Wing, and ready to take its Flight through any Hazard*——But sighing, on a sudden again he cry'd: *But oh, my Friend, my Wings are impt by Love, I cannot mount the Regions of the Air, and thence survey the World; but still as I would rise to mightier Glory, they flag to humble Love, and fix me there. Here I am charm'd to lasie soft Repose, here 'tis I smile and play, and love away my Hours: But I will rouse, I will, my dear Tomaso; nor shall the winged Boy hold me enslav'd: Believe me, Friend, he shall not*——he sent me away pleas'd with this, and I left him to his Repose.

Supper being ready to come upon the Table, tho' *Philander* were impatient to hear the Story out, yet he would not press *Tomaso* 'till after Supper; in which time they discours'd of nothing but of the Miracle of *Cesario's* Love to *Hermione*. He could not but wonder a Prince so young, so amorous and so gay, should return again, after almost fifteen Years, to an old Mistress, and who had never been in her Youth a celebrated Beauty: One whom it was imagin'd the King, and several after him at Court, had made a Gallantry with——On this he paus'd for some time, and reflected on his Passion for *Sylvia*; and this fantastick Intrigue of the Prince's inspired him with a kind of Curiosity to try, whether fleeting Love would carry him back again to this abandon'd Maid. In these Thoughts, and such Discourse, they pass'd away the time during Supper: Which ended, and a fresh Bottle brought to the Table, with a new Command that none should interrupt 'em; the impatient *Philander* oblig'd *Tomaso* to give him a farther Account of the Prince's Proceedings; which he did in this manner.

My Lord, having left the Prince, as I imagin'd very well resolv'd, I spoke of it to as many of our Party as I could conveniently meet with, to prepare 'em for the

Disco-

Discovery I believ'd the Prince would pretend to make, that they should not by being alarm'd at the first News of it, put themselves into Fears, that might indeed discover 'em: Nor would I suffer *Cesario* to rest, but daily saw him, or rather nightly stole to him, to keep up his Resolution: And indeed, in spite of Love, to which he had made himself so entire a Slave, I brought him to his own House, to visit Madam his Wife, who was very well at Court, maugre her Husband's ill Conduct, as they call'd it. The King being, as you know, my Lord, extremely kind to that deserving Lady, often made her Visits, and would without very great Impatiency hear her plead for her Husband, the Prince; and possibly it was not ungrateful to him: All this we daily learn'd from a Page, who secretly brought Intelligence from Madam the Princess: So that we conceiv'd it wholly necessary for the Interest of the Prince, that he should live in a good Understanding with this prudent Lady. To this end he feign'd more Respect than usual to her, and as soon as it was dark, every Evening made her his Visits. One Evening, amongst the rest, he happen'd to be there, just as the Proclamation came forth of four thousand Crowns to any that could discover him; and within half an Hour after came the King to visit the Princess, as every Night he did; her Lodging being in the Court: The King came without giving any Notice, and with a very slender Train that Night; so that he was almost in the Princess's Bed-chamber before any Body inform'd her he was there; so that the Prince had no time to retire but into Madam the Princess's *Cabaret*, the Door of which, she immediately locking, made such a Noise and Bustle that it was heard by his Majesty, who nevertheless had pass'd it by, if her Confusion and Blushes had not farther betray'd her, with the unusual Address she made to the King: Who therefore ask'd her who she had conceal'd in her Closet. She endeavour'd to put him off with some feign'd Replies but 'twould not do; the more her Confusion, the more the King was inquisitive, and urg'd her to give him the Key of her *Caba-*

ret: But she, who knew the Life of the Prince would be in very great Danger, should he be taken so, and knew on the other side, that to deny it would betray the Truth as much as his Discovery would, and cause him either to force the Key or the Door, fell down at his Feet, and wetting his Shoes with her Tears, and grasping his Knees with her trembling Arms, implor'd that Mercy and Pity for the Prince her Husband, whom her Virtue had render'd dear to her, however criminal he appear'd to his Majesty: She told him his Majesty had more peculiarly the Attributes of a God than any other Monarch upon Earth, and never heard the Wretched or the Innocent plead in vain. She told him that her self, and her Children who were dearer to her than Life, should all be as Hostages for the good Conduct and Duty of the Prince's future Life and Actions: And they would all be oblig'd to suffer any Death, tho' never so ignominious, upon the least breaking out of her Lord: That he should titterly abandon those of the reform'd Religion, and yield to what Articles his Majesty would graciously be pleas'd to impose, quitting all his false and unreasonable Pretensions to the Crown, which was only the Effects of the Flattery of the *Hugonot* Party, and the *Male-Contents*. Thus with the Virtue and Goodness of an Angel, she pleaded with such moving Eloquence, mix'd with Tears from beautiful Eyes, that she fail'd not to soften the Royal Heart, who knew not how to be deaf when Beauty pleaded: Yet he would not seem to yield so suddenly, lest it should be imagin'd he had too light a Sense of his Treasons, which, in any other great Man, would have been punish'd with no less than Death: Yet, as she pleaded, he grew calmer, and suffer'd it without Interruption, 'till she waited for his Reply; and oblig'd him by her Silence to speak. He numbers up the Obligations he had heap'd on her Husband; how he had, by putting all Places of great Command and Interest into his Hands, made him the greatest Prince and Favourite of a Subject, in the World; and infinitely happier than a Monarch: That he had all the Glory and
Power

Power of one, and wanted but the Care: All the Sweets of Empire, while all that was disagreeable and toilsome, remain'd with the Title alone. He therefore upbraided him with infinite Ingratitude, and want of Honour; with all the Folly of ambitious Youth: And left nothing unsaid that might make the Princess insensible it was too late to hide any of his Treasons from him, since they were all but too apparent to his Majesty. 'Twas therefore that she urg'd nothing but his Royal Mercy and Forgiveness, without endeavouring to lessen his Guilt, or enlarge on his Innocency. In fine, my Lord, so well she spoke, that at last she had the Joy to perceive the happy Effects of her Wit and Goodness, which had mov'd Tears of Pity and Compassion from his Majesty's Eyes; which was *Cesar's* Cue to come forth, as immediately he did (having heard all that had pass'd) and threw himself at his Majesty's Feet: And this was the critical Minute he was to snatch for the gaining his Point, and of which he made a most admirable Use. He call'd up all the Force of necessary Dissimulation, Tenderness to his Voice, Tears to his Eyes, and Trembling to his Hands, that stay'd the too willing and melting Monarch by his Robe, 'till he had heard him implore, and granted him his Pity: Nor did he quit his Hold, 'till the King cry'd, with a soft Voice—*Rise*—at which he was assur'd of what he ask'd. He refus'd however to rise, 'till the Pardon was pronounc'd. He own'd himself the greatest Criminal in Nature; that he was drawn from his Allegiance by the most subtle Artifices of his Enemies, who under false Friendships had allur'd his Hopes with gilded Promises; and which he now too plainly saw were Designs to propagate their own private Interests, and not his Glory. He humbly besought his Majesty to make some gracious Allowances for his Vanities of Youth, and to believe now he had so dearly bought Discretion, at almost the Price of his Majesty's eternal Displeasure, that he would reform, and lead so good a Life, so absolutely from any Appearance of Ambition, that his Majesty should see he had not a more faithful Subject than himself.

self. In fine, he found himself, by this Acknowledgment he had begun with, to advance yet farther: Nor would his Majesty be satisfy'd without the whole Scene of the Matter; and how they were to have surpris'd and seiz'd him; where, and by what Numbers. All which he was forc'd to give an Account of; since now to have fallen back, when he was in their Hands, had been his infallible Ruin. All which he perform'd with as much Tendernefs and Respect to his Friends concern'd, as if his own Life had been depending: And tho' he were extremly press'd to discover some of the great Ones of the Party, he would never give his Consent to an Action so mean, as to be an Evidence. All that could be got from him farther, was, to promise his Majesty to give under his Hand, what he had in private confess'd to him; with which the King remain'd very well satisfy'd, and order'd him to come to Court the next Day. Thus for that Night they parted, with infinite Careffes on the King's Part, and no little Joy on his. His Majesty was no sooner gone, but he gave immediate Order to the Secretaries of State to draw up his Pardon, which was done with so good speed, that he had it in his own Hands the next Day. When he came to Court it is not to be imagin'd the Surprise it was to all to behold the Man, in the greatest State imaginable, who but Yesterday was to have been crucify'd at any Price: And those who most exclaim'd against him, were the first that paid him Homage, and carefs'd him at the highest rate; only the most Wise and Judicious prophesy'd his Glories were not of long Continuation. The King made no Visits where the Prince did not publicly appear: He told all the People with infinite Joy, that the Prince had confess'd the whole Plot, and that he would give it under his Hand and Seal, in order to have it publish'd throughout all *France*, for the Satisfaction of all those who had been deluded and deceived by our specious Pretences; and for the Terror of those, who had any-ways adher'd to so pernicious a Villany: So that he met with nothing but Reproaches from those of our own Par-

ty at Court: For there were many, who hitherto were unsuspected, and who now, out of Fear of being betray'd by the Prince, were ready to fall at the King's Feet and confess all: Others there were that left the Court and Town upon it. In fine, the Face of things seem'd extremly alter'd, while the Prince bore himself like a Person who had the Misfortune justly to lye beneath the Exclamations of a disoblig'd Multitude, as they at least imagin'd, and bore all, as if their Fears had been true, without so much as offering at his Justification, to confirm his Majesty's good Opinion of him: He added to his Pardon a Present of twenty thousand Crowns, half of it being paid the next Day after his coming to Court. And in short, my Lord, his Majesty grew so fond of the Prince, he could not endure to suffer him out of his Presence, and was never satisfy'd with seeing him: He carry'd him the next Day to the publick *Theatre* with him, to shew the World he was reconcil'd. But by this time he had all confirm'd, and grew impatient to declare himself to his Friends, whom he would not have remain long in their ill Opinion of him. It happen'd the third Day of his coming to Court (in returning some of those Visits he had receiv'd from all the great Persons) he went to wait upon the Dutchess of——a Lady who had ever had a tender Respect for the Prince: In the time of this Visit, a young Lady of Quality happen'd to come in; one whom your Lordship knows a great Wit, and much esteem'd at Court, *Madamoisell Mariana*: By this Lady he found himself welcom'd to Court with all the Demonstrations of Joy; as also by the old Dutchess, who had divers times heretofore perswaded the Prince to leave the *Hugonots*, and return to the King and Court: She us'd to tell him he was a handsome Youth, and she lov'd his Mother well; that he danc'd finely, and she had rather see him in a Ball at Court, than in Rebellion in the Field; and often to this purpose her Love would rally him; and now shew'd no less Concern of Joy for his Reconciliation; and looking on him as a true Convert, fell a railing, with all the Malice and Wit she could invent, at those publick-spirited
Knaves

Knaves who had seduc'd him. She rail'd on, and curs'd those Politicks which had betray'd him to almost Ruin it self. The Prince heard her with all the Patience he could for some time, but when he found her touch him so tenderly, and name his Friends, as if he had own'd any such ill Counsellors, his Colour came in his Face, and he could not forbear defending us with all the Force of Friendship. He told her he knew of no such Seducers, no Villains of the Party, nor of any traiterous Design, that either himself, or any Man in *France*, had ever harbour'd: At which she going to upbraid him in a manner too passionate, he thought it decent to end his Visit, and left her very abruptly. At his going out he met with the Duke of—— Brother to the Dutchess, going to visit her: *En passant*, a very indifferent Ceremony pass'd on both sides, for this Duke never had entertain'd a Friendship, or scarce Respect for *Cesario*; but going into his Sister's the Dutchess her Chamber, he found her all in a Rage at the Prince's so publick Defence of the *Hugonots* and their Allies; and the Duke entering, they told him what had pass'd. This was a very great Pleasure to him who had a mortal Hate at this time to the Prince. He made his Visit very short, hastens to Court, and went directly to the King, and told him how infinitely he found his Majesty mistaken in the imagin'd Penitence of the Prince; and then told him what he had said at the Dutchess of—— Lodgings, and had disown'd he ever confess'd any treasonable Design against his Majesty, and gave 'em the Lie, who durst charge him with any such Villany. The King who was unwilling to credit what he wish'd not true, plainly told the Duke he could not believe it, but that it was the Malice of his Enemies who had forg'd this; the Duke reply'd, he would bring those to his Majesty that heard the Words: Immediately thereupon dispatch'd away his Page to beg the Dutchess would come to Court, with *Madamoisel Mariana*. The Dutchess suspecting the Truth of the Business, and unwilling to do the Prince an ill Office, excus'd her self by sending Word she was ill of the Cholick. But *Mariana* who lov'd the King's Interest,

Interest, and found the Ingratitude, as she call'd it, of the Prince, hasted in her Chair to Court, and justify'd all the Duke had said; who being a Woman of great Wit and Honour, found that Credit which the Duke fail'd of, as an open Enemy to the Prince. About an Hour after the Prince appear'd at Court, and found the Face of Things chang'd extreamly; and those, who before had kiss'd his Hand, and were proud of every Smile from him, now beheld him with Coldness, and scarce made way as he pass'd. However, he went on to the Presence and found the King, whose Looks were also very much chang'd; who taking him into the Bed-Chamber, shew'd him his whole Confession, drawn up ready for him to sign, as he had promis'd, tho' he never intended any such thing; and now resolv'd to die rather than do it, he took it in his Hand, while the King cry'd — *Here, keep your Word, and sign your Narrative* — Stay, Sir, reply'd the Prince, *I have the Counsel of my Friends to ask in so weighty an Affair.* The King, confirm'd in all he had heard, no longer doubted but he had been too cunning for him; and going out in a very great Discontent, he only cry'd — *Sir, if you have any better Friends than my self I leave you to 'em;* — and with this left him. The Prince was very glad he had got the Confession Paper, hoping it would never come to light again; the King was the only Person to whom he had made the Confession, and he was but one Accuser; and him he thought the Party could at any time be too powerful to oppose, all being easily believ'd on their Side, and nothing on that of the Court. After this, in the Evening, the King going to visit Madam the Dutchess of — for whom he had a very great Esteem, and whither every Day the whole Court follow'd him; the Prince, with all the Assurance imaginable, made his Court there also; but he was no sooner come into the Presence, but he perceiv'd Anger in the Eyes of that Monarch, who had indeed a peculiar Greatness and Fierceness there when angry: A Minute after he sent Monsieur — to the Prince, with a Command to leave the Court; and without much Ceremony he accordingly

cordingly departed, and went directly to *Hermione*, who with all the Impatience of Love expected him; nor was much surpris'd to find him banish'd the Court: For he made her acquainted with his most secret Designs; who having made all his Interests her own, espous'd whatever related to him, and was capable of retaining all with great Fidelity: Nor had he quitted her one Night, since his coming to Court; and he hath often with Rapture told me, *Hermione* was a Friend as well a Mistress, and one with whom, when the first Play was ended, he could discourse with of useful things of State as well as Love; and improve in both the noble Mysteries by her charming Conversation. The Night of this second Disgrace I went to *Hermione's* to visit him, where we discours'd what was next to be done. He did not think his Pardon was sufficient to secure him, and he was not willing to trust a King who might be convinc'd, that that Tenderness he had for him, was absolutely against the Peace and Quiet of all *France*. I was of this Opinion, so that upon farther Debate, we thought it absolutely necessary to quit *France*, 'till the Court's Heat should be a little abated; and that the King might imagine himself by his Absence, in more Tranquillity than he really is. In order to this, he made me take my Flight into *Flanders*, here to provide all things necessary against his coming, and I receiv'd his Command to seek you out, and beg you would attend his coming hither. I expect him every Day. He told me at Parting he long'd to consult with you how next to play this mighty Game, on which so many Kingdoms are stak'd, and which he is resolv'd to win, or be nothing. *An imperfect Relation*, reply'd *Philander*, we had of this Affair, but I never could learn by what Artifice the Prince brought about his good Fortune at Court; but of your own Escape I have heard nothing, pray oblige me with the Relation of it. Sir, said *Tomaso*, there is so little worthy the Trouble you will take in hearing it, that you may spare yourself the Curiosity. Sir, reply'd *Philander*, I always had too great a Share in what concern'd you not to be curious of the Story: In which, reply'd *Thomaso*, tho' there be nothing Novel, I will satisfy you.

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Be pleas'd to know, my Lord, that about a Week before our Design was fully discover'd by some of our own Under-Rogues, I had taken a great House in *Fabour St. Germins*, for my Mistress, whom you know, my Lord, I had liv'd with for the space of a Year. She was gone to drink the Waters of *Bourbon* for some Indisposition, and I had promis'd her all things should be fitted against her Return, agreeable to her Humour and Desire; and indeed I spar'd no Cost to make her Apartment magnificent: And I believe few Women of Quality could purchase one so rich; for I lov'd the young Woman, who had Beauty and Discretion enough to charm, tho' the *Parisians* of the Royal Party call'd her *Nicky Nacky*, which was given her in Derision to me, not to her, for whom every Body, for her own sake, had a considerable Esteem. Besides, my Lord, I had taken up Money out of the Orphans and Widows Bank from the Chamber of *Paris*, and could very well afford to be Lavish when I spent upon the publick Stock. While I was thus ordering all things, my *Vallet* came running out of Breath to tell me, that being at the *Loovre*, he saw several Persons carry'd to the Secretaries Office with Messengers; and that enquiring who they might be, he found they were two *Parisians*, who had offer'd themselves to the Messengers to be carry'd to be examin'd about a Plot, the Prince *Cesario* and those of the Reform'd Religion had to surprise his Majesty, kill Monsieur his Brother, and set all *Paris* in a Flame: And as to what particularly related to my self, he said, That I was nam'd as the Person design'd to seize upon the King's Guards, and dispatch Monsieur. This my own Conscience told me was too true, for me to make any Doubt but I was discover'd; I therefore left a Servant in the House, and in an Hackney-Coach took my Flight. I drove a little out of *Paris* 'till Night, and then return'd again, as the surest Part of the World where I could conceal my self: I was not long in studying who I should trust with my Life and Safety, but went directly to the Palace of Madam, the Countess of — who you know, my Lord, was a Widow, and a Woman

Woman who had, for a Year past, a most violent Passion for me; but she being a Lady who had made many such Gallantries, and past her Youth, I had only a very great Respect and Acknowledgment for her and her Quality, and being oblig'd to her for the Effects of her Tenderness shewn upon several Occasions, I could not but acquit my self like a *Cavalier* to her, whenever I could possibly; and which, tho' I have a thousand times feign'd great Business to prevent, yet I could not always be ungrateful; and when I paid her my Services, 'twas ever extreamly well receiv'd; and because of her Quality, and setting up for a second Marriage, she always took care to make my Approaches to her in as conceal'd a manner as possible; and only her Porter, one Page, and one Woman, knew this secret Amour; and for the better carrying it on, I ever went in a Hackney-Coach, lest my Livery should be seen at her Gate: And as it was my Custom at other times, so I now sent the Porter (who, by my Bounty and his Lady's, was intirely my own Creature) for the Page to come to me, who immediately did, and I desir'd him to let his Lady know I waited her Commands; that was the Word: He immediately brought me Answer, That by good Fortune his Lady was all alone, and infinitely wishing she knew where to send him for me: And I immediately, at that good News, ran up to her Chamber; where I was no sooner come, but desiring me to sit, she order'd her Porter to be call'd, and gave him Orders, upon pain of Life, not to tell of my being in the House, whatever Enquiry should be made after me; and having given the same Command to her Page, she dismiss'd 'em, and came to me with all the Fear and Trembling imaginable. *Ab Monsieur*, cry'd she, falling on my Neck, *we are undone* — I not imagining she had heard the News already; cry'd, *Why, is my Passion discover'd?* *Ab*, reply'd she in Tears, *I would to Heav'n it were no worse! would all the Earth had discover'd that, which I should esteem my Glory* — But 'tis, my charming Monsieur, continu'd she, *your Treasons and not Amour, whose Discovery will be so fatal to me.* At this

this I seem'd amaz'd, and begg'd her to let me understand her: She told me what I have said before; and moreover, that the Council had that very Evening issu'd out Warrants for me, and she admir'd how I escap'd. After a little Discourse of this kind, I ask'd her what she would advise me to do? for I was very well assur'd the violent Hate the King had particularly for me, would make him never consent I should live on any Terms: And therefore 'twas determin'd I should not surrender my self; and she resolv'd to run the risk of concealing me; which, in fine, she did three Days, furnishing me with Money and Necessaries for my Flight. In this time a Proclamation came forth, and offer'd five hundred Crowns for my Head, or to seize me alive or dead. This Sum so wrought with the slavish Minds of Men, that no Art was left unassay'd to take me: They search'd all Houses, all Hackney-Coaches that pass'd by Night; and did all that Avarice could inspire to take me, but all in vain: At last this glorious Sum so dazzled the Mind of Madam the Countess's Porter, that he went to a Captain of the Musquetaiers, and assur'd him, if the King would give him the aforesaid Sum, he would betray me, and bring him the following Night to surprize me without any Resistance: The Captain, who thought, if the Porter should have all the Sum, he should get none; and every one hoping to be the happy Man that should take me and win the Prize, could not indure another should have the Glory of both, and so never told the King of the Offer the Porter had made. But however secret one may imagine an Amour to be kept, yet in so busie a Place as *Paris*, and the Apartments of the Court Coquets, this of ours had been discours'd, and the Intrigue more than suspected: Whether this, or the Captain before nam'd, imagin'd to find me at the House of the Countess, because the Porter had made such an Offer; I say, however it was, the next Morning, upon a *Sunday*, the Guards broke into several Chambers, and missing me, had the Insolence to come to the Door of that of the Countess; and she had only time to slip on her Night-Gown, and running to the

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Door,

Door, besought them to have Respect to her Sex and Quality, while I started from my Bed, which was the same from whence the Countess rose; and not knowing where to hide, or what to do, concealing my Cloaths between the Sheets, I mounted from the Table to a great Silver Sconce that was fasten'd to the Wall by the Bed-side, and from thence made but one Spring up to the Tester of the Bed; which being one of those rais'd with strong Wood-work and Japan, I could easily do; or rather it was by Miracle I did it; and laid my self along on the Top, while my Back touch'd the Ceiling of the Chamber; by this time, when no Intreaties could prevail, they had burst open the Chamber-door, and running directly to the Bed, they could not believe their Eyes: They saw no Person there, but the plain Print of two, with the Pillows for two Persons. This gave them the Curiosity to search farther, which they did, with their Swords, under the Bed, in every Corner, behind every Curtain, up the Chimney, felt all about the Wainscot and Hangings for false Doors or Closets; survey'd the Floor for a Trap-door: At last they found my fring'd Gloves in the Window, and the Sash a little up, and then they concluded I had made my Escape out at that Window: This Thought they seem'd confirm'd in, and therefore ran to the Garden, where they thought I had descended, and with my Gloves, which they bore away as the Trophies of their almost gain'd Victory, they search'd every Hedge and Bush, Arbour, Grotto, and Tree; but not being able to find what they sought, they concluded me gone, and told all the Town how very near they were to seizing me. After this, the very Porter and Page believ'd me escap'd out at that Window, and there was no farther Search made after me: But the Countess was amaz'd, as much as any of the Soldiers, to find which way I had convey'd my self, when I came down and undeceiv'd her; but when she saw from whence I came, she wonder'd more than before how I could get up so high; when trying the Trick again, I could not do it, if I might have won never so considerable a
Wager

Wager upon it, without pulling down the Sconce and the Tester also.

After this I remain'd there undiscover'd the whole time the Prince was at *Hermione's*, till his coming to Court, when I verily believ'd he would have gained me my Pardon, with his own; but the King had sworn my final Destruction, if he ever got me in his Power; and proclaiming me a Traitor, seiz'd all they could find of mine. 'Twas then that I believ'd it high time to take my Flight; which, as soon as I heard the Prince again in Disgrace, I did, and got safely into *Holland*, where I have remain'd about six Weeks. But, oh! what is Woman! The first News I heard, and that was while I remain'd at the Countess's, that my Mistress, for whom I had taken such Care, and who had profess'd to love me above all things, no sooner heard I was fled and proscrib'd, but retiring to a Friend's House (for her own was seiz'd for mine) and the Officers imagining me there too, they came to search; and a young *Cavalier*, of a noble Aspect, great Wit and Courage, and indeed a very fine Gentleman, was the Officer that enter'd her Chamber to search for me; who, being at first sight surpriz'd with her Beauty, and melted with her Tears, fell most desperately in Love with her, and after hearing how she had lost all her Money, Plate, and Jewels, and rich Furniture, offer'd her his Service to retrieve 'em, and did do it; and, from one Favour to another, continu'd so to oblige the fair fickle Creature, that he won, with that and his handsom Mein, a Possession of her Heart, and she yielded in a Week's time to my most mortal Enemy. And the Countess, who, at my going from her, swooned, and bathed me all in Tears, making a thousand Vows of Fidelity, and never to favour Mankind more: This very Woman, Sir, as soon as my Back was turn'd, made new Advances to a young Lord, who, believing her to be none of the most faithful, would not trust her under Matrimony: He being a Man of no great Fortune, and she a Mistress of a very considerable one, his standing off on these Terms inflames her the more; and I have advice that she is very much in Love

with him, and 'tis believ'd will do what he desires of her: So that I was no sooner abandon'd by Fortune, but fickle Woman follow'd her Example, and fled me too. Thus, my Lord, you have the History of my double Unhappiness: And I am waiting here a Fate which no human Wit can guess at: The Arrival of the Prince will give a little Life to our Affair; and I yet have hope to see him in *Paris*, at the Head of forty thousand *Hugonots*, to revenge all the Insolencies we have suffer'd.

After discoursing of several things, and of the Fate of several Persons, it was Bed-time; and they taking Leave, each Man departed to his Chamber.

Philander, while he was undressing, being alone with *Brilliard*, began to discourse of *Sylvia*, and to take some Care of letting her know he was arriv'd at *Bruxels*; and for her Convoy thither. *Brilliard*, who even yet retain'd some unaccountable Hope, as Lovers do, of one Day being happy with that fair one; and believing he could not be so, with so much Felicity, while she was in the Hands of *Octavio*, as those of *Philander*, would never tell his Lord his Sentiments of her Conduct, nor of her Love to *Octavio*, and those other Passages that had occur'd in *Holland*: He only cry'd, he believ'd she might be overcome, being left to her self, and by the Merits and good Fashion of *Octavio*; but would not give his Master an absolute Fear, or any Account of Truth, that he might live with her again; if possible, as before; and that she might hold her self so oblig'd to him for his Silence in these Affairs, as might one Day render him happy. These were the unweigh'd Reasons he gave for deluding his Lord into a kind Opinion of the fickle Maid: But ever when he nam'd *Sylvia*, *Philander* could perceive his Blushes rise, and from 'em, believ'd there was something behind in his Thought, which he had a Mind to know: He therefore press'd him to the last degree,—— and cry'd—— Come——
——confess to me, *Brilliard*, the reason of your Blushes: I know you are a Lover, and I was content to suffer you my Rival, knowing your Respect to me. This, tho' he spoke smiling, rais'd a greater Confusion in *Brilliard's* Heart. I

own, my Lord, said he, that I have in spight of that Respect, and all the force of my Soul, had the daring to love her whom you lov'd; but still the Consideration of my Obligations to your Lordship surmounted that saucy Flame, notwithstanding all the Incouragement of your Inconstancy, and the Advantage of the Rage it put Sylvia in against you. How, cry'd Philander, does Sylvia know then of my Falseness, and is it certain that Octavio has betray'd me to her? With that Brilliard was forc'd to advance, and with a Design of some Revenge upon Octavio (whom, he hop'd, would be challeng'd by his Lord, where one or both might fall in the Rancounter, and leave him Master of his Hopes) he told him all that had pass'd between 'em, all but real Possession, which he only imagin'd, but laid the whole Weight on Octavio, making Sylvia act but as an incens'd Woman, purely out of high Revenge and Resentment of so great an Injury as was done her Love. He farther told him, how in the Extravagancy of her Rage she had resolv'd to marry Octavio, and how he prevented it by making a publick Declaration she was his Wife already; and for which Octavio procur'd the States to put him in Prison; but by an Accident that happen'd to the Uncle of Octavio, for which he was forc'd to fly, the States releas'd him, when he came to his Lord: How, cry'd Philander, and is the Traitor Octavio fled from Holland, and from the Reach of my Chastisement? Yes, reply'd Brilliard; and not to hold you longer from the Truth, has forc'd Sylvia away with him. At this Philander grew into a violent Rage, sometimes against Octavio for his Treasons against Friendship; sometimes he felt the old Flame revive, rais'd and blown Jealousie, and was raving to imagine any other should possess the lovely Sylvia. He now beholds her with all those Charms that first fir'd him, and thinks, if she be criminal, 'twas only the Effects of the greatest Love, which always hurries Women on to the highest Revenges. In vain he seeks to extinguish his returning Flame by the Thought of Calista; yet at that Thought he starts like one awaken'd from a Dream of Honour, to fall asleep again, and dream of Love. Before 'twas Rage and Pride, but now it was Tenderness and Grief, softer

Passions, and more insupportable. New Wounds smart most, but old ones are most dangerous. While he was thus raging, walking, pausing, and loving, one knock'd at his Chamber-door. It was *Sylvia's* Page, who had waited all the Evening to speak to him, and could not till now be admitted. *Brilliard* was just going to tell him he was there before, when he arriv'd now again: *Philander* was all unbutton'd, his Stockings down, and his Hair under his Cap, when the Page, being let in by *Brilliard*, ran to his Lord, who knew him and embrac'd him: And 'twas a pretty while they thus caress'd each other, without the Power of speaking; he of asking a Question, and the Boy of delivering his Message; at last he gave him *Sylvia's* Billet, which was thus—

TO PHILANDER.

FAlse and perjur'd as you are, I languish for a Sight of you, and conjure you to give it me as soon as this comes to your Hands. Imagine not that I have prepar'd those Instruments of Revenge that are so justly due to your Perfidy; but rather that I have yet too tender Sentiments for you, in spite of the Outrage you have done my Heart; and that for all the Ruin you have made, I still adore you: And tho' I know you now another's Slave, yet I beg you would vouchsafe to behold the Spoils you have made, and allow me this Recompence for all, to say—Here was the Beauty I once esteem'd, tho' now she is no more *Philander's*

S Y L V I A.

How! cry'd he out, *No more Philander's Sylvia? By Heav'n, I had rather be no more Philander!* And at that Word, without considering whether he were in order for a Visit or not, he advancing his joyful Voice, cry'd out to the Page, *Lead on, my faithful Boy, lead on to Sylvia.* In vain *Brilliard* beseeches him to put himself into a better Equipage; in vain he urges to him the Indecency of making a Visit in that Posture; he thought of nothing but *Sylvia*;

via; however he ran after him with his Hat, Cloak, and Comb, and as he was in the Chair dress'd his Hair, and suffer'd the Page to conduct him where he pleas'd: Which being to *Sylvia's* Lodgings, he ran up Stairs, and into her Chamber, as by Instinct of Love, and found her laid on her Bed, to which he made but one Step from the Door; and catching her in his Arms, as he kneel'd upon the Carpet, they both remain'd unable to utter any thing but Sighs: And surely *Sylvia* never appear'd more charming; she had for a Month or two liv'd at her Ease, and had besides all the Advantage of fine dressing, which she had purposely put on, in the most tempting Fashion, on purpose to ingage him, or rather to make him see how fine a Creature his Perfidy had lost him: She first broke Silence, and with a thousand violent Reproaches, seem'd as if she would fain break from those Arms, which she wish'd might be too strong for her Force; while he endeavours to appease her by swearing and lying, as Lovers do, protesting a thousand times that there was nothing in that History of his Amour with *Calista*, but Revenge on *Octavio*, who he knew was making an Interest in her Heart, contrary to all the Laws of Honour and Friendship, (for he had learned, by the Reproaches of the Lady Abbess, that *Calista* was Sister to *Octavio*) he has had the Daring to confess to me his Passion, said he, for you, and could I do less in Revenge than to tell him I had one for his Sister? I knew by the violent Reproaches I ever met with in your Letters, tho' they were not plainly confess'd, that he had play'd me foul, and discover'd my feign'd Intrigue to you; and even this I suffer'd, to see how far you could be prevail'd with against me. I knew *Octavio* had Charms of Youth and Wit, and that you had too much the Ascendant over him, to be deny'd any Secret you had a Mind to draw from him; I knew your Nature too curious, and your Love too inquisitive, not to press him to a Sight of my Letters, which seen must incense you; and this Trial I designedly made of your Faith, and as a Return to *Octavio*. Thus he flatters, and she believes, because she has a Mind to believe; and

thus by degrees he softens the listening *Sylvia*; swears his Faith with Sighs, and confirms it with his Tears, which bedew'd her fair Bosom, as they fell from his bright dissembling Eyes; and yet so well he dissembled, that he scarce knew himself that he did so: And such Effects it wrought on *Sylvia*, that in spite of all her Honour and Vows engag'd to *Octavio*, and horrid Protestations, never to receive again the Fugitive to her Arms, she suffers all he asks, gives her self up again to Love, and is a second time undone. She regards him as one to whom she had a peculiar Right as the first Lover: She was marry'd to his Love, to his Heart, and *Octavio* appear'd the intruding Gallant, that would, and ought to be content with the Gleanings of the Harvest *Philander* should give him the Opportunity to take up: And tho' if she had at this very time been put to her sober Choice, which she would have abandon'd, it would have been *Philander*, as not in so good Circumstances at that time to gratify all her Extravagancies of Expence; but she would not indure to think of losing either: She was for two Reasons covetous of both, and swore Fidelity to both, protesting each the only Man; and she was now contriving in her Thoughts how to play the Jilt most artificially; a Help-meet, tho' natural enough to her Sex, she had not yet much essay'd, and never to this purpose: She knew well she should have need of all her Cunning in this Affair, for she had to do with Men of Quality and Honour, and too much Wit to be grossly impos'd upon. She knew *Octavio* lov'd so well, it would either make her lose him by Death or resenting Pride, if she should ever be discover'd to him to be untrue; and she knew she should lose *Philander* to some new Mistress, if he once perceiv'd her false. He ask'd her a thousand Questions concerning *Octavio*, and she seem'd to lavish every Secret of her Soul to her Lover; but, like a right Woman, so order'd her Discourse as all that made for her Advantage she declar'd, and all the rest she conceal'd. She told him that those Hopes which her Revenge had made her give *Octavio*, had oblig'd him to present her with such and such fine Jewels,

such

such Plate, such Sums; and in fine, made him understand that all her Trophies from the believing Lover should be laid at his Feet, who had conquer'd her Heart: And that now, having enrich'd her self, she would abandon him wholly to Despair. This did not so well satisfy *Philander*, but that he needed some greater Proofs of her Fidelity, fearing all these rich Presents were not for a little Hope alone; and she fail'd not giving what Protestations he desir'd.

Thus the Night pass'd away, and in the Morning, she knowing he was not very well furnish'd with Money, gave him the Key of her Cabinet, where she bid him furnish himself with all he wanted; which he did and left her, to go take Orders about his Horses and other Affairs, not so absolutely satisfy'd of her Virtue, but he fear'd himself put upon, which the Advantage he was likely to reap by the Deceit, made him less consider than he would perhaps otherwise have done. He had all the Night a full Possession of *Sylvia*, and found in the Morning he was not so violently concern'd as he was over Night: It was but a Repetition of what he had been feasted with before; 'twas no new Treat, but, like Matrimony, went dully down: And now he found his Heart warm a little more for *Calista*, with which little Impatience he left *Sylvia*.

That Morning a Lady having sent to *Octavio*, to give her an Assignment in the Park; tho' he were not curious after Beauty, yet believing there might be something more in it than merely a Lady, he dress'd himself and went, which was the Reason he made not his Visit that Morning, as he us'd to do, to *Sylvia*, and so was yet ignorant of her Ingratitude; while she, on the other side, finding her self more possess'd with Vanity than love; for having gain'd her End as imagin'd, and got a second Victory over his Heart, in spite of all *Calista*'s Charms, she did not so much consider him as before; nor was he so dear to her as she fancy'd he would have been, before she believ'd it possible to get him any more to her Arms; and she found it was Pride and Revenge
to

to *Calista*, that made her so fond of indearing him, and that he should thereby triumph over that haughty Rival, who pretended to be so sure of the Heart of her Hero: And having satisfy'd her Ambition in that Point, she was more pleas'd than she imagin'd she should be, and could now turn her Thoughts again to *Ottavio*, whose Charms, whose Endearments, and lavish Obligations, came anew to her Memory, and made him appear the most agreeable to her Genius and Humour, which now lean'd to Interest more than Love; and now she fancies she found *Philander* duller in her Arms than *Ottavio*, that he tasted of *Calista*, while *Ottavio* was all her own entirely, adoring and ever presenting; two Excellencies, of which *Philander* now had but part of one. She found *Philander* now in a Condition to be ever taking from her, while *Ottavio*'s was still to be giving; which was a great Weight in the Scale of Love, when a fair Woman guides the Balance: And now she begins to distrust all that *Philander* had said of his Innocence, from what she now remembers she heard from *Calista* her self, and reproaches her own Weakness for believing: While her penitent Thoughts were thus wandering in favour of *Ottavio* that Lover arriv'd, and approach'd her with all the Joy in his Soul and Eyes that either could express. 'Tis now my fair Charmer, said he, that I am come to offer you what alone can make me more worthy of you—— And pulling from his Pocket the Writings and Inventories of all his own and his Uncle's Estate— See here, said he, what those mighty Powers that favour Love have done for Sylvia? It is not, continu'd he, the Trifle of a Million of Money (which these amount to) that has pleas'd me, but because I am now able to lay it without Controul at your Feet. If she were before inclin'd to receive him well, what was she now, when a Million of Money render'd him so charming? She embrac'd his Neck with her snowy Arms, lays her Cheek to his ravish'd Face, and kiss'd him a thousand Welcomes; so well she knew how to make her self Mistress of all this vast Fortune: And I suppose he never appear'd so fine as at this Moment. While she thus caus'd him,

him, he could not forbear sighing, as if there were yet something behind to compleat his Happiness: For though *Octavio* were extremely blinded with Love, he had abundance of Wit, and a great many Doubts (which were augmented by the Arrival of *Philander*,) and he was too wise and too haughty to be impos'd upon, at least as he believ'd. And yet he had so very good an Opinion of *Sylvia's* Honour and Vows, which she had engag'd to him, that he durst hardly name his Fears, when by his Sighs she found them: And willing to leave no Obstacle unremov'd, that might hinder her possessing this Fortune, she told him; *My dear Octavio — I am sensible these Sighs proceed from some Fears you have of Philander's being in Brussels, and consequently that I will see him, as heretofore; but be assur'd that that false Man shall no more dare to pretend to me; but, on the contrary, I will behold him as my mortal Enemy, the Murderer of my Fame and Innocence, and as the most ungrateful and perfidious Man that ever liv'd.* This she confirm'd with Oaths and Tears, and a thousand endearing Expressions. So that establishing his Heart in a perfect Tranquillity, and he leaving his Writings and Accounts with her, he told her he was oblig'd to dine with the Advocates, who had acted for him in *Holland*, and could not stay to dine with her.

You must know, that as soon as the Noise of old *Sebastian*, *Octavia's* Uncle's Death was noised about, and that he was thereupon fled, they seiz'd all the Estates, both that of the Uncle, and that of *Octavio*, as belonging to him by Right of Law; but looking upon him as his Uncle's Murderer, they were forfeited to the *States*. This part of ill News *Octavio* kept from *Sylvia*, but took Order that there should be such a Process began in his Name with the *States*, that might retrieve it; and sent Word, if it could not be carry'd on by Attorneys (for he was not, he said, in Health) that nevertheless he would come into *Holland* himself. But they being not able to prove, by the Witness of any of *Octavio's* or *Sebastian's* Servants, that *Octavio* had any Hand in his Death; but,

but, on the contrary, all Circumstances, and the Coroner's Verdict, brought it in as a thing done by Accident, and through his own Fault, they were oblig'd to release to *Octavio* all his Fortune, with that of his Uncle, which was this Day brought to him, by those he was oblig'd to dine and make up some Accounts withal: He therefore told her he fear'd he should be absent all that Afternoon; which she was the more pleas'd at, because if *Philander* should return before she had order'd the Method of their Visit, so as not to meet with each other, (which was her only Contrivance now,) she should be sure he would not see or be seen by *Octavio*; who had no sooner taken his Leave, but *Philander* returns; who being now fully bent upon some Adventure to see *Calista*, if possible, and which Intrigue would take up his whole Time; to excuse his Absence to the jealous *Sylvia*, he feign'd that he was sent to by *Cesario*, to meet him upon the Frontiers of *France*, and conduct him into *Flanders*, and that he should be absent some Days. This was as *Sylvia* could have wish'd; and after forcing her self to take as kind a Leave of him as she could, whose Head was wholly possess'd with a Million of Gold, she sent him away, both Parties being very well pleas'd with the Artifices with which they jilted each other. At *Philander's* going into his Chair, he was seen by the old Count of *Clarinau*, who, cur'd perfectly of his Wound, was come thither to seek *Philander*, in order to take the Revenge of a Man of Honour, as he call'd it; which in *Spanish* is the private Stab, for private Injuries; and indeed more reasonable than base *French* Duelling, where the Injur'd is as likely to suffer as the Injurer: But *Clarinau* durst not attack him by Day-Light in the open Street, nor durst he indeed appear in his own Figure in the King of *Spain's* Dominions, standing already there convicted of the Murder of his first Wife; but in a Disguise came to *Bruxels*. The Chair with *Philander* was no sooner gone from the Lodgings, but he enquir'd of some of the House, who lodg'd there that that Gentleman came to visit? and they told him a great Belly'd Lady, who was a

Woman

Woman of Quality, and a Stranger : This was sufficient, you may believe, for him to think it Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*. With this Assurance he repairs to his Lodging, which was but hard by, and sets a Footman that attended him to watch the Return of *Philander* to those Lodgings, which he believ'd would not be long : The Footman, who had not seen *Philander*, only ask'd a Description of him ; he told him he was a pretty tall Man in black Cloaths (for the Court was then in Mourning,) with long black Hair, fine black Eyes, very handsome and well made ; this was enough for the Lad ; he thought he should know him from a thousand by these Marks and Tokens. Away goes the Footman, and waited till the shutting in of the Evening, and then, running to his Lord, told him *Philander* was come to those Lodgings ; that he saw him alight out of the Chair, and took perfect Notice of him ; that he was sure it was that *Philander* he look'd for : *Clarinau*, overjoy'd that his Revenge was at hand, took his Dagger, Sword and Pistol, and hasten'd to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, where he found the Chair still waiting, and the Doors all open ; he made no more ado, but goes in and ascends the Stairs, and passes on, without any Opposition, to the very Chamber where they sat, *Sylvia* in the Arms of her Lover, not *Philander*, but *Ottavio*, who being also in black, tall, long, brown Hair, and handsome, and by a Sight that might very well deceive ; he made no more to do, not doubting but it was *Philander* and *Calista*, but steps to him, and offering to stab him, was prevented by his starting at the Suddenness of his Approach ; however the Dagger did not absolutely miss him, but wounded him in the left Arm ; but *Ottavio*'s Youth, too nimble for *Clarinau*'s Age, snatching at the Dagger as it wounded him, at once prevented the Hurt being much, and return'd a home Blow at *Clarinau*, so that he fell at *Sylvia*'s Feet, whose Shreeks alarm'd the House to their Aid, where they found by the Light of the Candle that was brought, that the Man was not dead, but lay gazing on *Ottavio*, who said to him, *Tell me, thou unfortunate Wretch, what miserable*
Fate

Fate brought thee to this Place, to disturb the Repose of those who neither know thee, nor had done thee Injury? Ab, Sir, reply'd Clarinau, you have Reason for what you say, and I ask Heav'n, that unknown Lady, and your self, a thousand Pardons for my Mistake and Crime: Too late I see my Error, pity and forgive me; and let me have a Priest, for I believe I am a dead Man. Octavio was extremely mov'd with Compassion at these Words, and immediately sent his Page, who was alarm'd up in the Croud, for a Father and a Surgeon; and he declar'd before the rest that he forgave that Stranger, meaning Octavio, since he had, by a Mistake of his Footman, pull'd on his own Death, and had deserv'd it: And thereupon, as well as he could, he told them for whom he had mistaken Octavio, who having injur'd his Honour, he had vow'd Revenge upon; and that he took the fair Lady, meaning Sylvia, for a faithless Wife of his, who had been the Authoress of all this. Octavio soon divin'd this to be his Brother-in-law Clarinau, whom yet he had never seen; and stooping down to him, he cry'd, 'Tis I, Sir, that ought to demand a thousand Pardons of you, for letting the Revenge of Calista's Honour alone so long. Clarinau wonder'd who he should be that nam'd Calista, and asking him his Name, he told him he was the unhappy Brother to that fair Wanton, whose Story was but too well known to him. This while Clarinau viewing his Face, found him the very Picture of that false Charmer; while Octavio went on and assur'd him, if it were his Unhappiness to die, that he would revenge the Honour of him and his Sister on the Betrayer of both. By this time the Surgeon came, who found not his Wound to be mortal, as was fear'd, and ventur'd to remove him to his own Lodgings, whither Octavio would accompany him; and leaving Sylvia inclin'd, after her Fright, to be repos'd, he took his Leave of her for that Evening, not daring, out of Respect to her, to visit her any more that Night: He was no sooner gone, but Philander, who never us'd to go without two very good Pocket Pistols about him, having left 'em under his Pillow last Night at Sylvia's

Sylvia's Lodgings; and being upon Love Adventures, he knew not what Occasion he might have for 'em, return'd back to her Lodgings: When he came she was a little surpris'd at first to see him, but after reflecting on what Revenge was threaten'd him, she expos'd Octavio's Secret to him, and told him the whole Adventure, and how she had got his Writings, which would be all her own, if she might be suffer'd to manage the fond Believer. But he, whose Thought ran on the Revenge was threaten'd him, cry'd out — *He has kindly awaken'd me to my Duty by what he threatens; 'tis I that ought to be reveng'd on his Perfidy of shewing you my Letters; and to that end, by Heav'n, I will defer all the Business in the World to meet him, and pay his Courtesie — If I had enjoy'd his Sister, he might suppose I knew her not to be so; and what Man of Wit or Youth would refuse a lovely Woman, that presents a Heart laden with Love, and a Person all over Charms, to his Bosom? I were to be esteem'd unworthy the Friendship of a Man of Honour, if I should: But he has basely betray'd me every way, makes Love to my celebrated Mistress, whom he knows I love, and getting Secrets, unravels 'em to make his Court and his Access the easier.* She foresaw the dangerous Consequence of a Quarrel of this Nature, and had no sooner blown the Fire (which she did, to the end that Philander should avoid her Lodgings, and all Places where he might meet Octavio) but she hinders all her Designs; and fixing him there, he was resolv'd to expect him at the first Place he thought most likely to find him in: She endeavour'd, by a thousand Intreaties, to get him gone, urging it all for his Safety; but that made him the more resolv'd; and all she could do, could not hinder him from staying Supper, and after that from going to Bed: So that she was forc'd to hide a thousand Terrors and Fears by feign'd Caresses, the sooner to get him to meet Cesario in the Morning, as he said he was to do; And tho' she could not help flattering both, while by, yet she ever lov'd the absent best; and now repented a thousand times that she had told him any thing.

Early

Early the next Morning, as was his Custom, *Ottavio* came to inquire of *Sylvia's* Health; and tho' he had oftentimes only inquir'd and no more (taking Excuse of ill Nights, or Commands that none should come to her till she call'd) and had departed satisfy'd, and came again: Yet now, when he went into *Antonet's* Chamber, he found she was in a great Consternation, and her looks and flattering Excuses made him know, there was more than usual in his being to Day deny'd; he therefore press'd it the more, and she grew to greater Confusion by his pressing her. At last he demanded the Key of her Lady's Chamber, he having, he said, Business of great Importance to communicate to her; she told him she had as great a Reason not to deliver it, — *That is*, said she (fearing she had said too much) *my Lady's Commands*; and finding no Persuasion would prevail, and rather venturing *Sylvia's* eternal Displeasure, than not to be satisfy'd in the Jealousies she had rais'd; especially reflecting on *Philander's* being in Town, he took *Antonet* in his Arms, and forc'd the Key from her, who was willing to be forc'd; for she admir'd *Ottavio's* Bounty, and car'd not for *Philander*. *Ottavio* being Master of the Key, flies to *Sylvia's* Door like Lightning, or a jealous Lover, mad to discover what seen would kill him: He opens the Chamber-door, and goes softly to the Bed-side, as if he now fear'd to find what he sought, and wish'd to Heaven he might be mistaken; he open'd the Curtains, and found *Sylvia* sleeping with *Philander* in her Arms. I need make no Description of his Confusion and Surprise; the Character I have given of that gallant, honest and generous Lover, is sufficient to make you imagine his Heart, when indeed he could believe his Eyes: Before he thought — he was about to draw his Sword, and run 'em both through, and revenge at once his injur'd Honour, his Love, and that of his Sister; but that little Reason he had left check'd that Barbarity, and he was readier from his own natural Sweetness of Disposition, to run himself upon his own Sword: And there the Christian pleaded -- and yet found his Heart breaking his whole Body

Body trembling, his Mind all Agony, his Cheeks cold and pale, his Eyes languishing, his Tongue refusing to give Utterance to his Pressure, and his Legs to support his Body; and much ado he had to reel into *Antonet's* Chamber, where he found the Maid dying with Grief for her concern for him. He was no sooner got to her Bed-side, but he fell dead upon it; while she, who was afraid to alarm her Lady and *Philander*, lest *Octavio* being found there, had accus'd her with betraying 'em; but shutting the Door close (for yet no Body had seen him but her self) she endeavour'd all she could to bring him to Life again, and it was a great while before she could do so: As soon as he was recover'd he lay a good while without speaking, reflecting on his Fate; but after appearing as if he had assum'd all his manly Spirits together he rose up, and conjur'd *Antonet* to say nothing of what had happen'd, and that she should not repent the Service she would do him by it. *Antonet*, who was his absolute devoted Slave, promis'd him all he desir'd; and he had the Courage to go once again, to confirm himself in the Lewdness of this undone fair one, whose Perjuries had render'd her even odious now to him, and he beheld her with Scorn and Disdain: And that she might know how indifferently he did so (when she should come to know it) he took *Philander's* Sword that lay on her *Toylet*, and left his own in the Place, and went out pleas'd; at least in this, that he had commanded his Passion in the midst of the most powerful Occasion for Madness and Revenge that ever was.

They lay thus secur'd in each others Arms: 'till nine a Clock in the Morning, when *Philander* receiv'd a Note from *Brilliard*, who was managing his Lord's Design of getting a Billet deliver'd to *Calista* by the way of a Nun, whom *Brilliard* had made some Address to, to that end, and sent to beg his Lord would come to the Grate and speak to the young Nun, who had undertaken for any innocent Message. This Note made him rise and haste to go out, when he receiv'd another from an unknown Hand, which was thus:

TO PHILANDER.

MY Lord, I have important Business with you, and beg I may speak with you at three of the Clock; I will wait for you by the Fountain in the Park: Yours.

Sylvia, who was impatient to have him gone, never ask'd to see either of these Notes, lest it should have deterr'd him; and she knew *Octavio* would visit her early, tho' she knew withal she could refuse him Entrance with any slight Excuse, so good an Opinion he had of her Virtue, and so absolute an Ascendant she had over him. — She had given Orders, if he came, to be refus'd her Chamber; and she was glad to know he had not yet been at her Lodgings. A hundred times she was about to make use of the lessen'd Love *Philander* had for her, and to have propos'd to him the suffering *Octavio* to share her Embraces for so good an Interest, since no Returns could be had from *France*, nor any Signs of an Amendment of their Fortunes any other way: But still she fear'd he had too much Honour to permit such a Cheat in Love, to be put even upon an Enemy. This Fear deferr'd her speaking of it, or offering to sacrifice *Octavio* as a Cully to their Interest, though she wish'd it; nor knew she long how to deceive both; the Business was to put *Philander* off handsomly, if possible, since she fail'd of all other Hopes. These were her Thought; while *Philander* was dressing, and rais'd by his asking for some more Pistoles from her Cabinet, which she found would quickly be at an end, if one Lover diminish'd daily, and the other was hinder'd from increasing: But *Philander* was no sooner dress'd but he left her to her Repose; and *Octavio* (who had a *Grison* attending the Motions of *Philander* all that Morning, and had brought him word he was gone from *Sylvia*) went to visit her, and enter'd her Chamber, all chang'd from what he was before, and Death sat in his Face and Eyes, maugre all his Resolves and Art of Dissembling. She not at first perceiving it as she lay, she stretch'd

stretch'd out her Arms to receive him with her wonted Carresses; but he gently put her off, and sighing cry'd—No, Sylvia, *I leave those Joys for happier Lovers*. She was a little surpriz'd at that—but not imagining he had known her Guilt, reply'd; *Then those Carresses were only meant for him; for if Sylvia could make him happy, he was sure of being the Man*; and by force compell'd him to suffer her Kisses and Embraces, while his Heart was bursting, without any Sense of the Pleasure of her Touches. *Ab*, Sylvia, says he, *I can never think my self secure or happy while Philander is so near you; every absent Moment alarms me with ten thousand Fears; in Sleep I dream thou art false, and givest thy Honour up all my absent Nights; and all Day thy Vows*: And that he was sure, should she again suffer her self to see *Philander*, he should be abandon'd; and perhaps she again undone. *For since I parted with you*, continu'd he, *I heard from Clarinau, that he saw Philander Yesterday come out of your Lodgings*. *How can I bear this, when you have vow'd not to see him; with Imprecations that must damn thee, Sylvia, without severe Repentance?*—At this she offer'd to swear again—but he stopp'd her, and begg'd her not to swear till she had well consider'd; then she confess'd he made her a Visit, but that she us'd him with that Pride and Scorn, that if he were a Man of Honour he could never bear; and she was sure he would trouble her no more: In fine, she flatter'd, fawn'd, and jilted so, as no Woman common in the Trade of sinful Love, could be so great a Mistress of the Art. He suffer'd her to go on in all that could confirm him she thought him an errant Coxcomb; and all that could render her the most contemptible of her Sex. He was pleas'd, because it made him despise her; and that was easier than adoring her; yet though he heard her with Scorn, he heard her with too much Love. When she was even Breathless with eager Prostitution—he cry'd, *Ab, indiscreet and unadvised Sylvia, how I pity thee*. *Ab*, said she—observing him speak this with a scornful Smile—is it possible you should indeed be offended for a simple Visit! which neither was by my Invitation

or *Wish*: Can you be angry if I treat Philander with the Civility of a Brother? Or rather, that I suffer him to see me to receive my Reproaches?—Stop here, said he, thou fair deluding Flatterer, or thou art for ever ruin'd. Do not charge thy Soul yet farther;—do not delude me on— all yet I can forgive as I am dying, but should I live, I could not promise thee. Add not new Crimes by cozening me a new, for I shall find out Truth, though it lye hid even in the bottom of Philander's Heart. This he spoke with an Air of Fierceness— which seeing her grow pale upon, he sunk again to Compassion, and in a soft Voice cry'd—Whatever Injuries thou hast done my Honour, thy Word, and Faith to me, and my poor Heart, I can perhaps forgive when you dare utter Truth: There is some Honesty in that.—She once more embracing him, fell anew to protesting her ill Treatment of Philander, how she gave him back his Vows, and assur'd him she would never be reconcil'd to him. And did you part so, Sylvia? reply'd the dying Octavio. Upon my Honour, said she, just so.—Did you not Kiss at Parting? said he faintly.—Just kiss'd, as Friends, no more, by all thy Love. At this he bursts into Tears, and cry'd—Oh! why, when I repos'd my Heart with thee, and lavish'd out my very Soul in Love, could I not merit this poor Recompence of being fairly dealt with? Behold this Sword—I took it from your Toylet; view it, it is Philander's; myself this Morning took it from your Table: No more—since you may guess the fatal rest: I am undone, and I am satisfy'd—I had a thousand Warnings of my Fate, but still the Beauty charm'd, and my too good Nature yielded: Oft you have cozen'd me, and oft I saw it, and still Love made me willing to forgive; the foolish Passion hung upon my Soul, and sooth'd me into Peace. Sylvia, quite confounded, (not so much with the Knowledge he had of the unlucky Adventure, as at her so earnestly denying and forswearing any Love had pass'd between 'em) lay still to consider how to retrieve this lost Game, and gave him leisure to go on—Now, said he, thou art silent—would thou hadst still been so: Ah, hapless Maid, who hast this Fate attending

tending thee, to ruin all that love thee! Be dumb, be dumb for ever; let the false Charm that dwells upon thy Tongue be ended with my Life: Let it no more undo believing Man, lest amongst the Number some one may conquer thee, and deaf to all thy Wit, and blind to Beauty, in some mad Passion think of all thy Cozenings, should fall upon thee and forget thy Sex, and by thy Death revenge the lost Octavio. At these Words he would have rose from her Arms, but she detain'd him, and with a pitious Voice implor'd his Pardon; but he calmly reply'd; Yes, Sylvia, I will pardon thee, and wish that Heav'n may do so; to whom apply thy early Rhetorick and Penitence, for it can never, never charm me more: My Fortune, if thou ever want'st Support to keep thee Chaste and Virtuous, shall still be commanded by thee, with that usual Frankness it has hitherto serv'd thee; but for Octavio, he is resolv'd to go where he will never more be seen by Woman — or bear the name of Love to ought but Heav'n. — Farewell — one parting Kiss, and then a long Farewell — As he bow'd to kiss her she caught him fast in her Arms, while a Flood of Tears bath'd his Face, nor could he prevent his from mixing with hers: While thus they lay, Philander came into the Room, and finding them so closely intwin'd, he was as much surpris'd almost as Octavio was before; and, drawing his Sword, was about to have kill'd him; but his Honour overcame his Passion, and he would not take him at such Disadvantage, but with the Flat of his Sword striking him on the Back as he lay, he cry'd, Rise, Traitor, and turn to thy mortal Enemy. Octavio, not at all surpris'd, turn'd his Head and his Eyes bedew'd in Tears towards his Rival. If thou be'st an Enemy, said he, thou never could'st have taken me in a better Humour of dying. Finish, Philander, that Life then, which if you spare, it will possibly never leave thine in Repose; the Injuries you have done me being too great to be forgiven. And is it thus, reply'd Philander, — thus with my Mistress, that you would revenge 'em? Is it in the Arms of Sylvia that you would repay me the Favours I did your Sister Calista? You have by that Word, said Octa-

vio, handsomely reproach'd my Sloth. And leaping briskly from the Bed, he took out his Sword, and cry'd: Come then — let us go where we may repair both our Losses, since Ladies Chambers are not fit Places to adjust Debts of this nature in. At these Words they both went down Stairs; and 'twas in vain *Sylvia* call'd and cry'd out to conjure them to come back; her Power of commanding she had in one unlucky Day lost over both those gallant Lovers: And both left her with Pity; to say no worse of the Effect of her ill Conduct.

Octavio went directly to the Park, to the Place whither he before had challeng'd *Philander*, who lost no time but follow'd him: As soon as he was come to the Fountain he drew, and told *Philander* that was the Place whither he invited him in his Billet that Morning; however, if he lik'd not the Ground, he was ready to remove to any other: *Philander* was a little surpris'd to find that Invitation was a Challenge, and that *Octavio* should be beforehand with him upon the Score of Revenge; and reply'd, Sir, if the Billet came from you, it was a Favour I thank you for, since it kindly put me in mind of that Revenge I ought so justly to take of you for betraying the Secrets of Friendship I repos'd in you, and making base Advantages of 'em, to recommend your self to a Woman you knew I lov'd, and who hates you, in spite of all the ungenerous ways you have taken to gain her. Sir, reply'd *Octavio*, I confess with a Blush, and infinite Shame, the Error with which you accuse me, and have nothing to defend so great a Perfidy. To tell you I was wrought out of it by the greatest Cunning imaginable, and that I must have seen *Sylvia* die at my Feet if I had refus'd 'em, is not Excuse enough for the Breach of that Friendship. No, tho' I were exasperated with the Relation there of my Sister's Dishonour: I must therefore adjust that Debt with you as well as I can; and if I die in the juster Quarrel of my Sister's Honour, I shall believe it the Vengeance of Heav'n upon me for that one Breach of Friendship. Sir, reply'd *Philander*, you have given me so great a Satisfaction in this Confession, and have made so good and gallant an Atonement by this

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Acknowledgment, that 'tis with Reluctancy I go to punish you for other Injuries, of which I am assur'd you cannot so well acquit your self. Tho' I would not justify a Baseness, reply'd Octavio, for which there ought to be no Excuse; yet I will not accuse my self, or acknowledge other Injuries, but leave you something to maintain the Quarrel on—and render it a little just on your side; nor go to wipe off the Outrage you pretend I have done your Love, by adoring the fair Person who at least has been dear to you, by the Wrongs you have done my Sister. Come, Sir, we shall not by disputing quit Scores, cry'd Philander a little impatiently; what I have lately seen, has made my Rage too brisk for long Parly. At that they both advanc'd, and made above twenty Passes before either receiv'd any Wound; the first that bled was Octavio, who receiv'd a Wound in his Breast, which he return'd on Philander, and after that many were given and taken; so that the Track their Feet made, in following and advancing as they fought, was mark'd out by their Blood: In this Condition (still fighting) Sylvia (who had call'd 'em back in vain, and only in her Night-Gown in a Chair pursu'd 'em that Minute they quitted her Chamber) found 'em thus employ'd, and without any Fear she threw her self between them: Octavio, out of Respect to her, ceas'd; but Philander, as if he had not regarded her, would still have been striving for Victory, when she stay'd his Hand and, begg'd him to hear her; he then set the Point of his Sword to the Ground, and breathless and fainting almost, attended what she had to say: She conjur'd him to cease the Quarrel, and told him if Octavio had injur'd him in her Heart, he ought to remember he had injur'd Octavio as much in that of his Sister: She conjur'd him by all the Friendship both she and himself had receiv'd at Octavio's Hands; and concluded with saying so many finethings of that Cavalier, that in lieu of appeasing, it but the more exasperated the jealous Philander, who took new Courage with new Breath, and pass'd at Octavio. She then address'd to Octavio, and cry'd: Hold, oh hold, or make your Way through me, for here I will defend Virtue and Honour! and put

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her

her self before *Octavio*: She spoke with so pitious a Voice and pleaded with so much Tenderness, that *Octavio*, laying his Sword at her Feet, bid her dispose——false as she was, of his Honour. *For oh*, said he, *my Life is already fallen a Victim to your Perjuries!* He could say no more, but falling where he had laid his Sword, left *Philander* Master of the Field. By this time some Gentlemen that had been walking came up to 'em, and found a Man ly'd dead, and a Lady imploring another to fly: They look'd on *Octavio*, and found he had yet Life; and immediately sent for Surgeons, who carry'd him to his Lodgings with very little Hope: *Philander*, as well as his Wounds would give him leave, got into a Chair, telling the Gentlemen that look'd on him, he would be responsible for *Octavio's* Life, if he had had the ill Fortune to take it; that his Quarrel was too just to suffer him to fly.——So being carry'd to the *Cabaret*, with an absolute Command to *Sylvia* not to follow him, or visit him: For fear of hurting him by disobeying, she suffer'd her self to be carry'd to her Lodgings, where she threw her self on her Bed, and drown'd her fair Eyes in a Shower of Tears: She advises with *Antonet* and her Page what to do in this Extremity; she fears she has, by her ill Management, lost both of her Lovers, and she was in a Condition of needing every Aid. They who knew the excellent Temper of *Octavio*, and knew him to be the most considerate Lover of the two, besought her, as the best Expedient she could have Recourse to, to visit *Octavio*, who could not but take it kindly; and they did not doubt but she had so absolute a Power over him, that with a very little Complaisance towards him, she would retrieve that Heart her ill Luck had this Morning forfeited; and which, they protested, they knew nothing of, nor how he got into her Chamber. This Advice she took; but because *Octavio* was carry'd away dead, she fear'd (and swooned with the Fear) that he was no longer in the World, or at least, that he would not long be so: However she assum'd her Courage again at the Thought, that, if he did die, she had an absolute Possession of all his Fortune, which

was

was to her the most considerable part of the Man, or at least what render'd him so very agreeable to her: However she thought fit to send her Page, which she did in an Hour after he was carry'd home, to see how he did; who brought her Word that he was reviv'd to Life, and had commanded his Gentleman to receive no Messages from her. This was all she could learn, and what put her into the greatest extremity of Grief. She after sent to *Philander*, and found him much the better of the two, but most infinitely incens'd against *Sylvia*: This also added to her Despair; yet since she found she had not a Heart that any Love, or loss of Honour, or Fortune could break; but on the contrary, a Rest of Youth and Beauty, that might oblige her, with some Reason, to look forward on new Lovers, if the old must depart: The next thing she resolv'd was, to do her utmost Endeavour to retrieve *Octavio*, which, if unattainable, she would make the best of her Youth. She sent therefore (notwithstanding his Commands to suffer none of her People to come and see him) to enquire of his Health; and in four Days (finding he receiv'd other Visits) she dress'd her self, with all the Advantages of her Sex, and in a Chair was carry'd to his Aunt's, where he lay. The good Lady not knowing but she might be that Person of Quality whom she knew to be extreamly in Love with her Nephew, and who liv'd at the Court of *Bruxels*, and was Neice to the Governor, carry'd her to his Chamber, where she left her, as not willing to be a Witness of a Visit she knew must be suppos'd *Incognito*: it was Evening, and *Octavio* was in Bed, and at the first sight of her his Blood grew disorder'd in his Veins, flush'd in his pale Face, and burnt over all his Body, and he was near to swooning as he lay: She approach'd his Bed with a Face all set for Languishment, Love and Shame in her Eyes, and Sighs that, without speaking, seem'd to tell her Grief at his Distress; she sat, or rather fell on his Bed, as unable to support the sight of him in that Condition; she in a lost manner seiz'd his burning Hand, grasp'd it and sigh'd, then put it to her Mouth, and suffer'd a Tear or two to fall

fall upon it; and when she would have spoke she made her Sobs resist her Words; and left nothing unacted that might move the tender-hearted *Octavio* to that degree of Passion she wish'd. A hundred times fain he would have spoke, but still his rising Passion choak'd his Words; and still he fear'd they would prove either too soft and kind for the Injuries he had receiv'd, or too rough and cold for so delicate and charming a Creature, and one who, in spite of all those Injuries, he still ador'd: She appear'd before him with those Attractions that never fail'd to conquer him, with that Submission and Pleading in her modest bashful Eyes, that even gave his the Lie, who had seen her Perfidy. Oh! what should he do to keep that Fire from breaking forth with Violence, which she had so thoroughly kindled in his Heart; how should that excellent good Nature assume an unwonted Sullenness, only to appear what it could not by Nature be? He was all soft and sweet, and if he had Pride he knew also how to make his Pleasure; and his Youth lov'd Love above all the other little Vanities that attend it, and was the most proper to it. Fain he would palliate her Crime, and considers in the Condition she was, she could not but have some Tenderness for *Philander*; that it was no more than what before past; 'twas no new Lover that came to kindle new Passions, or to approach her with a new Flame; but a Decliner, who came and was receiv'd with the Dregs of Love, with all the cold Indifference imaginable: This he would have perswaded himself, but dares not 'till he hear her speak; and yet fears she should not speak his Sense; and this Fear makes him sighing break Silence, and he cry'd in a soft Tone; *Ah! why, too lovely Fair, why do you come to trouble the Repose of my dying Hours? Will you, cruel Maid, pursue me to my Grave, shall I not have one lone Hour to ask Forgiveness of Heav'n for my Sin of loving thee? The greatest that ever loaded my Youth—and yet, alas—the least repented yet. Be kind, and trouble not my Solitude; depart with all the Trophies of my Ruin, and if they can add any Glory to thy future Life, boast 'em all over the Universe, and tell what a deluded Youth*

Youth thou hast undone. Take, take, fair Deceiver, all my Industry, my Right of my Birth, my thriving Parents have been so long a getting to make me happy with; take the useless Trifle, and lavish it on Pleasure to make thee gay and fit for luckier Lovers: Take that best Part of me, and let this worst alone; 'twas that first won the dear Confession from thee that drew my Ruin on — for which I hate it — and wish my self born a poor Cottage Boor, where I might never have seen thy tempting Beauty, but liv'd for ever bless'd in Ignorance. At this the Tears ran from his Eyes, with which the soften'd Sylvia mix'd her welcome Stream, and as soon as she could speak, she reply'd (with half Cunning and half Love, for still there was too much of the first mingled with the last) *Oh my Octavio, to what Extremities are you resolv'd to drive a poor Unfortunate, who, even in the height of Youth, and some small Stock of Beauty, am reduc'd to all the Miseries of the Wretched? Far from my noble noble Parents, lost to Honour and abandon'd by my Friends; a helpless Wanderer in a strange Land expos'd to Want, and perishing, and had no Sanctuary but thy self, thy dear, thy precious self, whom Heaven had sent, in Mercy, to my Aid; and thou at last, by a mistaken Turn of miserable Fate, hast taken that dear Aid away.* At this she fell weeping on his panting Bosom; nevertheless he got the Courage to reply once again, before he yielded himself a shameful Victim to her Flattery, and said; *Ah cruel Sylvia, is it possible that you can charge the Levity on me! Is it I have taken this poor Aid, as you are pleased to call it, from you? Oh! rather blame your own unhappy Easiness, that after having sworn me Faith and Love, could violate 'em both, both where there was no need. 'Twould better have become thy Pride and Quality, to have resent'd Injuries received, than brought again that scorn'd, abandon'd Person (fine as it was and shining still with Youth) to his forgetful Arms.* Alas, said she, *I will not justify my hateful Crime; a Crime I loath to think of, it was a Fault beyond a Prostitution; there might have possibly been new Joy in such a Sin, but here 'twas pall'd and gone — fled to Eternity away: — And but for the dear Cause I did commit it,*
there

there were no Expiation for my Fault; no penitent Tears could wash away my Crime. Alas, said he — if there were any Cause, if there be any possible Excuse for such a Breach of Love, give it my Heart; make me believe it, and I may yet live; and tho' I cannot think thee Innocent, to be compell'd by any frivolous Reason, 'twould greatly satisfy my longing Soul. But have a care, do not delude me on — for if thou dost persuade me into Pardon, and to return to all my native Fondness, and then again should'st play me fast and loose; by Heav'n — by all my sacred Passion to thee, by all that Men call Holy, I will pursue thee with my utmost Hate; forsake thee with my Fortune and my Heart, and leave thee wretched to the scorning Croud. Pardon these rude Expressions of a Love that can hardly forgive the Words it utters. I blush with Shame while I pronounce 'em true. When she reply'd, May all you have pronounc'd, and all your injur'd Love can yet invent, fall on me; when I ever more deceive you; believe me now, and but forgive what is past, and trust my Love and Honour for the future. At this she told him, that in the first Visit Philander made her, she using him so reproachfully, and upbraiding him with his Inconstancy, made him understand that he was betray'd by Octavio, and that the whole Intrigue with Calista, confess'd by him, was discover'd to Sylvia; which, he said, put him into so violent a Rage against Octavio, that he vow'd that Minute to find him out and kill him. Nor could all the Persuasions of Reason serve to hinder him; so that she, who (as she said) lov'd Octavio to Death, finding so powerful an Enemy, as her Fears made her fancy Philander was, ready to have snatch'd from her, in one furious Moment, all she ador'd; she had recourse to all the Flattery of Love to with-hold him from an Attempt so dangerous: And 'twas with much ado, with all those Aids, that he was oblig'd to stay; which she had forc'd him to do, to get time to give him Notice in the Morning for his approaching Danger: Not that she fear'd Octavio's Life, had Philander attack'd it fairly; but he look'd on himself as a Person injur'd by close private ways,

ways, and would take a like Revenge, and have hurt him when he as little dream'd of it, as *Philander* did of the Discovery he made of his Letter to her. To this she swore, she weep'd, she embrac'd, and still protested it true; adding withal a thousand Protestations of her future Detestation of him; and that since the worst was past, and that they had fought, and he was come off, tho' with so many Wounds, yet with Life she was resolv'd utterly to despise *Philander*, as the most perfidious of his Sex: and assur'd him that nothing in the World was so indifferent as she in his Arms. In fine, after having omitted nothing that might gain a Credit, and assure him of her Love and Heart, and possess him with a Belief, for the future, of her lasting Vows: He wholly convinc'd and overcome, snatches her in his Arms, and bursting into a Shower of Tears, cry'd—*Take—take all my Soul, thou lovely Charmer of it, and dispose of the Destiny of Octavio.* And smothering her with Kisses and Embraces made a perfect Reconciliation. When the Surgeons, who came to visit him, finding him in the Disorder of a Fever, tho' more Joy was triumphing in his Face than before, they imagin'd this Lady the fair Person for whom this Quarrel was; for it had made a great Noise you may believe; and finding it hurtful for his Wounds, either to be transported with too much Rage, Grief or Love, besought him he would not talk too much, or suffer any Visits that might prejudice his Health: And indeed, with what had been past, he found himself after his Transport very ill and feverish, so that *Sylvia* promis'd the Doctors she would visit him no more in a Day or two, tho' she knew not well how to be from him so long; but would content her self with sending her Page to enquire of his Health. To this *Octavio* made very great Opposition, but his Aunt, and the rest of the Learned, were of Opinion it ought for his Health to be so, and he was oblig'd to be satisfy'd with her Absence: At parting she came to him, and again besought him to believe her Vows to be well, and that she would depart somewhere with him far from *Philander*, who she knew was obliged to attend the

Motions

Motions of *Cesar* at *Bruxels*, whom again she imprecated never to see more. This satisfy'd our impatient Lover; and he suffer'd her to go and leave him to that Rest he could get. She was no sooner got home, and retir'd to her Chamber, but finding her self alone, which now she did not care to be, and being assur'd she should not see *Octavio*, instead of triumphing for her new gain'd Victory, she sent her Page to enquire again of *Philander's* Health, and to intreat that she might visit him: At first before she sent, she check'd this Thought as base, as against all Honour, and all her Vows and Promises to the Brave *Octavio*; but finding an Inclination to it, and proposing a Pleasure and Satisfaction in it, she was of a Nature not to lose a Pleasure for a little Punctilio of Honour; and without considering what would be the Event of such a Folly, she sent her Page, tho' he had been repuls'd before, and forbid coming with any Messages from his Lady. The Page found no better Success than hitherto he had done: but being with much Intreaty brought to *Philander's* Chamber, he found him sitting in his Night-gown, to whom addressing himself—— he had no sooner nam'd his Lady—— but *Philander* bid him be gone, for he would hear nothing from that false Woman: The Boy would have reply'd, but he grew more inrag'd; and reviling her with all the Railings of incens'd Lovers, he puts himself into his Closet without speaking any more, or suffering any Answer. This Message being deliver'd to the expecting Lady, put her into a very great Rage——which ended in as deep a Concern: Her great Pride, fortify'd by her Looking-glass, made her highly resent the Affront; and she believ'd it more to the Glory of her Beauty to have quitted a hundred Lovers, than to be abandon'd by one. 'Twas this that made her rave and tear, and talk high; and after all, to use her Cunning to retrieve what it had been most happy for her should have been for ever lost; and she ought to have bless'd the Occasion. But her malicious Star had design'd other Fortune for her: She writ to him several Letters, that were sent back seal'd: She railed, she upbraided, and then fell to Submission.

mission. At last he was persuaded to open one, but return'd such Answers as gave her no Satisfaction, but encourag'd her with a little Hope that she should draw him on to a Reconciliation: Between whiles she fail'd not to send *Octavio* the kindest, impatient Letters in the World, and receiv'd the softest Replies that the Tongue of Man could utter, for he could not write yet. At last, *Philander* having reduc'd *Sylvia* to the very brink of Despair, and finding by her passionate Importunity, that he could make his Peace with her on any Terms of Advantage to himself, resolv'd to draw such Articles of Agreement as should wholly subdue her to him, or to stand it out to the last: The Conditions were, That he being a Person by no means of a Humour to be impos'd upon; if he were dear to her, she should give her self entirely to his Possession, and quit the very Conversation of all those he had but an Apprehension would disturb his Repose: That she should remove out of the way of his troublesome Rivals, and suffer her self to be conducted whither he thought good to carry her. These Conditions she lik'd, all but the going away; she could not tell to what sort of Confinement that might amount. He flies off wholly, and denies all Treaty upon her least Scruple, and will not be ask'd the Explanation of what he has propos'd: so that she bends like a Slave for a little Empire over him; and to purchase the Vanity of retaining him, suffers her self to be absolutely undone. She submits; and that very Day she had leave from the Doctors to visit *Octavio*, and that all-ravish'd Lover lay panting in Expectation of the blessed Sight, believing every Minute an Age, his Apartment dress'd and perfum'd, and all things ready to receive the Darling of his Soul, *Philander* came in a Coach and six Horses (and making her pack up all her Jewels and fine Things, and what they could not carry in the Coach, put up to come after them) and hurries her to a little Town in *Luke-Land*, a Place between *Flanders* and *Germany*, without giving her time to write, or letting her know whither she was going. While she was putting up her Things (I know she has since confess'd) her Heart trembled,

trembled, and foreboded the Ill that was to come; that is, that she was hastning to Ruin: But she had chanc'd to say so much to him of her Passion to retrieve him, that she was asham'd to own the contrary so soon; but suffer'd that Force upon her Inclinations to do the most dishonourable and disinterested thing in the World. She had not been there a Week, and her Trunks of Plate and fine Things were arriv'd; but she fell in Labour, and was brought to Bed, tho' she shew'd very little of her Condition all the time she went. This great Affair being well over, she considers her self a new Woman, and began, or rather continu'd, to consider the Advantage she had lost in *Octavio*: She regrets extreamly her Conduct, and from one Degree to another she looks on her self as lost to him; she every Day saw what she had, decay'd, her Jewels sold one by one, and at last her Necessaries. *Philander* whose Head was running on *Calista*, grudg'd every Moment he was not about that Affair, and grew as peevish as she; she recovers to new Beauty, but he grows colder and colder by Possession; Love decay'd, and Ill-humour increas'd: They grew uneasie on both sides, and not a Day pass'd wherein they did not break into open and violent Quarrels, upbraiding each other with those Faults which both wish'd that either would again commit, that they might be fairly rid of one another: It grew at last to that height, that they were never well but when they were absent from one another; he making a hundred little Intrigues and Gallantries with all the pretty Women, and those of any Quality in the Town or neighbouring *Villa's*. She saw this with Grief, Shame and Disdain, and could not tell which way to relieve her self: She was not permitted the Privilege of Visits, unless to some grave Ladies, or to Monasteries; a Man was a Rarity she had hardly seen in two Months, which was the Time she had been there; so that she had leisure to think of her Folly, bemoan the Effects of her Injustice, and contrive, if she could, to remedy her disagreeable Life, which now was reduc'd, not only to scurrilous Quarrels, and hard Words; but often in her Fury she flying upon him, and with the

Courage,

Courage or Indiscretion of her Sex, would provoke him to Indecencies that render Life insupportable on both sides. While they liv'd at this rate, both contriving how handsomely to get quit of each other, *Brilliard*, who was left in *Bruxels*, to take care of his Lord's Affairs there, and that as soon as he had heard of *Cesario's* Arrival he should come with all speed and give him Notice, thought every Minute an Hour 'till he could see again the Charmer of his Soul, for whom he suffer'd continual Fevers of Love. He studies nothing but how first to get her Pardon, and then to compass his Designs of possessing her: He had not seen her, nor durst pretend to it, since she left *Holland*. He believ'd she would have the Discretion to conceal some of his Faults, lest he should discover in Revenge some of hers; and fancy'd she would imagine so of his Conduct: He had met with no Reproaches yet from his Lord, and believ'd himself safe. With this Imagination he omitted nothing that might render him acceptable to her, nor to gain any Secrets he believ'd might be of use to him: Knowing therefore that she had not dealt very generously with *Octavio*, by this Flight with *Philander*, and believing that that exasperated Lover, would in Revenge declare any thing to the Prejudice of the fair Fugitive, he (under pretence of throwing himself at his Feet, and asking his Pardon for his ill treating him in *Holland*) design'd before he went into *Luke-Land* to pay *Octavio* a Visit, and accordingly went; he met first with his Page, who being very well acquainted with *Brilliard*, discours'd with him before he carry'd him to his Lord: He told him, that his Lord that Day that *Sylvia* departed, being in impatient Expectation of her, and that she came not according to Appointment, sent him to her Lodgings, to know if any Accident had prevented her coming; but that when he came, tho' he had been with her but an Hour before, she was gone away with *Philander*, never more to return. The Youth, not being able to carry this sad News to his Lord, when he came home offer'd at a hundred things to conceal the right; but the impatient Lover would not be answer'd, but all inrag'd,

commanded him to tell that Truth which he found already but too apparently in his Eyes. The Lad so commanded, could no longer defer telling him *Sylvia* was gone; and being ask'd again and again, what he meant, with a Face and Voice that every Moment alter'd to dying; the Page assur'd him she was gone out of *Bruxels* with *Philander*, never more to return; which was no sooner told him, but he sunk on the Couch where he lay, and fainted: He farther told him how long it was, and with what Difficulty he was recover'd to Life; and that after he was so, he refus'd to speak or see any Visitors; could for a long time be neither perswaded to eat nor sleep, but that he had spoken to no body ever since, and did now believe he could not procure him the Favour he begg'd: That nevertheless he would go and see what the very Name of any that had but a Relation to the Family of *Sylvia* would produce in him, whether a Storm of Passion, or a Calm of Grief: Either would be better than a Dulness, all silent and sad, in which there was no understanding what he meant by it: Whoever spoke he only made a short Sign, and turn'd away, as much as to say, speak no more to me: But now, resolv'd to try his Temper, he hasted to his Lord, and told him that *Brilliard*, full of Penitence for his past Fault, and Grief for the ill Condition he heard he was in, was come to pay his humble Respects to him, and gain his Pardon before he went to his Lord and *Sylvia*; without which he had not, nor could have any Peace of Mind, he being too sensible of the Baseness of the Injury he had done him. At the Name of *Philander* and *Sylvia*, *Octavio* shew'd some Signs of listening, but to the rest no Regard; and starting from the Bed where he was laid: *Ab! What hast thou said?* cry'd he. The Page then repeated the Message, and was commanded to bring him up; who, accordingly, with all the Signs of Submission, cast himself at his Feet and Mercy; and tho' he were an Enemy, the very Thought that he belong'd to *Sylvia* made *Octavio* to caress him as the dearest of Friends: He kept him with him two or three Days, and would not suffer him to stir from him; but all their

Discourse

Discourse was of the faithless *Sylvia*; of whom, the deceiv'd Lover spoke the softest, unheard tender things, that ever Passion utter'd: He made the amorous *Brilliard* weep a hundred times a Day; and ever when he would have sooth'd his Heart with hopes of seeing her, and one Day enjoying her entirely to himself, he would with so much Peace of Mind renounce her, as *Brilliard* no longer doubted but he would indeed no more trust her fickle Sex. At last the News arriv'd that *Cesar* was in *Bruxels*, and *Brilliard* was oblig'd the next Morning to take Horse, and go to his Lord: And to make himself the more acceptable to *Sylvia*, he humbly besought *Octavio* to write some part of his Resentments to her, that he might oblige her to a Reason for what she had so inhumanly done: This flatter'd him a little, and he was not long before he was overcome by *Brilliard's* Intreaties; who, having his Ends in every thing, believ'd this Letter might contain at least something to assist in his Design, by giving him Authority over her by so great a Secret: The next Morning, before he took Horse, he waited on *Octavio* for his Letter, and promis'd him an Answer at his Return, which would be in a few Days. The Letter was open, and *Octavio* suffer'd *Brilliard* to read it, making him an absolute Confident in his Amour; which having done, he besought him to add one thing more to it; and that was to beg her to forgive *Brilliard*, which for his sake he knew she would do: He told him, he was oblig'd as a good Christian, and a dying Man, one resolv'd for Heaven, to do that good Office, and accordingly did. *Brilliard* taking Post immediately, arriv'd to *Philander*, where he found every thing as he wish'd, all out of Humour, still on the Fret, and ever peevish. He had not seen *Sylvia*, as I said, since she went from *Holland*, and now knew not which way to approach her: *Philander* was abroad on some of his usual Gallantries when *Brilliard* arriv'd; and having discours'd a while of the Affairs of his Lord and *Sylvia*, he told *Antonet* he had a great Desire to speak with that dissatisfy'd fair One, assuring her he believ'd his Visit would be welcome, from what he had to say to her

concerning *Octavio*: She told him (with infinite Joy) that she did not doubt of his Pardon from her Lady, if he brought any News from that gallant injur'd Man; and in all haste, tho' her Lady saw no body, but refus'd to rise from her Couch, she ran to her, and besought her to see *Brilliard*, for he came with a Message from *Octavio*, the Person, who was the Subject of their Discourse Night and Day, when alone. She immediately sent for *Brilliard*, who approach'd his Goddess with a trembling Devotion; he kneel'd before her, and humbly besought her Pardon for all that was past: But she, who with the very Thought that he had something to say from *Octavio*, forgot all but that, and hastily bid him rise, and take all he ask'd, and hope for what he wish'd: In this Transport she embrac'd his Head, and kiss'd his Cheek, and took him up. *That, Madam*, said *Brilliard*, *which your divine Bounty alone has given me, without any Merit in me, I durst not have had the Confidence to have hop'd without my Credential from a nobler Hand*——*This, Madam*, said he——And gives her a Letter from *Octavio*: The dear Hand she knew and kiss'd a hundred times as she open'd it; and having intreated *Brilliard* to withdraw for a Moment, that he might not see her Concern at the reading it, she sat her down and found it thus.

OCTAVIO to SYLVIA

I Confess, oh faithless *Sylvia*, that I shall appear in writing to you, to shew a Weakness even below that of your Infidelity; nor durst I have trusted my self to have spoken so many sad soft things as I shall do in this Letter, had I not try'd the Strength of my Heart; and found I could upbraid you without talking my self out of that Resolution I have taken——but because I would die in perfect Charity with thee, as with all the World, I should be glad to know I could forgive thee; for yet thy Sins appear too black for Mercy. Ah! why, charming Ingrate, have you left me no one Excuse for all your Ills to me? Why have you injur'd me to that degree,

that

that I, with all the mighty Stock of Love I had hoarded up together in my Heart, must die reproaching thee to my last Gasp of Life, which hadst thou been so merciful to have ended, by all the Love that's breaking of my Heart, that yet, even yet is soft and charming to me, I swear with my last Breath, I had bless'd thee, *Sylvia*. But thus to use me; thus to leave my Love, distracted, raving Love, and no one Hope or Prospect of Relief, either from Reason, Time or faithless *Sylvia*, was but to stretch the Wretch upon the Rack, and screw him up to all degrees of Pain; yet such, as do not end in kinder Death. Oh thou unhappy Ruiner of my Repose! Oh fair Unfortunate! if yet my Agony would give me Leave to argue, I am so miserably lost, to ask thee yet this woful Satisfaction; to tell me why thou hast undone me thus? Why thou shouldst chuse out me from all the Croud of fond admiring Fools, to make the World's Reproach, and turn to ridicule? How couldst thou use that soft good Nature so; that had not one ungrateful sullen Humour in it, for thy Revenge and Pride to work upon? No Baseness in my Love, no dull Severity for Malice to be busie with; but all was gay and kind, all lavish Fondness, and all that Woman, vain with Youth and Beauty, could wish in her Adorer. What couldst thou ask, but Empire, which I gave not? My Love, my Soul, my Life, my very Honour, all was resign'd to thee; that Youth that might have gain'd me Fame abroad was dedicated to thy Service, laid at thy Feet, and idly pass'd in Love. Oh charming Maid, whom Heav'n has form'd for the Punishment of all, whose Flames are criminal! why couldst not thou have made some kind Distinction between those common Passions and my Flame? I gave thee all my Vows, my honest Vows, before I ask'd a Recompence for Love. I made thee mine before the sacred Powers, that witness every sacred solemn Vow, and fix 'em in the eternal Book of Fate; if thou hadst given thy Faith to any other, as, oh too sure thou hadst, what Fault was this in me, who knew it not, why should I bear that Sin? I took thee to me as a Virgin Treasure,

sent from the Gods to charm the Ills of Life, to make the tedious Journey short and joyful; I came to make Atonement for thy Sin, and to redeem thy Fame; nor add to the derest Number. I came to gild thy Stains of Honour over; and set so high a Price upon thy Name, that all Reproaches for thy past Offences should have been lost in future Crouds of Glory: I came to lead thee from a World of Shame, approaching Ills and future Miseries; from noisie Flatterers that would sacrifice thee, first to dull Lust, and more unthinking Wit; possess thee, then traduce thee. By Heav'n, I swear it was not for my self alone I took such Pains to gain thee, and set thee free from all those Circumstances that might perhaps debauch thy worthier Nature, and I believ'd it was with Pain you yielded to every buying Lover: No, 'twas for thy Sake, in pity to thy Youth, Heav'n had inspir'd me with religious Flame; and when I aim'd at *Sylvia* 'twas alone I might attain to Heav'n the surest way, by such a pious Conquest. Why hast thou ruin'd a Design so glorious, as saving both our Souls? Perhaps thou vainly think'st that while I am pleading thus—I am arguing still for Love; or think this way to move thee into Pity; No, by my hopes of Death to ease my Pain, Love is a Passion not to be compell'd by any Force of Reason's Arguments: 'Tis an unthinking Motion of the Soul, that comes and goes as unaccountably as changing Moons, or Ebbs and Flows of Rivers, only with far less Certainty. It is not that my Soul is all over Love, that can beget its Likeness in your Heart: Had Heav'n and Nature added to that Love all the Perfections that adorn our Sex, it had avail'd me nothing in your Soul: There is a Chance in Love as well as Life, and oft the most unworthy are preferr'd; and from a Lottery I might win the Prize from all the venturing Throng with as much Reason, as think my Chance should favour me with *Sylvia*; it might perhaps have been, but 'twas a wondrous Odds against me. Beauty is more uncertain than the Dice; and tho' I ventur'd like a forward Gamester, I was not yet so vain to hope to win, nor had I once com-

plain'd

plain'd upon my Fate; if I had never hop'd; but when I had fairly won, to have it basely snatch'd from my Possession, and like a baffled Cully, see it seiz'd by a false Gamester, and look tamely on, has given me such *Ideas* of the Fool, I scorn to look into my easie Heart, and loath the Figure you have made me there. Oh *Sylvia*! what an Angel hadst thou been, hadst thou not sooth'd me thus to my Undoing! Alas, it had been no Crime in thee to hate me, it was not thy Fault I was not amiable; if thy soft Eyes could meet no Charms to please 'em, those soft, those charming Eyes were not in Fault; nor that thy Sense, too delicate and nice, could meet no proper Subject for thy Wit, thy Heart, thy tender Heart was not in fault, because it took not in my Tale of Love, and sent soft Wishes back: Oh! no, my *Sylvia*, this, tho' I had dy'd, had caus'd you no Reproach; but first to fan my Fire by all the Arts that ever subtle Beauty could invent; to give me Hope; nay, to dissemble Love; yes, and so very well dissemble too, that not one tender Sigh was breath'd in vain: All that my Love-sick Soul was panting for, the subtle Charmer gave; so well, so very well she could dissemble! Oh, what more Proofs could I expect from Love, what greater Earnest of eternal Victory? Oh! thou hadst rais'd me to the Height of Heav'n, to make my Fall to Hell the more precipitate. Like a fallen Angel now I howl and roar, and curse that Pride that taught me first Ambition; 'tis a poor Satisfaction now, to know (if thou couldst yet tell Truth) what Motive first seduc'd thee to my Ruin? Had it been Interest——by Heav'n, I would have bought my wanton Pleasures at as high Rates as I would gratifie my real Passions; at least when *Sylvia* set a Price on Pleasure; nay, higher yet, for Love when 'tis repaid with equal Love, it saves the Chafferer a great Expence: Or were it Wantonness of Youth in thee, alas you might have made me understood it, and I had met you with an equal Ardour, and never thought of loving, but quench'd the short-liv'd Blaze as soon as kindled; and hoping for no more had never let my hasty Flame arrive any higher than that

powerful Minute's Cure. But oh ! in vain I seek for Reasons from thee ; perhaps thy own fantastick fickle Humour cannot inform thee why thou hast betray'd me ; but thou hast done it, *Sylvia*, and may it never rise in Judgment on thee, nor fix a Brand upon thy Name for ever, greater than all thy other Guilts can load thee with : Live, fair Deceiver, live and charm *Philander* to all the Heights of his beginning Flame ; mayst thou be gaining Power upon his Heart, and bring it Repentance for Inconstancy ; may all thy Beauty still maintain its Lustre, and all thy Charms of Wit be new and gay ; mayst thou be chaste and true ; and since it was thy Fate to be undone, let this at least excuse the hapless Maid ; 'twas Love alone betray'd her to that Ruin, and it was *Philander* only had that Power. If thou hast sinn'd with me, as Heaven's my Witness, after I had plighted thee my sacred Vows, I do not think thou didst ; may all the Powers above forgive thee, *Sylvia* ; and those thou hast committed since those Vows, will need a World of Tears to wash away : 'Tis I will weep for both, 'tis I will go and be a Sacrifice to atone for all our Sins ; 'Tis I will be the pressing Penitent, and watch, and pray, and weep, 'till Heav'n have Mercy ; and may my Penance be accepted for thee ; — Farewel — I have but one Request to make thee, which is, that thou wilt, for *Octavio's* sake, forgive the faithful Slave that brings thee this from thy

OCTAVIO.

Sylvia, whose Absence and ill Treatment of *Octavio*, had but serv'd to raise her Flame to a much greater degree, had no sooner read this Letter, but she suffer'd her self to be distracted with all the different Passions that possess despairing Lovers ; sometimes raving, and sometimes sighing and weeping : 'Twas a good while she continu'd in these Disorders, still thinking on what she had to do next that might redeem all : Being a little come to her self, she thought good to consult with *Brilliard* in this Affair, between whom and *Octavio* she found there was a very good Understanding : And resolving absolutely

lutely to quit *Philander*, she no longer had any Scruples or Doubt what Course to take, nor car'd she what Price she paid for a Reconciliation with *Octavio*, if any Price would purchase it: In order to this Resolve, fix'd in her Heart, she sends for *Brilliard*, whom she caresses a-new, with all the Fondness and Familiarity of a Woman, who was resolv'd to make him her Confident, or rather indeed her next Gallant. I have already said he was very handsome, and very well made, and you may believe he took all the Care he could in Dressing, which he understood very well: He had a good deal of Wit, and was very well fashion'd and bred:—With all these Accomplishments, and the Addition of Love and Youth, he could not be imagin'd to appear wholly indifferent in the Eyes of any Body, tho' hitherto he had in those of *Sylvia*, whose Heart was doting on *Philander*; but now, that that Passion was wholly extinguish'd, and that their Eternal Quarrels had made almost a perpetual Separation, she being alone, without the Conversation of Men, which she lov'd, and was us'd to, and in her Inclination naturally addicted to love, she found *Brilliard* more agreeable than he us'd to be, which, together with the Designs she had upon him, made her take such a Freedom with him, as wholly transported this almost hopeless Lover: She discourses with him concerning *Octavio* and his Condition, and he fail'd not to answer, so as to please her, right or wrong; she tells him how uneasy she was with *Philander*, who every Day grew more and more insupportable to her; she tells him she had a very great Inclination for *Octavio*, and more for his Fortune that was able to support her, than his Person; she knew she had a great Power over him, and however it might seem now to be diminish'd by her unlucky Flight with *Philander*, she doubted not but to reduce him to all that Love he once profess'd to her, by telling him she was forc'd away, and without her Knowledge, being carry'd only to take the Air was compell'd to the fatal Place where she now was. *Brilliard* soothes and flatters her in all her Hope, and offers her his Service in her Flight, which he might easily assist, unknown to *Philander*. It was now about six a Clock

at Night, and she commanded a Supper to be provided and brought to her Chamber, where *Brilliard* and she sup'd together, and talk'd of nothing but the new Design, the hope of effecting which put her into so good a Humour that she frankly drank her Bottle, and shew'd more Signs of Mirth than she had done in many Months before; In this good Humour *Brilliard* look'd more amiable than ever, she smiles upon him, she caresses him with all the Assurance of Friendship imaginable; she tells him she shall behold him as her dearest Friend, and speak so many kind things, that he was embolden'd, and approach'd her by degrees more near; he makes Advances; and the greatest Incouragement was, the Secret he had of her intended Flight: He tells her, he hop'd she would be pleas'd to consider, that while he was serving her in a new Amour, and assisting to render her into the Arms of another, he was wounding his own Heart which languish'd for her; that he should not have taken the Presumption to have told her this at such a time as he offer'd his Life to serve her, but that it was already no Secret to her, and that a Man who lov'd at his rate, and yet would contrive to make his Mistress happy with another, ought in Justice to receive some Recompence of a Flame so constant and so submissive. While he spake, he found he was not regarded with the Looks of Scorn or Disdain; he knew her haughty Temper, and finding it calm, he press'd on to new Submissions; he fell at her Feet, and pleaded so well, where no Opposers were, that *Sylvia* no longer resisted, or if she did, it was very feebly, and with a sort of Wish that he would pursue his Boldness yet farther; which at last he did, from one degree of Softness and gentle Force to another, and made himself the happiest Man in the World; tho' she was very much disorder'd at the Apprehension of what she had suffer'd from a Man of his Character, as she imagin'd so infinitely below her; but he redoubled his Submission in so cunning a manner, that he soon brought her to her good Humour; and after that he us'd the kind Authority of a Husband whenever he had an Opportunity, and found her not displeas'd at his Services.

Services. She consider'd he had a Secret from her, which if reveal'd, would not only prevent her Design, but ruin her for ever; she found too late she had discover'd too much to him to keep him at the Distance of a Servant, and that she had no other way to attach him eternally to her Interest, but by this Means. He now every Day appear'd more fine, and well dress'd, and omitted nothing that might make him, if possible, an absolute Master of her Heart, which he vow'd he would defend with his Life, from even *Philander* himself; and that he would pretend to no other Empire over her, nor presume or pretend to ingross that fair and charming Person which ought to be universally ador'd. In fine, he fail'd not to please both her Desire and her Vanity, and every Day she lov'd *Philander* less, who sometimes in two or three together came not home to visit her. At this time it so happen'd, he being in Love with the young Daughter of an Advocate, about a League from his own Lodgings, and he is always eager on the first Address, 'till he has compleated the Conquest; so that she had not only time to please and revenge her self with *Brilliard*, but fully to resolve their Affairs, and to provide all things against their Flight, which they had absolutely done before *Philander's* Return; who coming home, receiv'd *Brilliard* very kindly, and the News which he brought, and which made him understand he should not have any long time to finish his new Amour in; but as he was very conquering both in Wit and Beauty, he left not the Village without leaving some Ruins behind of Beauty, which ever after bewail'd his Charms; and since his Departure was so necessary, and that in four or five Days he was oblig'd to go, they deferr'd their Flight 'till he was gone; which time they had wholly to themselves, and made as good use of it as they could; at least she thought so, and you may be sure, he also, whose Love increas'd with his Possession. But *Sylvia* longs for Liberty, and those necessary Gallantries, which every Day diminish'd; she lov'd rich Cloaths, gay Coaches, and to be lavish; and now she was stinted to good Housewifery, a Penury she hated.

The time of *Philander's* Departure being come, he took a very careless Leave of *Sylvia*, telling her he would see what Commands the Prince had for him, and return in ten or twelve Days. *Brilliard* pretended some little Indisposition, and begg'd he might be permitted to follow him, which was granted; and the next Day, tho' *Brilliard* pleaded infinitely for a Continuation of his Happiness two or three Days more, she would not grant it, but oblig'd him, by a thousand kind Promises of it for the future, to get Horses ready for her Page, and Woman, and her Coach for her self; which accordingly was done, and they left the Village, whose Name I cannot now call to mind, taking with her what of Value she had left. They were three Days on their Journey; *Brilliard*, under pretence of care of her Health, the Weather being hot, and for fear of overtaking *Philander* by some Accident on the Road, delay'd the time as much as was possible, to be as happy as he could all the while; and indeed *Sylvia* was never seen in a Humour more gay. She found this short time of Hope and Pleasure, had brought all her banish'd Beauties back, that Care, Sickness and Grief had extreemly tarnish'd, only her Shape was a little more inclining to be Fa, which did not at all however yet impair her Fineness; and she was indeed too charming without, for the Deformity of her Indiscretion within; but she had broke the Bounds of Honour, and now stuck at nothing that might carry on an Interest, which she resolv'd should be the Business of her future Life.

She at last arriv'd at *Bruxels*, and caus'd a Lodging to be taken for her in the remotest Part of the Town; as soon as she came she oblig'd *Brilliard* to visit *Octavio*; but going to his Aunt's, to enquire for him, he was told that he was no longer in the World; he stood amaz'd a while, believing he had been dead, when Madam the Aunt, told him he was retir'd to the Monastery of the Order of St. Bernard, and would in a Day or two, without the Probationary Year, take Holy Orders. This did not so much surprize him as the other, knowing that he discours'd to him, when he saw him last,

as if some such Retirement he meant to resolve upon; with this News, which he was not altogether displeas'd at, *Brilliard* return'd to *Sylvia*, which soon chang'd all her good Humour to Tears and Melancholy: She inquir'd at what Place he was, and believ'd she should have Power to withdraw him from a Resolution so fatal to her, and so contradictive to his Youth and Fortune; and having consulted the matter with *Brilliard*, he had promis'd her to go to him, and use all means possible to withdraw him. This resolv'd, she writ a most insinuating Letter to him, wherein she excus'd her Flight by a Surprise of *Philander's*, and urg'd her Condition, as it then was, for the Excuse of her long Silence; and that as soon as her Health would give her leave, she came to put her self eternally into his Arms, never to depart more from thence. These Arguments and Reasons accompany'd with all the endearing Tenderness her artful Fancy was capable of framing, she sent with a full Assurance it would prevail to persuade him to the World, and her fair Arms again. While she was preparing this to go, *Philander*, who had heard at his Arrival, what made so much Noise, that he had been the Occasion of the World's Loss of two of the finest Persons in it, the Sister *Calista* by Debauching her, and the Brother by Ravishing his Mistress from him, both which were entring, without all possibility of Prevention, into Holy Orders; he took so great a Melancholy at it, as made him keep his Chamber for two Days, maugre all the urgent Affairs that ought to have invited him from thence; he was consulting by what Power to prevent the Misfortune; he now ran back to all the Obligations he had to *Octavio*, and pardons him all the Injuries he did him; he loves him more by loving *Sylvia* less, and remembered how that generous Friend, after he knew he had dishonour'd his Sister, had notwithstanding sent him Letters of Credit to the Magistrates of *Cologne*, and Bills of Exchange, to save him from the Murder of his Brother-in-Law, as he was likely to have been. He now charges all his little Faults to those of Love, and hearing that old *Clarinau* was dead of the Wound *Octavio* had given

ven him by Mistake, which increas'd in him new Hope of *Calista*, could she be retriev'd from the Monastery, he resolv'd in order to this to make *Octavio* a Visit, to beg his Pardon, and beg his Friendship, and his Continuation in the World. He came accordingly to the Monastery, and was extream civilly receiv'd by *Octavio*, who yet had not the Habit on. *Philander* told him, he heard he was leaving the World, and could not suffer him to do so, without endeavouring to gain his Pardon of him, for all the Injuries he had done him; that as to what related to his Sister the Countess, he protested upon his Honour, if he had but imagin'd she had been so, he would have suffer'd Death sooner than his Passion to have approach'd her indiscreetly; and that for *Sylvia*, if he were assur'd her Possession would make him happy, and call him to the World again, he assur'd him he would quit her to him, were she ten times dearer to him than she was. This he confirm'd with so many Protestations of Friendship, that *Octavio* oblig'd to the last degree, believ'd and return'd him this Answer, *Sir, I must confess you have found out the only way to disarm me of my Resentment against you, if I were not obliged by those Vows I am going to take, to pardon and be at Peace with all the World. However these Vows cannot hinder me from conserving intirely that Friendship in my Heart, which your good Qualities and Beauties at first sight engag'd there, and from esteeming you more than perhaps I ought to do; the Man whom I must yet own my Rival, and the Undoer of my Sisters Honour. But Oh—no more of that, a Friend's above a Sister, or a Mistress.* At this he hung down his Eyes and sigh'd — *Philander* told him he was too much concern'd in him, not to be extreamly afflicted at the Resolution he had taken, and besought him to quit a Design so injurious to his Youth, and the glorious things that Heaven had destin'd him to; he urg'd all that could be said to dissuade him, and after all, could not believe he would quit the World at this Age, when it would be sufficient forty Years hence so to do. *Octavio* only answer'd with a Smile; but when he saw *Philander* still persist, he endeavour'd

to convince him by speaking; and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he vow'd, by all the Holy Powers there, he never would look down to Earth again; nor more consider fickle, faithless Beauty: *All the gay Vanities of Youth*, said he, *for ever I renounce, and leave 'em all to those that find a Pleasure or a Constancy in 'em; for the fair faithless Maid, that has undone me, I leave to you the Empire of her Heart; but have a care*, said he (and sighing laid his Arms about his Neck) *for even you, with all that stock of Charms, she will at last betray: I wish her well* — *so well as to repent of all her Wrongs to me* — 'Tis all I have to say. What Philander could urge, being impossible to prevail with him: And begging his Pardon and Friendship (which was granted by Octavio, and implor'd on his side from Philander) he took a Ring of a great Value from his Finger, and presented it to Philander, and begg'd him to keep it for his Sake; and to remember him while he did so: They kiss'd, and sighing parted.

Philander was no sooner gone, but Brilliard came to wait on Octavio, whom he found at his Devotion, and begg'd his Pardon for disturbing him: He receiv'd him with a very good Grace, and a chearful Countenance, embracing him, and after some Discourse of the Condition he was going to reduce himself to, and his Admiration, that one so young should think of Devoting himself so early to Heav'n, and things of that nature, as the time and occasion requir'd, he told him the extream Affliction Sylvia was seiz'd with, at the News of the Resolution he had taken, and deliver'd him a Letter, which he read without any Emotions in his Heart or Face, as at other times us'd to be visible at the very mention of her Name, or approach of her Letters. At the finishing of which he only smiling cry'd: *Alas, I pity her*, and gave him back the Letter. Brilliard ask'd if he would not please to write her some Answer, or condescend to see her; No, reply'd Octavio, *I have done with all the gilded Vanities of Life, now I shall think of Sylvia but as some heavenly Thing, fit for Diviner Contemplations, but never with the*
youthful

youthful Thoughts of Love. What he should send her now he said, would have a different Style to those she us'd to receive from him; it would be pious Counsel, grave Advice, unfit for Ladies so young and gay as *Sylvia*, and would scarce find a Welcome. He wish'd he could convert her from the World—and save her from the Dangers that pursu'd her. To this purpose was all he said of her, and all that could be got from him by the earnest Sollicitor of Love, who perhaps was glad his Negotiation succeeded no better, and took his leave of him, with a Promise to visit him often; which *Ottavio* besought him to do, and told him he would take some care, that for the good of *Sylvia*'s better Part, she should not be reduc'd by want of Necessaries for her Life, and little Equipage, to prostitute herself to vile inconstant Man; he yet had so much Respect for her—and besought *Brilliard* to come and take care of it with him, and to intreat *Sylvia* to accept of it from him; and if it contributed to her future Happiness, he should be more pleas'd than to have possess'd her entirely.

You may imagine how this News pleas'd *Sylvia*; who trembling with Fear every Moment, had expected *Brilliard*'s coming, and found no other Benefit by his Negotiation, but she must bear what she cannot avoid; but 'twas rather with the Fury of a Bacchanal than a Woman of common Sense and Prudence; all about her pleaded some Days in vain, and she hated *Brilliard* for not doing Impossibilities; and 'twas some time before he could bring her to permit him to speak to her or visit her.

Philander having left *Ottavio*, went immediately to wait on *Cesario*, who was extreamly pleas'd to meet him there, and they exchange'd their Souls to each other, and all the Secrets of 'em. After they had discours'd of all that they had a mind to hear and know on both sides, *Cesario* inquir'd of him of *Sylvia*'s Health; and *Philander* gave him an Account of the Uneasiness of her Temper, and the Occasions of their Quarrels, in which *Ottavio* had his Part, as being the Subject of some of 'em; From this he falls to give a Character of that Rival, and came

to this part of it, where he had put himself into the Orders of the *Bernardines*, resolving to leave the World, and all its Charms and Temptations. As they were speaking, some Gentlemen, who came to make their Court to the Prince, finding 'em speak of *Octavio*, told them that to Morrow he was to be initiated, without the Year's Trial; the Prince would needs go and see the Ceremony, having heard so much of the Man; and accordingly next Day, accompany'd with the Governor, *Philander*, *Tomaso*, and abundance of Persons of Quality and Officers, he went to the great Church; where were present all the Ladies of the Court, and all that were in the Town. The Noise of it was so great, that *Sylvia*, all languishing, and ill as she was, would not be persuaded from going, but so muff'd in her Hoods, as she was not to be known by any.

Never was any thing so magnificent as this Ceremony, the Church was on no Occasion so richly adorn'd; *Sylvia* chanc'd to be seated near the Prince of *Mecklenburgh*, who was then in *Bruxels* and at the Ceremony; sad as she was, while the soft Musick was playing, she discours'd to him, tho' she knew him not, of the Business of the Day: He told her she was to see a Sight, that ought to make her Sex less cruel; a Man extreamly Beautiful and Young, whose Fortune could command almost all the Pleasures of the World; yet for the Love of the most amiable Creature in the World, who has treated him with Rigour, he abandons this Youth and Beauty to all the Severity of rigid Devotion: This Relation, with a great deal he said of *Octavio's* Virtues and Bravery, had like to have discover'd her by putting her into a Swoon; and she had much ado to support her self in her Seat. I my self went among the rest to this Ceremony, having in all the time I liv'd in *Flanders*, never been so curious to see any such thing. The Order of *St. Bernard* is one of the neatest of 'em, and there is a Monastery of that Order, which are oblig'd to be all Noblemens Sons; of which I have seen fifteen hundred at a time in one House, all handsome, and most of 'em young; their Habit adds a

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Grace

Grace to their Person, for of all the Religious, that is the most becoming: Long white Vests of fine Cloth, ty'd about with white Silk Sashes, or Cord of white Silk; over this a long Cloak without a Cape, of the same fine white Broad-Cloath; their Hair of a pretty length, as that of our Persons in *England*, and a white Beaver; they have very fine Apartments, fit for their Quality, and above all, every one his Library; they have Attendance and Equipage according to their Rank, and have nothing of the Inconveniences and Slovenliness of some of the Religious, but serv'd in as good Order as can be, and they have nothing of the Monastick — but the Name, the Vow of Chastity, and the Opportunity of gaining Heaven, by the sweetest Retreat in the World, fine House, excellent Air, and delicate Gardens, Grotto's and Groves. 'Twas this Order that *Octavio* had chosen, as too delicate to undertake the Austerity of any other; and in my Opinion 'tis here a Man may hope to become a Saint sooner than in any other, more perplex'd with Want, Cold, and all the Necessaries of Life, which takes the Thought too much from Heav'n, and afflicts it with the Cares of this World, with Pain and too much Abstinence: And I rather think 'tis Necessity than Choice that makes a Man a *Cordelier*, that may be a *Jesuit* or a *Bernardine*, to the best of the *Holy Orders*. But to return, 'twas upon a *Thursday* this Ceremony began; and, as I said, there was never any thing beheld so fine as the Church that Day was, and all the Fathers that officiated at the High-Altar; behind which a most magnificent Scene of Glory was open'd, with Clouds most rarely and artificially set off, behind which appear'd new ones more bright and dazzling, 'till from one Degree to another, their Lustre was hardly able to be look'd on; and in which sat an hundred little Angels so rarely dress'd, such shining Robes, such charming Faces, such flowing bright Hair, crown'd with Roses of white and red, with such artificial Wings, as one would have said they had born the Body up in the splendid Sky; and these to soft Musick, turn'd their soft Voices with

with such Sweetness of Harmony, that for my part, I confess, I thought my self no longer on Earth; and sure there is nothing gives us an Idea of real Heav'n, like a Church all adorn'd with rare Pictures, and the other Ornaments of it, with whatever can charm the Eyes; and Musick, and Voices, to ravish the Ear; both which inspire the Soul with unresistable Devotion; and I can swear for my own part, in those Moments a thousand times I have wish'd to die; so absolutely had I forgot the World, and all its Vanities, and fix'd my Thoughts on Heav'n. While this Musick continu'd, and the Anthems were singing, fifty Boys all in white, bearing Silver Censers, cast Incense all round, and perfum'd the place with the richest and most agreeable Smells, while two hundred Silver Lamps were burning upon the Altar, to give a greater Glory to the open'd Scene, whilst other Boys strow'd Flowers upon the inlaid Pavement, where the gay Victim was to tread; for no Crowd of Gazers fill'd the empty Space, but those that were Spectators, were so plac'd, as rather serv'd to adorn than disorder the awful Ceremony, where all were silent, and as still as Death; as awful as Mourners that attend the Hearse of some lov'd Monarch. While we were thus listening, the soft Musick playing, and the Angels singing, the whole Fraternity of the Order of St. *Bernard* came in, two by two, in very graceful Order; and going up to the shining Altar, whose Furniture that Day was embroider'd with Diamonds, Pearls, and Stones of great Value, they bow'd and retir'd to their Places, into little gilded Stalls, like our Knights of the Garter at *Wind-
sor*: After them fifty Boys that sang approach'd in order to the Altar, bow'd, and divided on each side; they were dress'd in white Cloth of Silver, with Golden Wings and rosie Chaplets: After these the Bishop, in his pontifick Robes set with Diamonds of great Price, and his Mitre richly adorn'd, ascended the Altar; where, after a short Anthem, he turn'd to receive the young Devotee, who was just enter'd the Church, while all Eyes were fix'd on him: He was led, or rather, on each side

attended with two young Noblemen, his Relations; and I never saw any thing more rich in Dress, but that of *Ottavio* exceeded all Imagination, for the Gaiety and Fineness of the Work: It was white Cloth of Silver embroidered with Gold, and Buttons of Diamonds; lined with rich Cloth of Gold and Silver Flowers, his Breeches of the same, trim'd with a pale Pink Garniture; rich Linen, and a white Plume in his white Hat: His Hair, which was long and black, was that Day in the finest Order that could be imagin'd; but for his Face and Eyes, I am not able to describe the Charms that adorn'd 'em; no Fancy, no Imagination can paint the Beauties there: He look'd indeed as if he were made for Heav'n; no Mortal ever had such Grace: He look'd, methought, as if the Gods of Love had met in Council to dress him up that Day for everlasting Conquest; for to his usual Beauties he seem'd to have the Addition of a thousand more; he bore new Lustre in his Face and Eyes, Smiles on his Cheeks, and Dimples on his Lips: He mov'd, he trode with nobler Motions, as if some supernatural Influence had took a peculiar Care of him: Ten thousand Sighs, from all sides, were sent him, as he pass'd along, which, mix'd with the soft Musick, made such a murmuring as gentle Breezes moving yielding Boughs: I am assur'd he won that Day more Hearts, without Design, than ever he had gain'd with all his Toils of Love and Youth before, when Industry assisted him to conquer. In his Approach to the Altar he made three Bows; where, at the Foot of it on the lower Step, he kneel'd, and then High-Mass began; in which were all sorts of different Musick, and that so excellent, that wholly ravish'd with what I saw and heard, I fancy'd my self no longer on Earth, but absolutely ascended up to the Regions of the Sky. All I could see around me, all I heard, was ravishing and heav'nly; the Scene of Glory, and the dazzling Altar; the noble Paintings, and the numerous Lamps; the Awfulness, the Musick, and the Order, made me conceive my self above the Stars, and I had no

part

part of mortal Thought about me. After the Holy Ceremony was perform'd, the Bishop turn'd and bless'd him; and while an Anthem was singing, *Octavio*, who was still kneeling, submitted his Head to the Hands of a Father, who with a pair of Scissars cut off his delicate Hair, at which a soft Murmur of Pity and Grief fill'd the Place: Those fine Locks, with which *Sylvia* had a thousand times play'd, and wound the Curles about her snowy Finger, she now had the dying Grief, for her sake, for her Infidelity, to behold sacrific'd to her Cruelty, and distributed among the Ladies, who at any Price would purchase a Curl: After this they took off his Linen, and his Coat, under which he had a white Sattin Waistcoat, and under his Breeches Drawers of the same. Then the Bishop took his Robes, which lay consecrated on the Altar, and put them on, and invested him with the Holy Robe: The Singing continuing to the end of the Ceremony; where, after an Anthem was sung (while he prostrated himself before the Altar) he arose, and instead of the two Noblemen that attended him to the Altar, two *Bernardines* approach'd and conducted him from it, to the Seats of every one of the Order, whom he kiss'd and embrac'd, as they came forth to welcome him to the Society. It was with abundance of Tears that every one beheld this Transformation; but *Sylvia* swooned several times during the Ceremony, yet would not suffer herself to be carry'd out; but *Antonet* and another young Lady of the House where she lodg'd that accompany'd her, did what they could to conceal her from the publick View. For my part, I swear I was never so affected in my Life with any thing, as I was at this Ceremony, nor ever found my Heart so oppress'd with Tenderness; and was myself ready to sink where I sat, when he came near me, to be welcom'd by a Father that sat next me: After this he was led by two of the eldest Fathers to his Apartment, and left a thousand sighing Hearts behind him. Had he dy'd, there had not been half that Lamentation; so foolish is the mistaken World to grieve

at our happiest Fortune, either when we go to Heav'n, or retreat from this World, which has nothing in it that can really charm, without a thousand Fatigues to attend it: And in this Retreat, I am sure, he himself was the only Person that was not infinitely concern'd; who quitted the World with so modest a Bravery, so intire a Joy, as no young Conqueror ever perform'd his Triumphs with more.

The Ceremony being ended, *Antonet* got *Sylvia* to her Chair, concern'd even to Death; and she vow'd afterwards she had much ado to with-hold her self from running and seizing him at the Altar, and preventing his Fortune and Design, but that she believ'd *Philander* would have resent'd it to the last Degree, and possibly have made it fatal to both her self and *Octavio*. It was a great while before she could recover from the Indisposition to which this fatal and unexpected Accident had reduc'd her: But as I have said, she was not of a Nature to die for Love; and charming and brave as *Octavio* was, it was perhaps her Interest, and the loss of his considerable Fortune that gave her the greatest Cause of Grief. Sometimes she vainly fancy'd that yet her Power was such, that with the Expence of one Visit, and some of her usual Arts, which rarely fail, she had Power to withdraw his Thoughts from Heav'n, and fix 'em all on her self again, and to make him fly those Inclosures to her more agreeable Arms: But again she wisely consider'd, tho' he might be retriev'd, his Fortune was dispos'd of to holy Uses, and could never be so. This last Thought more prevail'd upon her, and had more convincing Reason in it, than all that could besides oppose her Flame; for she had this wretched Prudence, even in the highest Flights and Passions of her Love, to have a wise Regard to Interest; in-somuch that it is most certain, she refus'd to give her self up intirely even to *Philander*; him, whom one would have thought nothing but perfect Love, soft irresistible Love, could have compell'd her to have transgress'd withal, when so many Reasons contradicted her Passion:

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How much more then ought we to believe that Interest was the greatest Motive of all her after Passions? However, this powerful Motive fail'd not to beget in her all the Pains and Melancholies that the most violent of Passions could do: But *Brilliard*, who lov'd to a greater Degree than ever, strove all he could to divert the Thoughts of a Grief, for which there was no Remedy; and believ'd if he could get her out of *Bruxels*, retir'd to the little Town, or rather Village, where he was first made happy, and where *Philander* still believ'd her to be, he should again re-assume that Power over her Heart he had before: In this melancholy fit of hers he propos'd it, urging the Danger he should be in for obeying her, should *Philander* once come to know that she was in *Bruxels*; and that possibly she would not find so civil a Treatment as he ought to pay her, if he should come to the Knowledge of it: Besides these Reasons, he said, he had some of greater Importance, which he must not discover 'till she were withdrawn from *Bruxels*: But there needed not much to persuade her to retire, in the Humour she then was; and with no Opposition on her side, she told him she was ready to go where he thought fit; and accordingly the next Day they departed the Town, and in three more arriv'd to the Village. In all this Journey *Brilliard* never approach'd her but with all the Respect imaginable, but withal with abundance of silent Passion; which manner of Carriage oblig'd *Sylvia* very often to take Notice of it, with great Satisfaction and Signs of Favour; and as he saw her Melancholy abate, he increas'd in Sighing and Lovers Boldness: Yet with all this he could not oblige her to those Returns he wish'd: When, after ten Days stay, *Philander* writ to him to inquire of his Health, and of *Sylvia*, to whom he sent a very kind good-natur'd Letter, but no more of the Lover than if there had never been such a Joy between 'em: He begg'd her to take Care of her self, and told her he would be with her in ten or fifteen Days; and desir'd her to send him *Brilliard*, if he were not

wholly necessary to her Service, for he had urgent Affairs to imploy him in: So that *Brilliard*, not being able longer with any colour to defend his Stay, writ him word he would wait on him in two Days: Which short time he wholly imploy'd in utmost Endeavour to gain *Sylvia's* Favour; but she, whose Thoughts were roving on new Designs, which she thought fit to conceal from a Lover, still put him off with pretended Illness, and Thoughtfulness on the late melancholy Object and Loss of *Octavio*: But assur'd him as soon as she was recover'd of that Pressure, she would receive him with the same Joy she had before, and which his Person and his Services merited from her; 'twas thus she sooth'd the hoping Lover, who went away with all the Satisfaction imaginable; bearing a Letter from *Sylvia* to *Philander*, written with all the Art of Flattery. *Brilliard* was no sooner gone, but *Sylvia*, whose Head ran on new Adventures, resolv'd to try her Chance; and being, whenever she pleas'd, of a Humour very gay, she resolv'd upon a Design, in which she could trust no body but her Page, who lov'd his Lady to the last Degree of Passion, tho' he never durst shew it even in his Looks or Sighs; and yet the cunning *Sylvia* had by chance found his Flame, and would often take Delight to torture the poor Youth, to laugh at him: She knew he would die to serve her, and she durst trust him with the most important Business of her Life: She therefore the next Morning sends for him to her Chamber, which she often did, and told him her Design; which was, in Man's Cloaths to go back to *Bruxels*, and see if they could find any Adventures by the way that might be worth the Journey, and divert 'em: She told him she would trust him with all her Secrets; and he vow'd Fidelity. She bid him bring her a Suit of those Cloaths she us'd to wear at her first Arrival at *Holland*, and he look'd out one very fine, and which she had worn that Day she went to have been marry'd to *Octavio*, when the *States* Messengers took her up for a *French* Spy, a Suit *Philander* had never seen: She equips her self, and leaving

leaving in charge with *Antonet* what to say in her Absence, and telling her she was going upon a Frolick to divert her self a Day or two; she, accompany'd by her Page only, took Horse and made away towards *Bruxels*: You must know that the half-way Stage is a very small Village, in which there is most lamentable Accommodation, and may vie with any part of *Spain* for bad Inns. *Sylvia*, not us'd much to riding as a Man, was pretty well tir'd by that time she got to one of those *Hotels*; and as soon as she alighted she went to her Chamber to refresh and cool her self; and while the Page was gone to the Kitchen to see what there was to eat, she was leaning out of the Window, and looking on the Passengers that rode along, many of which took up in the same House. Among them that alighted, there was a very handsome young Gentleman, appearing of Quality, attended only by his Page. She consider'd this Person a little more than the rest, and finding him so unaccompany'd, had a Curiosity, natural to her, to know who he was: She ran to another Window that look'd into the Yard, a kind of Balcony, and saw him alight, and look at her; and saluted her in passing into the Kitchen, seeing her look like a Youth of Quality: Coming in he saw her Page, and ask'd if he belong'd to that young Cavalier in the Gallery; the Page told him he did: And being ask'd who he was, he told him he was a young Nobleman of *France*; a Stranger to all those Parts, and had made an escape from his Tutors, to ramble for his Fancy and his Pleasure; and said he was of a Humour never to be out of his way; all Places being alike to him in those little Adventures. So leaving him (with yet a greater Curiosity) he ran to *Sylvia*, and told her what had pass'd between the young Stranger and him: While she, who was possess'd with the same inquisitive Humour, bid him enquire who he was; when the Master of the *Hotel* coming in the Interim up to usher in her Supper, she enquir'd of him who that young Stranger was; he told her, one of the greatest Persons in *Flanders*; that he was Nephew to

to the Governor, and who had a very great Equipage at other times; but that now he was *Incognito*, being on an Intrigue: This Intrigue gave *Sylvia* new Curiosity; and hoping the Master would tell him again, she fell into great Praises of his Beauty and his Mein; which for several Reasons pleas'd the Man of the Inn, who departed with the good News, and told every Word of it to the young Cavalier: The good Man having, besides the pleasing him with the grateful Complements, a farther design in the Relation; for his House being very full of Persons of all sorts, he had no Lodgings for the Governor's Nephew, unless he could recommend him to our young Cavalier. The Gay unknown, extremely pleas'd with the Character he had given him by so beautiful a Gentleman, and one who appear'd of so much Quality, being alone, and knowing he was so also, sent a *Spanish Page*, that spoke very good *French*, and had a handsome Address, and quick Wit, to make his Complement to the young *Monfieur*; which was to beg to be admitted to sup with him; who readily accepted the Honour, as she call'd it; and the young Governor, whom we must call *Alonzo*, for a Reason or two, immediately after enter'd her Chamber, with an admirable Address, appearing much handsomer near, than at distance, tho' even then he drew *Sylvia's* Eyes with Admiration on him; there were a thousand young Graces in his Person, Sweetnesses in his Face, Love and Fire in his Eyes, and Wit on his Tongue: His Stature was neither tall nor low, very well made and fashion'd; a light brown Hair, hazle Eyes, and a very soft and amorous Air; about twenty Years of Age: He spoke very good *French*; and after the first Complements on either side were over, as on such Occasions are necessary; in which on both sides were nothing but great Expressions of Esteem, *Sylvia* began so very well to be pleas'd with the fair Stranger, that she had like to have forgot the Part she was to act, and have made Discoveries of her Sex, by addressing her self with the Modesty and Blushes of a Woman: But *Alonzo*, who had

had no such Apprehension, tho' she appear'd with much more Beauty than he fancy'd ever to have seen in a Man, nevertheless admir'd without suspecting, and took all those Signs of Effeminacy to unassur'd Youth, and first Address; and he was absolutely deceiv'd in her. *Alonzo's* Supper being brought up, which was the best the bad Inn afforded, they sat down, and all the Supper time talk'd of a thousand pleasant things, and most of Love and Women, where both express'd abundance of Gallantry for the fair Sex. *Alonzo* related many short and pleasant Accidents and Amours he had had with Women. Tho' the Stranger were by Birth a *Spaniard*; yet while they discours'd, the Glass was not idle, but went as briskly about, as if *Sylvia* had been an absolute good Fellow. *Alonzo* drinks his and his Mistress's Health, and *Sylvia* return'd the Civility, and so on 'till three Bottles were sacrific'd to Love and good Humour; while she, at the Expence of a little Modesty, declar'd her self so much of the Opinion of *Don Alonzo*, for gay Inconstancy, and the Blessing of Variety, that he has wholly charm'd with a Conversation so agreeable to his own. I have heard her Page say, from whom I have had a great part of the Truths of her Life, that he never saw *Sylvia* in so pleasant a Humour all his Life before, nor seem'd so well pleas'd, which gave him, her Lover, a Jealousie, that perplex'd him above any thing he had ever felt from Love; tho' he durst not own it. But *Alonzo* finding his young Companion altogether so charming (and in his own way too) could not forbear very often from falling upon his Neck, and kissing the Fair disguis'd, with as hearty an Ardour, as ever he did one of the other Sex; He told her he ador'd her; she was directly of his Principle, all gay, inconstant, galiard and roving, and with such a Gusto he commended the Joys of fickle Youth, that *Sylvia* would often say, she was then Jealous of him, and envious of those who possess'd him, tho' she knew not whom. The more she look'd on him, and heard him speak, the more she fancy'd him; and Wine that warm'd

warm'd her Head, made her give him a thousand Demonstrations of Love, that warm'd her Heart; which he mistook for Friendship, having mistaken her Sex. In this fit of beginning Love (which is always the best) and Jealousie, she bethought her to ask him on what Adventure he had now been; for he being without his Equipage, she believ'd, she said, he was upon some Affair of Love: He told her there was a Lady, within an Hour's riding of that Place, of Quality and handsome, very much courted: Amongst those that were of the Number of her Adorers, he said, was a young Man of Quality of *France*, who call'd himself *Philander*: This *Philander* had been about eight Days very happy in her Favour, and had happen'd to boast his good Fortune the next Night at the Governor's Table, where he din'd with the Prince *Cesario*. I told him, continu'd *Alonzo*, that the Person he so boasted of, had so soon granted him the Favour, that I believ'd she was of a Humour to suffer none to die at her Feet: But this, said he, *Philander* thought an Indignity to his good Parts, and told me, he believ'd he was the only Man happy in her Favour, and that could be so: On this I ventur'd a Wager, at which he colour'd extremely, and the Company laugh'd, which incens'd him more; the Prince urg'd the Wager, which was a pair of *Spanish* Horses, the best in the Court, on my side, against a Discretion on his: This Odds offer'd by me incens'd him yet more; but urg'd to lay, we ended the Dispute with the Wager, the best Conclusion of all Controversies. He would have known what Measures I would take; I refus'd to satisfy him in that, I only swore him upon Honour, that he should not discover the Wager or the Dispute to the Lady. The next Day I went to pay her a Visit, from my Aunt, the Governor's Lady, and she receiv'd me with all the Civility in the World. I seem'd surpriz'd at her Beauty, and could talk of nothing but the Adoration I had for her, and found her extremely pleas'd, and vain; of which feeble Resistance I made so good Advantage, that before we parted, being all alone, I receiv'd from her all the Freedoms that I could

could with any good Manners be allow'd the first time; she firing me with Kisses, and suffering my closest Embraces. Having prosper'd so well, I left her for that time, and two Days after I made my Visit again; she was a marry'd Lady, and her Husband was a *Dutch* Count, and gone to a little Government he held under my Uncle, so that again I found a free Admittance; I told her 'twas my Aunt's Complement I brought before, but that now 'twas my own I brought, which was that of an impatient Heart, that burnt with a world of Fire and Flame, and Nonsense. In fine, so eager I was, and so pressing for something more than dull kissing, that she began to retire as fast as she advanc'd before, and told me, after abundance of pressing her to it, that she had set a Price upon her Beauty, and unless I understood how to purchase her; it was not her Fault if I were not happy. At first I so little expected it had been Money, that I reiterated my Vows, and fancy'd it was the Assurance of my Heart she meant; but she very frankly reply'd, *Sir, you may spare your Pains, and five hundred Pistoles will ease you of a great deal of Trouble, and be the best Argument of your Love.* This generous consciencious Humour of hers, of suffering none to die that had five hundred Pistoles to present for a Cure, was very good News to me, and I found I was not at all oblig'd to my Youth or Beauty, but that a Man with half a Nose, or a single Eye, or that stunk like an old *Spaniard* that had din'd on rotten Cheese and Garlick, should have been equally as welcome for the aforesaid Sum, to this charming Insensible. I must confess, I do not love to chaffer for my Pleasure, it takes off the best part of it, and were I left to my own Judgment of its Worth, I should hardly have offer'd so sneaking a Sum; but that sort of Bargaining was her Humour, and to enjoy her mine, tho' she had strangely pall'd me by this Management of the Matter: All I had now to do, was to appoint my Night and bring my Money; now was a very proper time for it, her Husband being absent: I took my leave of her, infinitely

nately well pleas'd to have gain'd my Point on any Terms, with a Promise to deliver my self there the next Night: But she told me she had a Brother to come to Morrow, whom she would not have see me, and for that Reason (being however not willing to delay the receiving her Pistoles) she desir'd I would wait at this very House 'till a Footman should give me Notice when to come; accordingly I came, and sent her a Billet, that I waited prepar'd at all Points; and she return'd me a Billet to this purpose; *That her Brother, with some Relations, being arriv'd, as she expected, she begg'd for her Honour's sake that I would wait 'till she sent, which should be as soon as they were gone to their Chambers; and they having rid a long Journey, would early retire; that she was impatient of the Blessing, and should be as well prepar'd as himself, and that she would leave her Woman Leticia to give me Admittance*—— This satisfy'd me very well; and as I attended her, some of my Acquaintance chanc'd to arrive; with whom I supp'd, and took so many Glasses to her Health, as it pass'd down, that I was arriv'd at a very handsome pitch, and to say Truth, was as full of *Bacchus* as *Venus*. However, as soon as her Footman arriv'd, I stole away, and took Horse, and by that time it was quite dark arriv'd at her House, where I was let in by a young Maid, whose Habit was very neat and clean, and she herself appear'd to my Eyes, then dazzling with Wine, the most beautiful young Creature I had ever seen, as in truth she was; she seem'd all Modesty, and blushing Innocence; so that conducting me into a low Parlour, while she went to tell her Lady I was come, who lay ready dress'd in all the Magnificences of Nightdress to receive me, I sat contemplating on this fair young Maid, and no more thought of her Lady than of *Bethlehem Gabe*. The Maid soon return'd, and curtsyng, told me with Blushes on her Face, that her Lady expected me; the House was still as Sleep, and no Noise heard but the little Winds that rush'd among the *Jessamin* that grew at the Window; now whether at that Moment, the false Light in the Room, or
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the true Wine deceiv'd me, I know not; but I beheld this Maid as an Angel for Beauty, and indeed I think she had all the Temptations of Nature. I began to kiss her, and she to tremble and blush; yet not so much out of Fear, as Surprize and Shame at my Address. I found her pleas'd with my Vows, and melting at my Kisses; I sigh'd in her Bosom, which panted me a Welcome there; that Bosom whiter than Snow, sweeter than the Nosegay she had planted there. She urg'd me faintly to go to her Lady, who expected me, and I swore it was for her sake I came (whom I never saw) and that I scorn'd all other Beauties: She kindled at this, and her Cheeks glow'd with Love. I press'd her to all I wish'd, but she reply'd, she was a Maid, and should be undone. I told her I would marry her, and swore it with a thousand Oaths; she believ'd, and grew prettily fond——In fine, at last she yielded to all I ask'd of her, which we had scarce recover'd when her Lady rung. I could not stir, but she who fear'd a Surprize ran to her, and told her I was gone into the Garden, and would come immediately; she hastens down again to me, fires me anew, and pleas'd me anew; 'twas thus I taught a longing Maid the first Lesson of Sin, at the Price of fifty Pistoles, which I presented her; nor could I yet part from this young Charmer, but stay'd so long that her Lady rung a Silver Bell again; but my new Prize was so wholly taken up with the Pleasure of this new Amour, and the good Fortune arriv'd to her, she heard not the Bell, so that the fair Deceiv'd put on her Night-Gown and Slippers, and came softly down Stairs, and found my new Love and I closely embracing with all the Passion and Fondness imaginable. I know not what she saw in me in that kind Moment to her Woman, or whether the Disappointment gave her a greater Desire, but 'tis most certain she fell most desperately in Love with me, and scorning to take notice of the Indignity I put upon her, she unseen stole to her Chamber: Where after a most afflicting Night, she next Morning call'd her Woman to her, (whom I left towards Morn-

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ing, better pleas'd with my fifty Pistoles worth of Beauty, than I should have been with that of five hundred :) The Maid, whose Guilt made her very much unassur'd, approach'd her Lady with such Tremblings, as she no longer doubted but she was guilty, but durst not examine her about it, lest she, who had her Honour in keeping, should by the Discovery she found she had made of her Levity, expose that of her Lady. She therefore dissembled as well as she could, and examin'd her about my Stay; to which the Maid answer'd, I had fallen asleep, and 'twas impossible to wake me 'till Day appear'd; when for fear of Discovery I posted away. This, tho' the Lady knew was false, she was forc'd to take for current Excuse; and more raging with Love than ever, she immediately dispatch'd away her Footman with a Letter to me, upbraiding me extreamly; but at the same time, inviting me with all the Passion imaginable; and because I should not again see my young Mistress, who was dying in Love with me, she appointed me to meet her at a little House she had a Bow-shot from her own, where was a fine Decoy, and a great number of Wild-fowl kept, which her Husband took great Delight in; there I was to wait her coming, where liv'd only a Man and his old Wife, her Servants: I was very glad of this Invitation, and went; she came adorn'd with all her Charms. I consider'd her a new Woman, and one whom I had a Wager to win upon, the Conquest of one I had Inclination to, 'till by the Discovery of the Jilt in her I began to despise the Beauty; however, as I said, she was new, and now perhaps easie to be brought to any Terms, as indeed it happen'd; she caress'd me with all imaginable Fondness; was ready to eat my Lips instead of kissing them, and much more forward than I wish'd, who do not love an over-easie Conquest; however she pleas'd me for three Days together, in all which time she detain'd me there, coming to me early, and staying the latest Hour; and I have no reason to repent my time; for besides that I have pass'd it very well, she at my coming away pre-

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sented me this Jewel in my Hat, and this Ring on my Finger, and I have sav'd my five hundred Pistoles, my Heart, and my Credit in the Encounter, and am going to *Bruxels* to triumph over the haughty conceited *Philander*, who set so great a Value on his own Beauty, and yet for all his fine Person has paid the Pistoles before he could purchase the Blessing, as she swore to me, who have made a Convert of her, and reduc'd her to the thing she never yet was, a Lover; insomuch that she has promis'd me to renounce *Philander*. I have promis'd to visit her again; but if I do 'twill be more for the Vanity to please than be pleas'd, for I never repeat any thing with Pleasure. All the while he spoke, *Sylvia* fix'd her Eyes and all her soft Desires upon him; she envies the happy Countess, but much more the happy Maid, with whom his perfect liking made him happy; she fancies him in her Arms, and wishes him there; she is ready a thousand times to tell him she is a Woman, but when she reflects on his Inconstancy she fears. When he had ended his Story, she cry'd, sighing: *And you are just come from this fair Lady?* He answer'd her he was, *Sound and Heart-whole*: She reply'd, 'Tis very well you are so, but all the young do not thus escape from Beauty, and you may some time or other be entrap'd. Oh, cry'd he, *I defie the Power of one, while Heav'n has distributed Variety to all. Were you never in Love?* Reply'd *Sylvia*. Never, said he, *that they call Love: I have burnt and rav'd an hour or two, or so; pursu'd, and gaz'd, and laid Sieges, 'till I had overcome; but what's this to Love? Did I ever make a second Visit, unless upon Necessity or Gratitude? And yet——*and there he sigh'd; and yet, said he, *I saw a Beauty once upon the Tour, that has ever since given me Torment. At Bruxels?* Said *Sylvia*. There, reply'd he; *she was the fairest Creature Heav'n e'er made, such White and Red by Nature, such Hair, such Eyes, and such a Mouth!——all Youth and ravishing Sweetness,——I pursu'd her to her Lodgings, and all I could get, was, that she belong'd to a young Nobleman, who since has taken Orders. From the*

Night I saw her I never left her Window, but had Spies of all sorts, who brought me Intelligence, and a little after I found she had quitted the Place with a new Lover, which made me love and rave ten times more, when I knew assuredly she was a Whore——and how fine a one I had miss'd: This call'd all the Blood to Sylvia's Face, and so confounded her she could not answer; she knew it was her self of whom he spoke; and that coarse Word, tho' innocently spoken, or rather gaily express'd, put her quite out of Countenance; however she recover'd again, when she consider'd they were not meant as Rudenesses to her. She lov'd him, and was easie to pardon: With such Discourse they pass'd the Evening 'till towards Bed-time, and the young Spaniard, who had took little Rest in three Nights before, wanted some Repose; and calling for his Chamber, the Host besought him, since they had the Happiness (the young French Gentleman and himself) to be so good Friends, that they would share a Bed together: *For in truth*, said he, *Sir, you must sit up all Night else*; he reply'd, with all his Soul, it was the most grateful Proposal had been ever made him; and addressing himself to Sylvia, ask'd him if he would allow him that Blessing: She blush'd extremely at the Question, and hung down her Eyes, and he laugh'd to see it: *Sir*, said Sylvia, *I will give you my Bed, for 'tis all one to me to lye on a Bed, or on the Chairs. Why*, *Sir*, said Alonzo, *I am too passionate an Adorer of the Female Sex, to incommode any of my own with Addresses; nor am I so nice, but I can suffer a Man to lye by me, especially so dear a Youth as your self*; at which he embrac'd her in his Arms, which did but the more raise Sylvia's Blushes, who wish'd for what she dreaded: *With you*, *Sir*, said she, *I could methinks be content to do what I do not use to do*; and, fearing to betray her Sex, forc'd a Consent; for either one or the other she was compell'd to do; and with the Assurance that he thought her what she seem'd, she chose to give her Consent, and they both went to Bed together: To add to her Deceit (she being forc'd

forc'd in her Sickness to cut off her Hair) when she put off her Perriwig she discover'd nothing of the Woman; nor fear'd she any thing but her Breasts, which were the roundest and the whitest in the World, but she was long in undressing, which, to colour the Matter, she suffer'd her Page to do; who, poor Lad, was never in so trembling a Condition, as in that manner to be oblig'd to serve her, where she discover'd so many Charms he never before had seen, but all such as might be seen with Modesty: By that time she came to Bed, *Alonzo* was fast asleep, being so long kept waking, and never so much as dreamt he had a Woman with him; but she, whose Fears kept her waking, had a thousand Agitations and Wishes, so natural it is, when Virtue has broke the Bounds of Modesty, to plunge in past all Retreat; and I believe there are very few who retire after the first Sin. She considers her Condition in a strange Countrey, her Splendor declining, her Love for *Philander* quite reduc'd to Friendship, or hardly that; she was young, and eat and drank well; had a World of Vanity, that Food of Desire, that Fuel to Vice: She saw this the beautifullest Youth she imagin'd ever to have seen, of Quality and Fortune able to serve her; all these made her rave with a Desire to gain him for a Lover, and she imagin'd, as all the vain and young do, that though no Charms had yet been able to hold him, she alone had those that would; her Gaiety had a thousand times told her so; she compares him to *Octavio*, and finds him, in her Opinion, handsomer; she was possess'd with some Love for *Philander* when he first address'd to her, and *Octavio* shar'd at best but half a Heart; but now, that she had lost all for *Philander* and *Octavio*, and had a Heart to cast away, or give a new Lover; it was like her Money, she hated to keep it, and lavish'd it on any Trifle rather than hoard it, or let it lye by: 'Twas a loss of Time her Youth could not spare; she after Reflection resolv'd, and when she had resolv'd, she believ'd it done. By a Candle she had by her to read a little Novel she had brought, she survey'd him

often, as curiously as *Psyche* did her *Cupid*, and tho' he slept like a mere Mortal, he appear'd as charming to her Eyes as the wing'd God himself; and 'tis believ'd she wish'd he would awake and find, by her Curiosity, her Sex; For this I know, she durst no longer trust her self a-Bed with him, but got up, and all the last part of the Night walk'd about the Room; her Page lay in the Room with her, by her Order, on the Table, with a little Vallice under his Head, which he carry'd *Sylvia's* Linen in; she wak'd him, and told him all her Fears in a pleasant manner. In the Morning *Alonzo* awakes, and wonders to find her up so soon, and reproach'd her for the Unkindness; new Protestations on both sides passing of eternal Friendship, they both resolv'd for *Bruxels*; but lest she should encounter *Philander* on the way, who possibly might be on visiting his *Dutch* Countess, she desir'd him to ride on before, and to suffer her to lose the Happiness of his Company 'till they met in *Bruxels*: With much ado he consents, and taking the Ring the Countess gave him from off his Finger; Sir, said he, *be pleas'd to wear this, and if ever you need my Fortune or my Sword, send it, and in what Part of the World soever I am, I will fly to your Service.* *Sylvia* return'd him a little Ring set round with Diamonds, that *Philander* in his woining time had given her amongst a thousand of finer value: His Name and hers were ingraven instead of a Poësie in it; which was only *Philander* and *Sylvia*, and which he took no notice of, and parted from each other in the tenderest manner, that two young Gentlemen could possibly be imagin'd to do, tho' it were more than so on her side; for she was madly in Love with him.

As soon as *Sylvia* came to *Bruxels*, she sent in the Evening to search out *Brilliard*, for she had consider'd, if he should come to the Knowledge of her being in Town, and she should not send to him, he would take it so very ill, that he might prevent all her Designs and Rambles, the now Joy of her Heart; she knew she could make him her Slave, her Pimp, her any thing, for Love, and the Hope

Hope of her Favour, and his Interest might defend her; and she should know all *Philander's* Motions, whom now, tho' she lov'd no more, she fear'd. She found him, and he took her Lodgings, infinitely pleas'd at the Trust she repos'd in him, the only Means by which he could arrive to Happiness. She continues her Man's Habit, and he supply'd the place of *Valet*, dress'd her and undress'd her, shift'd her Linen every Day; nor did he take all these Freedoms, without advancing a little farther upon Occasion and Opportunity, which was the Hire she gave him to serve her in more lucky Amours; the Fine she paid to live free, and at ease. She tells him her Adventure, which tho' it were Daggers to his Heart, was however the only way to keep her his own; for he knew her Spirit was too violent to be restrain'd by any means. At last she told him her Design upon a certain young Man of Quality, which she told him was the same she encounter'd. She assur'd him 'twas not Love or Liking, but perfectly Interest that made her Design upon him, and that if he would assist her, she would be very kind to him, as a Man that had gain'd very greatly upon her Heart. This Flattery she urg'd with infinite Fondness and Art, and he over-joy'd, believ'd every Word as Gospel; so that he promis'd her the next Day to carry a Billet to the young *Don*: In the mean time she caus'd him to Sup with her, purposely to give her an Account of *Philander*, *Cesar* and *Hermione*, whom she heard was come to *Bruxels*, and liv'd publickly with the Prince. He told her it was very true, and that he saw them every Day, nay, every Moment together; for he verily believ'd they could not live asunder. That *Philander* was every Evening Caballing there, where all the Male-contents of the Reform'd Religion had taken Sanctuary, and where the Grand Council was every Night held; for some great Things were in Agitation, and debating how to trouble the Repose of all *France* again with new Broils; he told her, that all the World made their Court to *Hermione*, that if any Body had any Petitions, or Addresses

to make to the Prince, 'twas by her sole Interest; she sat in their closest Councils, and heard their gravest Debates; and she was the Oracle of the Board: The Prince paying her perfect Adoration, while she, whose Charms of Youth were ended, being turn'd of thirty, fortify'd her Decays with all the Art her Wit and Sex were capable of, and kept her illustrious Lover as perfectly her Slave, as if she had engag'd him by all those Ties that fetter the most circumspect, and totally subdu'd him to her Will, who was without Exception the most lovely Person upon Earth; and tho', Madam, you know him so perfectly well, yet I must tell you my Opinion of him: He is all the softer Sex can wish, and ours admire; he is form'd for Love and War; and as he is the most amorous and wanton in Courts, he is also the most fierce and brave in Field; his Birth the most elevated, his Age arriv'd to full blown Man, adorn'd with all the spreading Glories that charm the Fair, and engage the World; and I have often heard some of our Party say, his Person gain'd him more Numbers to his Side, than his Cause or Quality; for he understood all the useful Arts of Popularity, the gracious Smile and Bow, and all those cheap Favours that so gain upon Hearts; and without the Expence of any thing but Ceremony, has made the Nation mad for his Interest, who never otherwise oblig'd 'em; and sure nothing is more necessary in the Great, than Affability; nor shews greater Marks of Grandure, or shall more eternize them, than bowing to the Croud. As the Maiden Queen I have read of in *England*, who made her self idoliz'd by that sole Piece of politick Cunning, understanding well the stubborn, yet good Nature of the People; and gain'd more upon 'em by those little Arts, than if she had parted with all the Prerogatives of her Crown. Ah! Madam, you cannot imagine what little Slights govern the whole Universe, and how easie 'tis for Monarchs to oblige. This *Cesar* was made to know, and there is none so poor an Object, who may not have Access to him, and whom he does not send away well pleas'd,

pleas'd, tho' he do not grant what they ask. He dispatches quickly, which is a grateful Virtue in great Men; and none ever espous'd his Interest, that did not find a Reward and a Protection: 'Tis true, these are all the Tools he is to work with, and he stops at nothing that leads to his Ambition; nor has he done all that lyes in the Power of Man only to set all *France* yet in a Flame, but he calls up the very Devils from Hell to his Aid, and there is no Man fam'd for Necromancy, to whom he does not apply himself; which, indeed, is done by the Advice of *Hermione*, who is very much affected with those sort of People, and puts a very great Trust and Confidence in 'em. She sent, at great Expence, for a *German* Conjuror, who arriv'd the other Day, and who is perpetually consulting with another of the same sort, a *Scot* by Birth, called *Fergusano*. He was once in Holy Orders, and still is so, but all his Practice is the black Art; and excellent in it he is reported to be. *Hermione* undertakes nothing without his Advice; and as he is absolutely her Creature, so his Art governs her, and she the Prince: She holds her Midnight Conferences with him; and as she is very superstitious, so she is very learn'd, and studies this Art, taught by this great Master *Fergusano*; and so far is this glorious Hero bewitch'd with these Sorcerers, that he puts his whole Trust in these Conjurations and Charms; and so far they have impos'd on him, that with an enchanted Ointment, which they have prepar'd for him, he shall be invulnerable, tho' he face the very Mouth of a Canon: They have, at the earnest Request of *Hermione*, calculated his Nativity, and find him born to be a King; and that before twenty Moons expire he shall be crowned in *France*: And flattering his easie Youth with all the Vanities of Ambition, they have made themselves absolutely useful to him. This *Scot*, being a most inveterate Enemy to *France*, lets the Prince rest neither Night nor Day, but is still inspiring him with new Hopes of a Crown, and laying him down all the false Arguments imaginable,

to spur the active Spirit : My Lord is not of the Opinion, yet seems to comply with them in Council ; he laughs at all the Fopperies of Charms and Incantations ; insomuch that he many times angers the Prince, and is in eternal little Feuds with *Hermione*. The *German* would often in these Disputes say he found by his Art, That the Stop to the Prince's Glory would be his Love. This so incens'd *Hermione*, and consequently the Prince, that they had like to have broke with him, but durst not for fear ; he knowing too much to be disoblig'd : On the other side, *Fergusano* is most wonderfully charm'd with the Wit and Masculine Spirit of *Hermione*, her Courage, and the Manliness of her Mind ; and understanding what way she would be serv'd, resolv'd to obey her, finding she had an absolute Ascendant over the Prince, whom, by this means, he knew he should get into his sole Management. *Hermione*, tho' she seem'd to be possess'd so intirely of *Cesar*'s Heart, found she had great and powerful Opposers, who believ'd the Prince lay idling in her Arms, and that possibly she might eclipse his Fame by living at that rate with a Woman he had no other Pretensions to but Love ; and many other Motives were urg'd daily to him by the Admirers of his great Actions : And she fear'd, with reason, that some time or other Ambition might get the Ascendant of Love : She therefore, in her Midnight Conferences with *Fergusano*, often urg'd him to shew her that Piece of his Art, to make a Philtre to retain fleeting Love ; and not only keep a Passion alive, but even revive it from the Dead. She tells him of her Contract with him ; she urges his forc'd Marriage, as she was pleas'd to call it, in his Youth ; and that he being so young, she believ'd he might find it lawful to marry himself a second time ; that possibly his Princess was for the Interest of the King ; and Men of his elevated Fortune ought not to be ty'd to those Strictnesses of common Men, but for the good of the Publick, sometimes act beyond the musty Rules of Law and Equity, those politick Bands to confine the
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Mobile. At this unreasonable rate she pleads her Right to *Cesario*, and he hearkens with all Attention, and approves so well all she says, that he resolves not only to attach the Prince to her by all the Force of the Black Art, but that of necessary Marriage also: This pleas'd her to the last degree; and she left him, after he had promis'd her to bring her the Philtre by the Morning, for it was that she most urg'd, the other requiring time to argue with him, and work him by degrees to it. Accordingly the next Morning he brings her a Tooth-pick Case of Gold of rare infernal Workmanship, wrought with a thousand Charms, of that Force, that every time the Prince should touch it, and while he but wore it about him, his Fondness should not only continue, but increase, and he should hate all Womankind besides, at least in the Way of Love, and have no Power to possess another Woman, tho' she had all the Attractions of Nature. He tells her the Prince could never suspect so familiar a Present, and, for the Fineness of the Work, it was a Present for a Prince; *For*, said he, *no human Art could frame so rare a Piece of Workmanship, that nine Nights the most delicate of the Infernals were mixing the Metal with the most powerful of Charms, and watch'd the Critical Minutes of the Stars, in which to form the mystick Figures, every one being a Spell upon the Heart, of that unerring Magick, no Mortal Power could ever dissolve, undo, or conquer.* The only Art now was in giving it, so as to oblige him never to part with it; and she, who had all the Cunning of her Sex, undertook for that part: She dismiss'd her infernal Confident, and went to her *Toilet* to dress her, knowing well that the Prince would not be long before he came to her: She laid the Tooth-pick Case down, so as he could not avoid seeing it: The Prince came immediately after in, as he ever us'd to do Night and Morning, to see her dress her; he saw this gay thing on her Table, and took it in his Hand, admiring the Work of it, as he was the most curious Person in the World: She told him there was not a finer wrought.

wrought thing in the World, and that she had a very great Esteem for it, it being made by the *Sybil*s; and bid him mind the Antiqueness of the Work: The more she commended it, the more he lik'd it, and told her she must let him call it his: She told him he would give it away to the next Commender: He vow'd he would not: She told him then he should not only call it his, but it should in reality be so; and he vow'd it should be the last thing he would part with in the World.

From that time forward she found, or thought she found, a more impatient Fondness in him than she had seen before; however it was, she rul'd and govern'd him as she pleas'd; and indeed never was so great a Slave to Beauty, as, in my Opinion, he was to none at all; for she is far from having any natural Charms; yet it was not long since it was absolutely believ'd by all, that he had been resolv'd to give himself wholly up to her Arms; to have sought no other Glory than to have retir'd to a Corner of the World with her, and chang'd all his Crown of Laurel for those of Roses: But some stirring Spirits have rous'd him a-new, and awaken'd Ambition in him, and they are on great Designs, which possibly e'er long may make all *France* to tremble; yet still *Hermione* is oppress'd with Love, and the Effects of daily increasing Passion. He has perpetual Correspondence with the Party in *Paris*, and Advice of all things that pass; they let him know they are ready to receive him whenever he can bring a Force into *France*; nor needs he any considerable Number, he having already there in every Place through which he shall pass, all, or the most part of the Hearts and Hands at his Devotion; and they want but Arms, and they shall gather as they go: They desire he will land himself in some part of the Kingdom, and it would be Encouragement enough to all the joyful People, who will from all Parts flock together. In fine, he is offer'd all Assistance and Money; and lest all the Forces of *France* should be bent against him, he has Friends, of great Quality and Interest, that are resolv'd to rise in several

veral Places of the Kingdom, in *Languedoc* and *Guienney*, whither the King must be oblig'd to send his Forces, or a great part of 'em; so that all this side of *France* will be left defenceless. I my self, Madam, have some Share in this great Design, and possibly you will one Day see me a Person of a Quality sufficient to merit those Favours I am now bless'd with. Pray, reply'd *Sylvia*, smiling with a little Scorn, *what Part are you to play to arrive at this good Fortune?* I am, said he, *trusted to provide all the Ammunition and Arms, and to hire a Vessel to transport them to some Sea Port Town in France; which the Council shall think most proper to receive us.* *Sylvia* laugh'd, and said she prophesied another End of this high Design than they imagin'd; but desperate Fortunes must take their Chance. *What*, continu'd she, *does not Hermione speak of me, and inquire of me?* Yes, reply'd *Brilliard*; but in such a way, as if she look'd on you as a lost Creature, and one of such a Reputation she would not receive a Visit from for all the World. At this *Sylvia* laugh'd extremely, and cry'd, *Hermione would be very well content to be so mean a Sinner as my self, to be so young and so handsome a one. However*, said she, *to be serious, I would be glad to know what real Probability there is in advancing and succeeding in this Design, for I would take my Measures accordingly, and keep Philander, whose wavering, or rather lost Fortune, is the greatest Motive of my Resolves to part with him, and that have made me so uneasy to him.* *Brilliard* told her he was very confident of the Design, and that it was almost impossible to miscarry in the Discontent all *France* was in at this Juncture; and they fear'd nothing but the Prince's Relapsing, who, now, most certainly preferr'd Love to Glory. He farther told her, that as they were in Council, one deputed from the *Parisians* arriv'd with new Offers, and to know the last Result of the Prince, whether he would espouse their Interest or not, as they were with Life and Fortune ready to espouse his Glory: They sent him Word, it was from him they expected Liberty, and him whom they look'd upon as their

their tutelar Deity. Old *Fergusano* was then in Council, that *Highland* Wizard that manages all, and who is ever at hand to awaken Mischief, alarm'd the Prince to new Glories, reproaching his scandalous Life, withal telling him there were Measures to be taken to reconcile Love and Fame; and which he was to discourse to him about in his Closet only; but as things were, he bid him look into the Story of *Armida* and *Renaldo*, and compare his own with it, and he doubted not but he would return blushing at his Remissness and Sloth: Not that he would exempt his Youth from the Pleasures of Love, but he would not have Love hinder his Glory: This bold Speech before *Hermione* had like to have begot an ill Understanding; but she was as much for the Prince's Glory as *Fergusano*, and therefore could not be angry, when she consider'd the Elevation of the Prince would be her own also. At this necessary Reproach the Prince blush'd; the Board seconding the Wizard, had this good Effect to draw this Assurance from him, That they should see he was not so attach'd to Love, but he could for some time give a Cessation to his Heart, and that the Envoy from the *Parisians* might return assur'd, that he would, as soon as he could put his Affairs in good Order, come to their Relief, and bring Arms for those that had none, with such Friends as he could get together; he could not promise Numbers, lest by leading so many here, their Design should take Air, but would wholly trust to Fortune, and their good Resolutions: He demanded a Sum of Money of 'em for the buying these Arms, and they have promis'd him all Aids. This is the last Result of Council, which broke immediately up; and the Prince retir'd to his Closet, where he was no sooner come, but reflecting on the Necessity of leaving *Hermione*, he fell into the most profound Melancholy and Musing that could seize a Man; while he sate thus, *Hermione* (who had school'd *Fergusano* for his rough Speech in Council, and desir'd he would now take the Opportunity to repair that want of Respect, while the Prince was to be spoken

spoken to alone) sent him into the Closet to him; where he found him walking with his Arms across, not minding the Bard who stood gazing on him, and at last call'd to him; and finding no Reply, he advanc'd, and pulling him gently by the Arm, cry'd — *Awake, Royal young Man, awake! and look up to coming Greatness* — I was reflecting, reply'd Cesario, on all the various Fortunes I have pass'd from the time of my Birth to this present hapless Day, and would be glad to know if any supernatural Means can tell me what future Events will befall me? If I believ'd I should not gain a Crown by this great Enterprize I am undertaking, here I would lay me down in silent Ease, give up my Toils and restless Soul to Love, and never think on vain Ambition more: Ease thou my troubled Mind, if thou hast any Friend among the Infernals, and they dare utter Truth. My gracious Prince, reply'd the fawning Wizard, this Night, if you dare loose your self from Love, and come unattended to my Apartment, I'll undertake to shew you all the future Fortune you are to run, the Hazards, Dangers, and Escapes, that attend your mighty Race of Life: I'll lay the Adamantin Book before you, where all the Destinies of Princes are Hieroglyphick'd. I'll shew you more, if Hell can furnish Objects, and you dare stand untrembling at the Terror of 'em. Enough, reply'd Cesario, name me the Hour. 'Twixt Twelve and One, said he; for that's the sacred dismal time of Night for Fiends to come, Tombs to open and let loose their Dead — we shall have use of both — No more, reply'd Cesario, I'll attend 'em: The Prince was going out, when Fergusano recall'd him, and cry'd, One thing, Sir, I must caution you, That from this Minute to that, wherein I shall shew you your Destiny, you commit nothing unlawful with Women-kind. Away, reply'd the Prince smiling, and leave your Canting. The Wizard putting on a more grave Countenance, reply'd — By all the Infernals, Sir, if you commit unlawful things, I cannot serve you. If your Devils, reply'd the Prince laughing, be so nice, I doubt I shall find 'em too honest for my Purpose. Sir, said the subtle

the old Fiend, *such Conscientious Devils your Highness is to converse with to Night; and, if you discover the Secret, it will not prove so lucky. Since they are so Humorous,* cry'd *Cesario, I will give 'em way for once:* And going out of the Room, he went directly to *Hermione's* Apartment; where, it being late, she is preparing for Bed, and with a thousand Kisses, and hanging on his Neck, she ask'd him why he is so slow, and why he suffers not himself to be undress'd? He feigns a thousand Excuses, at which she seems extreamly amaz'd; she complains, reproaches and commands——He tells her he was to wait on the Governor about his most urgent Affairs, and was (late as it was) to consult with him: She ask'd him what Affairs he was to negotiate, of which she was not to bear her Part? He refuses to tell her, and she reply'd she had Sense and Courage for any Enterprize, and should resent it very ill, if she were not made acquainted with it: But he swore to her she should know all the whole Truth, as soon as he return'd: This pacify'd her in some Measure, and at the Hour appointed she suffer'd him to go; and in a Chair was carry'd to a little House *Fergusano* had taken without the Town, to which belong'd a large Garden, at the farther End of which was a Thicket of unorder'd Trees that surrounded the Grotto, which pass'd a good Way under the Ground. It had had some Rarities of Water-work formerly belonging to it, but now they were decay'd; only here and there a broken Rock let out a little Stream, that murmur'd and dash'd upon the Earth below, and ran away in a little Rivulet, which serv'd to add a Melancholy to the dismal Place: Into this the Prince was conducted by the old *German*, who assisted in the Charm; they had only one Torch to light the Way, which at the Entrance of the Cave they put out, and within was only one glimmering Lamp, that rather serv'd to add to the Horror of the Vault, discovering its Hollownes and Ruins. At his Entrance he was saluted with a Noise like the rushing of Wind, which whiz'd and whistled in

in the mighty Concave. Anon a more silent Whispering surrounded him, without being able to behold any Creature, save the old *German*. Anon came in *Fergusano*, who rolling a great Stone that lay at one Corner of the Cave, he desir'd the Prince to place himself on it, and not be surpriz'd at any thing he should behold, nor to stir from that enchanted Ground; he nodding, assented to obey, while *Fergusano* and the *German*, with each a Wand in their Hands, struck against the unform'd Rocks that finish'd the End of the Cave, muttering a thousand Incantations, with Voices dreadful and Motions antick; and after a mighty Stroke of Thunder that shook the Earth, the rude Rock divided, and open'd a Space that discover'd a most magnificent Apartment; in which was presented a young Hero, attended with Military Officers; his Pages dressing him for the Field all in gilded Armour. The Prince began to doubt himself, and to swear in his Thought, that the Apparition was himself, so very like he was to himself, as if he had seen his proper Figure in a Glass. After this several Persons seem'd to address to this great Man, of all Sorts and Conditions, from the Prince to the Peasant, with whom he seem'd to discourse with great Confidence and Affability; they offer'd him the League, which he took and sign'd, and gave them back; they attend him to the Door with great Joy and Respect; but as soon as he was gone, they laugh'd and pointed at him; at which the Prince infinitely incens'd rose, and cry'd out, *What means all this, s'death, am I become the Scorn and Mockery of the Croud?* *Fergusano* besought him to sit and have Patience, and he obey'd, and check'd himself. The Scene of the Apartment being chang'd to an Arbour of Flowers, and the Prospect of a noble and ravishing Garden, the Hero is presented arm'd as he was, only without his Plume Head-piece, kneeling at the Feet of a fair Woman, in loose Robes and Hair, and attended with abundance of little Loves, who disarm him by degrees of those Ornaments of War. While she caresses him with
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all the signs of Love, the *Cupids* made Garlands of Flowers, and wreath round his Arms and Neck, crowning his Head, and fettering him all over in these sweet soft Chains. They curl his Hair, and adorn him with all Effeminacy while he lies smiling and pleas'd — the wanton Boys disposing of his Instruments of War as they think fit, putting them to ridiculous Uses, and laughing at 'em. While thus he lay, there enters to him a great many States-men and Politicians; grave Men in Furs and Chains, attended by the common Croud; and opening a Scene farther off in Prospect, shew him Crowns, Scepters, Globes, Ensigns, Arms, and Trophies, promiscuously shuff'd together, with Heaps of Gold, Jewels, Parchments, Records, Charters and Seals; at which Sight he starts from the Arms of the fair *Medea*, and strove to have approach'd those who waited for him; but she held him fast, and with abundance of Tears and Sighs of moving Flattery, brought him back to her Arms again, and all dissatisfy'd the promiscuous Croud depart, some looking back with Scorn, others with Signs of Rage, and all the Scene of Glory, of Arms and Crowns, disappear'd with the Croud. *Cesario* wholly forgetting, cry'd out again, *Ha! lost, all for a trifling Woman! Lost all those Trophies of thy Conquest for a Mistress! By Heav'n I'll shake the Charmer from my Soul, if both I cannot have.* When *Fergusano* advancing to him, cry'd — *See, Sir, how supinely the young Hero's laid upon her downy Breast, and smil'd as he spoke; which anger'd the Prince, who reply'd with Scorn, Now, by my Life, a Plot upon my Love; but they protested it was not so, and begg'd he would be silent; while thus the Hero lay regardless of his Glory, all deck'd with Flowers and Bracelets, the Drums beat, and the Trumpets were heard, or seem'd to be heard to sound, and a vast opening Space was fill'd with arm'd Warriors, who offer him their Swords, and seem to point at Crowns that were born behind them; a while they plead in vain, and point to Crowns in vain, at which he only casts a scornful Smile, and lays him down in the soft Arms of Love.*

Love. They urge again, but with one amorous Look the *Circe* more prevails than all their Reasonings. At last by force they divested him of his *Rosie-Garlands*, in which there lay a Charm, and he assumes new Life, while others bore the Inchantress out of his Sight; and then he suffer'd himself to be conducted where they pleas'd, who led him forth, shewing him all the way a Prospect of Crowns. At this *Cesario* sigh'd, and the Ceremony continu'd.

The Scene chang'd, discovering a Sea-shore, where the *Hero* is represented landed, but with a very melancholy Air, attended with several Officers and Gentlemen; the Earth seems to ring with Joy and loud Acclamations at his Approach; vast Multitudes thronging to behold him, and striving who first should kiss his Hand; and bearing him aloft in the Air, carry him out of sight with Peals of Welcome and Joy.

He is represented next in Council and deep Debate, and so disappears: Then soft Musick is heard, and he enters in the Royal Robe, with a Crown presented him on the Knee, which he receives and bows to all the Rabble and the Numbers to give them Thanks: He having in his Hand blue Garters with the Order of *St. Esperet*, which he distributes to several Persons on either Hand; throwing Ducal Crowns and Coronets among the Rabble, who scuffle and strive to catch at them: After a great Shout of Joy, Thunder and Lightning again, shook the Earth; at which they seem'd all amaz'd, when a thick black Cloud descended, and cover'd the whole Scene, and the Rock clos'd again, and *Fergusano* let fall his Wand.

The Prince seeing the Ceremony end here, rises in a Rage, and cries out, *I charge you to go on — remove the Veil, and let the Sun appear; advance your mystick Wand, and shew what follows next. I cannot, Sir, reply'd the trembling Wizard, the Fates have clos'd the everlasting Book, forbidding farther Search. Then damn your scanted Art,* reply'd the Prince, *a petty Juggler*

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could

could have done as much. Is't not enough, reply'd the German Rabbi, that we have shew'd you crown'd, and crown'd in France it self? I find the Infernals themselves are bounded here, and can declare no more. Oh, they are petty Powers that can be bounded, reply'd the Prince with Scorn. They strove with all their Art to reconcile him, laying the Fault on some Mistake of theirs, in the Ingredients of the Charm, which at another time they'd strive to prevent: They sooth him with all the Hope in the World, that what was left unreveal'd must needs be as glorious and fortunate to him, as what he had seen already, which was absolutely to be depended on: Thus they brought him to the open Garden again, where they continu'd their Instructions to him, telling him that now was the time to arrive at all the Glories he had seen; they presented to him the State of Affairs in *France*, and how much a greater Interest he had in the Hearts of the People than their proper Monarch, arguing a thousand Fallacies to the deluded *Hero*, who blind and mad with his Dreams of Glory, his Visions and Prospects, listen'd with Reverence and Attention to all their false Persuasions. I call 'em false, Madam, for I never had Faith in those sort of People, and am sorry so many great Men and Ladies of our times are so bewitch'd to their Prophecies. They there presented him with a List of all the considerable of the reform'd Religion in *Paris*, who had assur'd him Aids of Men and Money in this Expedition, Merchants, rich Tradesmen, Magistrates and Gownmen of the reform'd Church and the Law. Next to this, another of the Contribution of pious Ladies; all which Sums being nam'd, amounted to a considerable Supply; so that they assur'd him Hell it self could not with these Aids obstruct his Glory, but on the contrary, should be compell'd to render him Assistance, by the help of Charms, to make him invincible; so that wholly o'ercome by them, he has given Order that all Preparations be forthwith made for the most secret and speedy Conveyance

veyance of himself and Friends to some Sea-port in France; he has order'd Abundance of Letters to be writ to those of the *Hugonot* Party in all Parts of France; all which will be ready to assist him at his Landing. *Fergusano* undertakes for the Management of the whole Affair, to write, to speak, and to persuade; and you know, Madam, he is the most subtle and insinuating of all his Non-conforming Race, and the most malignant of all our Party, and faints by 'em for the most Pious and Industrious Labourer in the Cause; all that he says it Oracle to the Croud, and all he says Authentick; and 'tis he alone is that great Engine that sets the great Work a turning. Yes, reply'd *Sylvia*, and makes the giddy World mad with his damnable Notions. Pernicious as he is, reply'd *Brilliard*, he has the sole Management of Affairs under *Hermione*; he has Power to treat, to advise, to raise Money, to make and name Officers, and lastly, to draw out a Scene of fair Pretences for *Cesario* to the Crown of France, and the Lawfulness of his Claim; for let the Conquest be never so sure, the People require it, and the Conqueror is oblig'd to give some better reason, than that of the Strength of his Sword, for his Dominion over them. This Pretension is a Declaration, or rather a most scandalous, pernicious and treasonable Libel, if I may say so, who have so great an Interest in it, penn'd with all the Malice Envy can invent; the most unbred, rude Piece of Stuff as makes it apparent the Author had neither Wit nor common good Manners; besides the hellish Principles he has made evident there. My Lord would have no Hand in the Approbation of this gross Piece of villainous Scandal, which has more unfasten'd him from their Interest, than any of their other Designs, and from which he daily more and more declines, or seems disgusted with, tho' he does not wholly intend to quit the Interest: Having no other probable Means to make good that Fortune, which has been so evidently and wholly destroy'd by it. I am extreme glad, said *Sylvia*, that *Philander's* Sentiments are so generous, and am at nothing so much amaz'd, as to hear

The Prince could suffer so gross a thing to pass in his Name.
 I must, said Brilliard, do the Prince Right in this Point,
 to assure you when the thing was first in the rough Draught
 shew'd him, he told Fergusano, that those Accusations of
 a Crown'd Head, were too villanous for the Thoughts of
 a Gentleman; and giving it him again, cry'd—No—
 let it never be said, that the Royal Blood that runs in my
 Veins, could dictate to me no more noble ways for its De-
 fence and Pretensions, than the mean Cowardice of Lies;
 and that to attain to Empire, I should have recourse to
 the most detestable of all Shifts. No, no, my too zealous
 Friend, continu'd he, I will, with only my Sword in my
 Hand, at the Head of my Army, proclaim my Right, and
 demand a Crown, which if I win is mine; if not, 'tis
 his whose Sword is better or luckier; and tho' the future
 World may call this unjust, at least they'll say it was brave.
 At this the Wizard smil'd, and reply'd, Alas, Sir, had
 we hitherto acted by Rules of Generosity only, we had not
 brought so great Advantages to our Interest. You tell me,
 Sir, of a Speech you'll make, with your Sword in your
 Hand, that will do very well at the Head of an Army,
 and a handsome Declaration would be proper for Men of
 Sense; but this is not to the Wise, but to the Fools, on
 whom nothing will pass, but what is penn'd to their Capa-
 city, and who will not be able to bear the Speeches you
 shall make to an Army: This is to rouse 'em, and find
 'em where-ever they are; how far remote soever from
 you, that at once they may be incited to assist you, and
 espouse your Interest: This is the sort of Gospel they be-
 lieve; all other is too fine: Believe me, Sir, 'tis by these
 gross Devices you are to persuade those Sons of Earth,
 whose Spirits never mounted above the Dunghil, whence
 they grew like o'er-ripe Pompkins. Lies are the Spirit
 that inspires 'em, they are the very Brandy that make 'em
 Valiant; and you may as soon beat Sense into their Brains,
 as the very Appearance of Truth; 'tis the very Language
 of the Scarlet Beast to 'em. They understand no other
 than their own, and he that does, knows to what Ends we

aim.

aim. No matter, Sir, what Tools you work withal, so the finish'd Piece be fine at last. Look forward to the Goal, a Crown attends it! and never mind the dirty Road that leads to't.

With such false Arguments as these, he wrought upon the easie Nature of the Prince, who order'd some thousands of 'em to be printed ready for their being dispers'd all over *France*, as soon as they should be landed: Especially among the *Parisians*, too apt to take any Impressions that bore the Stamp and Pretence of Religion and Liberty.

While these and all other things necessary were preparing, *Cesario*, wholly given over to Love, being urg'd by *Hermione* to know the occasion of his last Night's Absence, unravels all the Secret, and told my Lord and she, one Night at Supper, the whole Scene of the Grotto; so that *Hermione*, more than ever being puffed up with ambitious Thoughts, hasten'd to have the Prince press'd to marry her; and consulting with the Counsellor of her closest Secrets, sets him a-new to work; swearing violently, that if he did not bring that Design about she should be able, by her Ascendant o'er *Cesario*, to ruin all those they had undertaken, and yet turn the Prince from the Enterprize; and that it was more to satisfy her Ambition (to which they were oblig'd for all the Prince had promis'd) that he had undertaken to head an Army, and put himself again into the Hands of the *Hugonots*, and forsake all the soft Repose of Love and Life, than for any Inclination or Ambition of his own; and that she who had Power to animate him one way, he might be assur'd had the same Power another. This she ended in very high Language, with a Look too fierce and fiery to leave him any doubt of; and he promis'd all things should be done as she desir'd, and that he would overcome the Prince, and bring him absolutely under her Power; Not, said she with a scornful Look, *that I need your Aid in this Affair, or want of Power my own to command*

mand it; but I will not have him look upon it as my Act alone, or a thing of my seeking, but by your Advice shall be made to understand it is for the good of the Publick; that having to do with a sort of People of the reform'd Religion, whose Pretences were more nice than wise, more seemingly zealous than reasonable or just, they might look upon the Life she led with the Prince as scandalous, that was not justified by Form, tho' never so unlawful. A thousand things she urg'd to him, who needed no Instruction how to make that appear authentick and just, however contrary to Religion and Sense: But so inform'd, he parted from her, and told her the Event should declare his Zeal for her Service, and so it did; for he no sooner spoke of it to the Prince, but he took the Hint as a divine Voice; his very Soul flush'd in his lovely Cheeks, and all the Fire of Love was dancing in his Eyes: Yet, as if he had fear'd what he wish'd could not handsomely and lawfully be brought to pass, he ask'd a thousand Questions concerning it, all which the subtle Wizard so well resolv'd, at least in his Judgment, who easily was convinc'd of what he wish'd, that he no longer deferr'd his Happiness, but that very Night, in the Visit he made *Hermione*, fell at her Feet, and implor'd her Consent of what he told her *Fergusano* had fully convinc'd him was necessary for his Interest and Glory, neither of which he could enjoy or regard, if she was not the Partner of 'em; and that when he should go to *France*, and put himself in the Field to demand a Crown, he should do it with absolute Vigor and Resolution, if she were to be seated as Queen on the same Throne with him, without whom a Cottage would be more pleasant; and he could relish no Joys that were not as intirely and immediately hers as his own: He pleaded impatiently for what she long'd, and would have made her Petition for, and all the while she makes a thousand Doubts and Scruples only to be convinc'd and confirm'd by him; and after seeming fully satisfy'd, he led her into a Chamber (where *Fergusano*

gusano waited, and only her Woman and his faithful Confident *Tomaso*) and marry'd her: Since which, she has wholly manag'd him with greater Power than before; takes abundance of State; is extremely elevated, I will not say insolent; and tho' they do not make a publick Declaration of this, yet she owns it to all her Intimates; and is ever reproaching my Lord with his lewd Course of Life, wholly forgetting her own; crying out upon infamous Women, as if she had been all the Course of her Life an Innocent.

By this time Dinner was ended, and *Sylvia* urg'd *Brilliard* to depart with her Letter; but he was extremely surpriz'd to find it to be to the Governor's Nephew *Don Alonzo*, who was his Lord's Friend, and who would doubtless give him an Account of all, if he did not shew him the Billet: All these Reasons could not dissuade this fickle Wanderer, whose Heart was at that time set on this young Inconstant, at least her Inclinations: He tells her that her Life would be really in Danger, if *Philander* comes to the Knowledge of such an Intrigue, which could not possibly be carry'd on in that Town without Noise: She tells him she is resolv'd to quit that false Injurer of her Fame and Beauty; who had basely abandon'd her for other Women of less Merit, even since she had pardon'd him the Crimes of Love he committed at *Cologne*; that while he was in the Countrey with her during the time of her lying in, he had given himself to all that would receive him there; that since he came away, he had left no Beauty unattempted; and could he possibly imagine her of a Spirit to bow beneath such Injuries? No, she would on to all the Revenges her Youth and Beauty were capable of taking, and stick at nothing that led to that Interest; and that if he did not join with her in her noble Design she would abandon him, and put her self wholly out of his Protection: This she spoke with a Fierceness that made the Lover tremble with fear of losing her: He therefore told her she had Reason;

son: and that since she was resolv'd, he would confess to her that *Philander* was the most perfidious Creature in the World; and that *Hermione*, the haughty *Hermione*, who hated naughty Women, invited and treated all the handsome Ladies of the Court to Balls, and to the Basset-Table, and made very great Entertainment, only to draw to her Interest all the brave and the young Men; and that she daily gain'd abundance by these Arts to *Cesario*, and above all strove by these Amusements to engage *Philander*, whom she perceiv'd to grow cold in the great Concern; daily treating him with Variety of Beauty; so that there was no Gaiety, no Gallantry, or Play, but at *Hermione's* whither all the Youth of both Qualities repair'd; and 'twas there the Governour's Nephew was every Evening to be found. *Possibly, Madam, I had not told you this, if the Prince's Bounty had not taken me totally off from Philander; so that I have no other Dependence on him, but that of my Respect and Duty, out of perfect Gratitude.* After this, to gain *Brilliard* intirely, she assur'd him if his Fortune were suitable to her Quality, and her way of Life, she believ'd she should devote her self to him; and tho' what she said were the least of her Thoughts, it fail'd not to flatter him agreeably, and he sigh'd with Grief that he could not engage her; all he could get was little enough to support him fine, which he was always as any Person of Quality at Court, and appear'd as Graceful, and might have had some happy Minutes with very fine Ladies, who thought well of him. To salve this Defect of want of Fortune, he told her he had receiv'd a Command from *Octavio* to come to him about settling of a very considerable Pension upon her, and that he had at his investing put Money into his Aunt's Hands, who was a Woman of considerable Quality, to be dispos'd of to that charitable Use; and that if she pleas'd to maintain her rest of Fame, and live without receiving Love-Visits from Men, she might now command that, which would be a much better

better and nobler Support than that from a Lover, which would be transitory, and last but as long as her Beauty, or a less time, his Love. To this she knew not what to answer, but ready Mony being the Joy of her Heart, and the Support of her Vanity, she seems to yield to this, having said so much before; and she consider'd she wanted a thousand things to adorn her Beauty, being very expensive; she was impatient till this was perform'd, and deferr'd the sending to *Don Alonzo*, tho' her Thoughts were perpetually on him. She, by the Advice of *Brilliard*, writes a Letter to *Octavio*; which was not like those she had before written, but as an humble Penitent would write to a Ghostly Father, treating him with all the Respect that was possible; and if ever she mention'd Love, it was as if her Heart had violently, and against her Will, burst out into Softness, as still she retain'd there; and then she would take up again, and ask Pardon for that Transgression; she told him it was a Passion, which tho' she could never extinguish for him, yet that it should never warm her for another, but she would leave *Philander* to the World, and retire where she was not known, and try to make up her broken Fortunes; with abundance of things to this purpose, which he carry'd to *Octavio*: He said he could have wish'd she would have retir'd to a Monastery, as all the first Part of her Letter had given him Hope; and resolv'd, and retir'd as he was, he could not read this without extream Confusion and Change of Countenance. He ask'd *Brilliard* a thousand times whether he believ'd he might trust her, or if she would abandon those Ways of Shame, that at last lost all: He answer'd, he verily believ'd she would. *However*, said *Octavio*, 'tis not my Business to capitulate, but to believe and act all things for the Interest and Satisfaction of her whom I yet adore; and without farther Delay writ to his Aunt, to present *Sylvia* with those Sums he had left for her; and which had been sufficient to have made her happy all the rest of her Life, if her Sins of Love had

had not obstructed it. However, she no sooner found her self Mistress of so considerable a Sum, but in lieu of retiring, and ordering her Affairs so as to render it for ever serviceable to her, the first thing she does, is to furnish her self with new Coach and Equipage, and to lavish out in Cloth and Jewels a great part of it immediately; and was impatient to be seen on the *Toure*, and in all publick Places; nor could *Brilliard* persuade the contrary, but against all good Manners and Reason, she flew into most violent Passions with him, 'till he had resolv'd to give her way; it happen'd that the first Day she shew'd on the *Toure*, neither *Philander*, *Cesar* nor *Hermione* chanc'd to be there; so that at Supper it was all the News, how glorious a young Creature was seen only with one Lady, which was *Antonet*, very well dress'd, in the Coach with her; Every Body that made their Court that Night to *Hermione* spoke of this new Vision, as the most extraordinary Charmer that had ever been seen; all were that Day undone with Love, and none could learn who this fair Destroyer was; for all the time of *Sylvia*'s being at *Bruxels* before her being big with Child had kept her from appearing in all publick Places; so that she was wholly a new Face to all that saw her; and it is easie to be imagin'd what Charms that delicate Person appear'd with to all, when dress'd to such Advantage, who naturally was the most beautiful Creature in the World; with all the Bloom of Youth that could add to Beauty. Among the rest that Day that lost their Hearts, was the Governor's Nephew, who came into the Presence that Night wholly transported, and told *Hermione* he dy'd for the lovely Charmer he had that Day seen; so that she, who was the most curious to gain all the Beauties to her side, that the Men might be so too, endeavour'd all she could to find out where this Beauty dwelt. *Philander*, now grown the most amorous and gallant in the World, grew passionately in Love with the very Description of her, not imagining it had been *Sylvia*, because

because of her Equipage: He knew she lov'd him, at least he thought she loved him too well to conceal her self from him, or be in *Bruxels*, and not let him know it; so that wholly ravished with the Description of the imagin'd new fair One, he burnt with Desire of seeing her; and all this Night was pass'd in Discourse of this Stranger alone; the next Day her Livery being described to *Hermione*, she sent two Pages all about the Town, so see if they could discover a Livery so remarkable; and that if they did, they should enquire of them who they belonged to, and where that Person's Lodging was. This was not a very difficult Matter to perform: *Bruxels* is not a large Place, and it was soon surveyed from one End to the other: At last they met with two of her Footmen, whom they saluted, and taking notice of their Livery, asked them who they belong'd to? These Lads were Strangers to the Lady they serv'd, and newly taken; and *Sylvia* at her first coming, resolved to change her Name, and was called *Madam De*——a Name very considerable in *France*; which they told the Pages, and that she liv'd in such a Place: This News *Hermione* no sooner heard, but she sends a Gentleman in the Name of the Prince and her self to complement her, and tell her she had the Honour to know some great Persons of that Name in *France*, and did not doubt but she was related to them: She therefore sent to offer her her Friendship, which possibly in a strange Place might not be unserviceable to her, and that she should be extream glad to see her at Court, that is, at *Cesario's* Palace. The Gentleman who deliver'd this Message, being surpriz'd at the dazzling Beauty of the fair Stranger, was almost unassur'd in his Address, and the manner of it surpriz'd *Sylvia* no less to be invited as a strange Lady by one that hated her; she could not tell whether it were real, or a Plot upon her; however she made Answer, and bid him tell *Madam* the Princess, which Title she gave her, that she receiv'd her Complement as the greatest Honour that could

could arrive to her, and that she would wait upon her Highness, and let her know from her own Mouth the Sense she had of the Obligation. The Gentleman return'd and deliver'd his Message to *Hermione*; but so alter'd in his Look, so sad and unusual, that she took notice of it, and ask'd him how he lik'd the new Beauty: He blush'd and bow'd, and told her she was a Wonder — This made *Hermione*'s Colour rise, it being spoke before *Cesario*; for tho' she was assur'd of the Hero's Heart, she hated he should believe there was a greater Beauty in the World, and one universally ador'd. She knew not how so great a Miracle might work upon him, and began to repent she had invited her to Court.

In the mean time *Sylvia*, after debating what to do in this Affair, whether to visit *Hermione* and discover her self, or to remove from *Bruxels*, resolv'd rather upon the last; but she had fix'd her Design as to *Don Alonzo*, and would not depart the Town. To her former beginning Flame for him was added more Fuel; she had seen him the Day before on the *Toure*; she had seen him gaze at her with all the Impatience of Love, with Madness of Passion in his Eyes, ready to fling himself out of the Coach every time she pass'd by: And if he appear'd Beautiful before, when in his riding Dress, and harass'd for four Nights together with Love and want of Sleep; what did he now appear to her amorous Eyes and Heart? She had wholly forgot *Octavio*, *Philander* and all, and made a Sacrifice of both to this new young Lover: She saw him with all the Advantages of Dress, magnificent as Youth and Fortune could invent; and above all, his Beauty and his Quality warm'd her Heart a-new; and what advanc'd her Flame yet farther, was a Vanity she had of fixing the dear Wanderer, and making him find there was a Beauty yet in the World, that could put an end to his Inconstancy, and make him languish at her Feet as long as she pleas'd. Resolv'd on this Design, she defers it no longer, but as soon as the Persons of Quality, who us'd

to walk every Evening in the Park, were got together, she accompany'd with *Antonet*, and three or four strange Pages and Footmen, went into the Park; mask'd and dress'd in perfect Glory. She had not walk'd long there before she saw *Don Alonzo*, richer than ever in his Habit, and more beautiful to her Eyes than any thing she had ever seen; he was gotten among the Young and Fair, carefing, laughing, playing, and acting all the little Wantonnesses of Youth. *Sylvia's* Blood grew disorder'd at this, and she found she lov'd by her Jealousie, and longs more than ever to have the Glory of vanquishing that Heart, that so boasted of never having yet been conquer'd. She therefore uses all her Art to get him to look at her; she pass'd by him often, and as often as she did so he view'd her with Pleasure; her Shape, her Air, her Mein, had something so charming, as without the Assistance of her Face, she gain'd that Evening a thousand Conquests; but those were not the Trophies she aim'd at, it was *Alonzo* was the mark'd-out Victim, that she destin'd for the Sacrifice of Love. She found him so engag'd with Women of great Quality, she almost despair'd to get to speak to him; her Equipage, who stood at the Entrance of the Park, not being by her, he did not imagine this fine Lady to be her he saw on the *Toure* last Night; yet he look'd at her so much as gave occasion to those he was with to rally him extreamly, and tell him he was in Love with what he had not seen, and who might, notwithstanding all that delicate Appearance, be ugly when her Mask was off. *Sylvia*, however, still pass'd on with abundance of sighing Lovers after her, some daring to speak, others only languishing; to all she would vouchsafe no Word but made Signs, as if she were a Stranger and understood 'em not; at last, *Alonzo* wholly impatient, breaks from these Ralliers, and gets into the Croud that pursu'd this lovely Unknown: Her Heart leap'd when he approach'd her, and the first thing she did was to pull off her Glove, and not only shew the fairest Hand that
ever

ever Nature made, but that Ring on her Finger *Alonzo* gave her when they parted at the Village. The Hand alone was enough to invite all Eyes with Pleasure to look that way; but *Alonzo* had a double Motive, he saw the Hand with Love, and the Ring with Jealousie and Surprize; and as 'tis natural in such Cases, the very first Thought that possess'd him, was, that the young *Bellumere* (for so *Sylvia* had call'd her self at the Village) was a Lover of this Lady, and had presented her this Ring. And after his Sighings and little Pantings, that seiz'd him at this Thought, would give him leave, he bowing and blushing cry'd — *Madam, the whole Piece must sure be excellent, when the Pattern is so very fine.* And humbly begging the Favour of a nearer View, he took her Hand and kiss'd it with a passionate Eagerness, which possibly did not so well please *Sylvia*, because she did not think he took her for the same Person, to whom she shew'd such Signs of Love last Night. In taking her Hand he survey'd the Ring, and cry'd, — *Madam, would to Heaven I could lay so good a claim to this fair Hand, as I think I once could to this Ring, which this Hand adorns and honours.* How, Sir, reply'd *Sylvia*, I hope you will not charge me with Felony? I am afraid I shall, reply'd he sighing, for you have attack'd me on the King's High-way, and have robbed me of a Heart: I could never have robbed a Person, said *Sylvia*, who could more easily have parted with that Trifle; the next fair Object will redeem it, and it will be very little the worse for my using. Ah, *Madam*, reply'd he sighing, that will be according as you will treat it; for I find already you have done it more Damage than it ever sustain'd in all the Rencounters it has had with Love and Beauty. You complain too soon, reply'd *Sylvia* smiling, and you ought to make a Trial of my good Nature before you reproach me with harming you. I know not, reply'd *Alonzo* sighing, what I may venture to hope from that; but I am afraid, from your Inclinations, I ought to hope for nothing, since a thousand reason-
nable

nable Jealousies already possess me from the sight of that Ring; and I more than doubt I have a powerful Rival, a Youth of the most divine Form I ever met with of his Sex; if from him you received it, I guess my Fate. I perceive, Stranger, said Sylvia, you begin to be Inconstant already, and find Excuses to complain on your Fate before you have try'd your Fortune. I persuade my self that fine Person you speak of, and to whom you gave this Ring, has so great a Value for you, that to leave you no Excuse, I assure you, he will not be displeas'd to find you a Rival, provided you prove a very constant Lover. I confess, said Alonzo, Constancy is an Imposition I never yet had the Confidence and ill Nature to impose on the Fair; and indeed I never found that Woman yet, of Youth and Beauty, that ever set so small a value on her own Charms, to be much in Love with that dull Virtue, and require it of my Heart; but upon occasion, Madam, if such an unreasonable fair one be found—I am extreamly sorry (interrupted Sylvia) to find you have no better way of recommending your self; this will be no great Incouragement to a Person of my Humour to receive your Address. Madam, I do not tell you that I am not in my Nature wondrous constant, reply'd he; I tell you only what has hitherto happen'd to me, not what will; that I have yet never been so, is no fault of mine, but Power or Truth in those Beauties to whom I have given my Heart; rather believe they wanted Charms to hold me, than that I (where Wit and Beauty ingag'd me) should prove so false to my own Pleasure. I am very much afraid, Madam, if I find my Eyes as agreeably entertain'd when I shall have the Honour to see your Face, as my Ears are with your excellent Wit, I shall be reduc'd to that very whining, sighing Coxcomb, you like so well in a Lover, and be ever dying at your Feet. I have but one Hope left to preserve myself from this wretched thing you Women love; that is, that I shall not find you so all over Charming as what I have hitherto found presents itself to be. You have already created Love enough in me for any reasonable Woman,

man, but I find you are not to be approach'd with the common Devotions we pay your Sex; but, like your Beauty, the Passion too must be great, and you are not content unless you see your Lovers die; this is that fatal Proof alone that can satisfie you of their Passion. And tho' you laugh to see a Sir Courtly Nice, a Fop in Fashion acted on the Stage, in your Hearts that foolish thing, that fine neat Pasquel, is your Darling, your fine Gentleman, your Well-bred Person.

Thus sometimes in Jest, and sometimes in Earnest, they recommended themselves to each other, and to so great a degree, that it was impossible for them to be more charm'd on either side, which lasted 'till it was time to depart; but he besought her not to do so 'till she had inform'd him where he might wait on her, and most passionately solicits what she as passionately desir'd: *To tell you Truth*, said she, *I cannot permit you that Freedom without you ask it of Bellumere.* He reply'd, *Next to waiting on her, he should be the most overjoy'd in the World, to pay his Respects to that young Gentleman.* However, to name him, gave him a thousand Fears; which when he would have urg'd, she bid him trust to the Generosity of that Man, who was of Quality, and lov'd him; she then told him his Lodgings (which were her own:) *Alonzo*, infinitely overjoy'd, resolv'd to lose no time, but promis'd that Evening to visit him: And at their Parting he treated her with so much passionate Respect, that she was vext to see it paid to one he yet knew not. However, she verily believ'd her Conquest was certain: He having seen her three times, and all those times for a several Person, and yet was still in Love with her; and she doubted not, when all three were join'd in one, he would be much more in Love than yet he had been; with this Assurance they parted.

Sylvia was no sooner got home but she resolv'd to receive *Alonzo*, who she was assur'd would come: She hasted to dress her self in a very rich Suit of Man's Clothes, to receive him as the young *French Gentle-*

man.

man. She believ'd *Brilliard* would not come 'till late, as was his use, now being at play at *Hermione's*. She look'd extream pretty when she was drest, and had all the Charms that Heav'n could adorn a Face and Shape withal: Her Apartment was very magnificent, and all look'd very great. She was no sooner drest but the young Lover came. *Sylvia* receiv'd him on the Staircase with open Arms, and all the signs of Joy that could be exprest, and led him to a rich drawing-Room, where she began to entertain him with that happy Night's Adventure, when they both lay together at the Village, while *Alonzo* makes imperfect Replies; wholly charm'd with the Look of the young Cavalier, which so resembled what he had seen the Day before in another Garb on the *Toure*. He is wholly ravish'd with his Voice, it being absolutely the same that had charm'd him that Day in the Park; the more he gaz'd and listen'd, the more he was confirm'd in his Opinion, that he was the same, and he had the Musick of that dear Accent still in his Ears, and could not be deceiv'd. A thousand times he is about to kneel before her and ask her Pardon, but still is check'd by Doubt: He sees, he hears, this is the same lovely Youth who lay in Bed with him at the Village *Cabaret*; and then no longer thinks her Woman: He hears and sees it is the same Face, and Voice, and Hands he saw on the *Toure*, and in the Park, and then believes her Woman: While he is in these Perplexities, *Sylvia*, who with Vanity and Pride perceived his Disorder, taking him in her Arms, cry'd, *Come, my Alonzo, that you shall no longer doubt but I am perfectly your Friend, I will shew you a Sister of mine, whom you will say is a Beauty, or I am too partial, and I will have your Judgment of her.* With that she call'd to *Antonet* to beg her Lady would permit her to bring a young Stranger to kiss her Hand. The Maid, instructed, retires, and *Alonzo* stood gazing on *Sylvia* as one confounded and amaz'd, not knowing yet how to determine; he now begins to think him-

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self mistaken in the fair Youth, and is ready to ask his Pardon for a Fault but imagin'd, suffering by his Silence the little Prattler to discourse and laugh at him at his pleasure. Come, said Sylvia, smiling, *I find the naming a Beauty to you has made you Melancholy; possibly when you see her she will not appear so to you; we do not always agree in one Object. Your Judgment, reply'd Alonzo, is too good to leave me any hope of Liberty at the sight of a fine Woman; if she be like your self I read my Destiny in your charming Face.* Sylvia answer'd only with a Smile — and calling again for Antonet, she ask'd if her Sister were in a Condition of being seen; she told her she was not, but all undrest and in her Night-clothes; *Nay then, said Sylvia, I must use my Authority with her:* And leaving Alonzo trembling with Expectation, she ran to her Dressing-room, where all things were ready, and slipping off her Coat put on a rich Night-Gown, and instead of her Peruke fine Night-clothes, and came forth to the charm'd Alonzo, who was not able to approach her, she look'd with such a Majesty, and so much dazzling Beauty; he knew her to be the same he had seen in the *Toure*. She (seeing he only gaz'd without Life or Motion) approaching him gave him her Hand, and cry'd — *Sir, possibly this is a more old Acquaintance of yours than my Face.* At which he blush'd and bow'd, but could not speak: At last Sylvia, laughing out-right, cry'd — *Here Antonet, bring me again my Peruke, for I find I shall never be acquainted with Don Alonzo in Petticoats.* At this he blush'd a thousand times more than before, and no longer doubted but this Charmer, and the lovely Youth were one; he fell at her Feet, and told her he was undone, for she had made him give her so undisputable Proofs of his Dulness, he could never hope she should allow him capable of eternally adoring her. *Rise,* cry'd Sylvia, smiling, *and believe you have not committed so great an Error as you imagine; the Mistake has been often made, and Persons of a great deal of*
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Wit have been deceiv'd. You may say what you please, reply'd Alonzo, to put me in Countenance; but I shall never forgive my self the Stupidity of that happy Night, that laid me by the most glorious Beauty of the World, and yet afforded me no kind Instinct to inform my Soul, how much I was blest: Oh pity a Wretchedness, Divine Maid, that has no other Excuse but that of Infatuation; a thousand times my greedy ravish'd Eyes wander'd o'er the dazzling Brightness of yours; a thousand times I wish'd that Heav'n had made you Woman! and when I look'd, I burnt; but when I kiss'd those soft, those lovely Lips, I durst not trust my Heart; for every Touch begot wild Thoughts about it; which yet the Course of all my fiery Youth, through all the wild Debauches I had wander'd, had never yet betray'd me to; and going to Bed with all this Love and Fear about me, I made a solemn Oath not to approach you, lest so much Beauty had o'ercome my Virtue. But by this new Discovery, you have given me a Flame I have no Power nor Virtue to oppose: 'Tis just, 'tis natural to adore you; and not to do it, were a Crime greater than my Sin of Dulness; and since you have made me lose a charming Friend, it is but just I find a Mistress; give me but your Permission to love, and I will give you all my Life in Service, and wait the rest: I'll watch and pray for coming Happiness; which I will buy at any Price of Life or Fortune. Well, Sir, reply'd our easie fair One; if you believe me worth a Conquest o'er you, convince me you can love; for I'm no common Beauty to be won with petty sudden Services; and could you lay an Empire at my Feet, I should despise it where the Heart were wanting. You may believe the amorous Youth left no Argument to convince her in that Point unsaid; and 'tis molt certain they came to so good an Understanding, that he was not seen in Brussels for eight Days and Nights after, nor this rare Beauty, for so long a time, seen on the Toure or any publick Place. Brilliard came every Day to visit her, and receive her Commands, as he us'd to do; but was answer'd

still that *Sylvia* was ill, and kept her Chamber, not suffering even her Domesticks to approach her: This did not so well satisfy the jealous Lover, but he soon imagin'd the Cause, and was very much displeas'd at the ill Treatment; if such a Design had been carried on, he desir'd to have the Management of it, and was angry that *Sylvia* had not only deceiv'd him in the Promise he had made for her to *Ostasio*; but had done her own Business without him: He spoke some hard Words; so that to undeceive him she was forc'd to oblige *Alonzo* to appear at Court again; which she had much ado to incline him to, so absolutely she had charm'd him; however he went, and she suffer'd *Brilliard* to visit her, persuading that easy Lover (as all Lovers are easy) that it was only Indisposition that hinder'd her of the Happiness of seeing him; and after having perfectly reconcil'd her self to him, she ask'd him the News at *Hermione's*, to whom, I had forgot to tell you, she sent every Day a Page with a Complement, and to let her know she was Ill, or she should have waited on her: She every Day receiv'd the Complement from her again, as an unknown Lady. *Brilliard* told her that all things were now prepar'd, and in a very short time they should go for *France*; but that whatever the matter was, *Philander* almost publickly disown'd the Prince's Interest, and to some very considerable of the Party has given out, he does not like the Proceedings, and that he verily believ'd they would find themselves all mistaken; and that instead of a Throne the Prince would meet a Scaffold; so bold and open he has been. Something of it has arriv'd to the Prince's Ear, who was so far from believing it, that he could hardly be persuaded to speak of it to him; and when he did, it was with an Assurance before-hand, that he did not credit such Reports. So that he gives him not the pain to deny them: For my part I am infinitely afraid he will disoblige the Prince one Day, for last Night, when the Prince desir'd him to get his Equipage ready, and
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to make such Provision for you as was necessary; he coldly told him he had a mind to go to *Vienna*, which at that time was besieg'd by *Solyman* the Magnificent, and that he had no Inclination of returning to *France*. This surpriz'd and anger'd the Prince; but they parted good Friends at last, and he has promis'd him all things: So that I am very well assur'd he will send me where he supposes you still are, and how shall we manage that Affair?

Sylvia, who had more Cunning and Subtlety than all the rest of her Sex, thought it best to see *Philander*, and part with him on as good Terms as she could, and that it was better he should think he yet had the absolute Possession of her, than that he should return to *France* with an ill Opinion of her Virtue, as yet he had known no Guilt of that kind, nor did he ever more than fear it with *Octavio*; so that it would be easy for her to cajole him yet a little longer, and when he was gone, she should have the World to range in, and possess this new Lover, to whom she had promis'd all things, and receiv'd from him all Assurances imaginable of inviolable Love: In order to this then she consulted with *Brilliard*; and they resolv'd she should for a few Days leave *Antonet* with her Equipage, at that House where she was, and retire her self to the Village where *Philander* had left her, and where he still imagin'd she was: She desir'd *Brilliard* to give her a Day's time for this Preparation, and it should be so. He left her, and going to *Hermione's*, meets *Philander*, who immediately gave him order to go to *Sylvia* the next Morning, and let her know how all things went, and to tell her he would be with her in two Days. In the mean time *Sylvia* sent for *Alonzo*, who was but that Evening gone from her. He flies on the Wings of Love, and she tells him she is oblig'd to go to a Place six or seven Days Journey off, whither he could not conduct her for Reasons she would tell him at her Return: Whatever he could plead with all the force of

Love to the contrary, she gets his Consent, with a Promise wholly to devote her self to him at her Return, and pleas'd she sent him from her, when *Brilliard* returning told her the Commands he had; and 'twas concluded they should both depart next Morning, accompany'd only by her Page. I am well assur'd she was very kind to *Brilliard* all that Journey, and which was but too visible to the amorous Youth, who attended them; so absolutely had she depriv'd her Reason from one degree of Sin and Shame to another; and he was happy above any Imagination, while even her Heart was given to another, and when she could propose no other Interest in this Looseness, but Security, that *Philander* should not know how ill she had treated him. In four Days *Philander* came, and finding *Sylvia* more fair than ever, was a-new pleas'd; for she pretended to receive him with all the Joy imaginable, and the deceiv'd Lover believ'd, and express'd abundance of Grief at the being oblig'd to part from her; a great many Vows and Tears were lost on both sides, and both believ'd true: But the Grief of *Brilliard* was not to be conceiv'd; he could not persuade himself he could live, when absent from her: Some Bills *Philander* left her, and was so plain with her, and open-hearted, he told her that he went indeed with *Cesario*, but it was in order to serve the King; that he was weary of their Actions, and foresaw nothing but Ruin would attend 'em; that he never repented him of any thing so much, as his being drawn in to that Faction; in which he found himself so greatly involv'd, he could not retire with any Credit; but since Self-Preservation was the first Principle of Nature, he had resolv'd to make that his Aim, and rather prove false to a Party who had no Justice and Honour on their side, than to a King, whom all the Laws of Heav'n and Earth oblig'd him to serve; however he was so far in the Power of these People, that he could not disengage himself, without utter Ruin to himself; but that as soon as he was got into
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France, he would abandon their Interest, let the censuring World say what it would, who never had right Notions of things, or ever made true Judgments of Mens Actions.

He liv'd five or six Days with *Sylvia* there; in which time she fail'd not to assure him of her constant Fidelity a thousand ways, especially by Vows that left no doubt upon his Heart; and it was now that they both indeed found there was a very great Friendship still remaining at the bottom of their Hearts for each other, nor did they part without manifest Proofs of it. *Brilliard* took a sad and melancholy Leave of her, and had not the Freedom to tell it aloud, but oblig'd to depart with his Lord, they left *Sylvia* and posted to *Bruxels*, where they found the Prince ready to depart, having left *Hermione* to her Women more than half dead. I have heard there never was so sad a parting between two Lovers; a hundred times they swooned with the Apprehension of the Separation in each other's Arms, and at last the Prince was forc'd from her while he left her dead, and was little better himself: He would have return'd, but the Officers and People about him, who had espous'd his Quarrel, would by no means suffer him: And he has a thousand times told a Person very near him, that he had rather have forfeited all his hop'd-for Glory, than have left that Charmer of his Soul. After he had taken all Care imaginable for *Hermione*, for that Name so dear to him was scarce ever out of his Mouth, he suffer'd himself with a heavy Heart and Pace to be conducted to the Vessel: And I have heard, he was hardly seen to smile all the little Voyage, or his whole Life after, or do any thing but sigh and sometimes weep, which was a very great Discouragement to all that follow'd him; they were a great while at Sea, tost to and fro by Strefs of Weather, and often driven back to the Shore where they first took Shipping; and not being able to land where they

first design'd, they got ashore in a little Harbour, where no Ship of any bigness could anchor; so that with much ado, getting all their Arms and Men on shore, they sunk the Ship, both to secure any from flying, and that it might not fall into the Hands of the *French*. *Cesario* was no sooner on the *French* Shore, but Numbers came to him of the *Hugonot* Party, for whom he had Arms, and who wanted them he furnish'd as far as he could, and immediately proclaim'd himself King of *France* and *Navarre*, while the dirty Croud rang him Peals of Joy. But tho' the under World came in great Crouds to his Aid, he wanted still the main Supporters of his Cause, the Men of more substantial Quality: If the Ladies could have compos'd an Army, he would not have wanted one, for his Beauty had got them all on his side; and he charm'd the Fair wheresoever he rode.

He march'd from Town to Town without any Opposition, proclaiming himself King in all the Places he came to; still gathering as he march'd, 'till he had compos'd a very formidable Army. He made Officers of the Kingdom — *Fergusano* was to have been a Cardinal, and several Lords and Dukes were nominated; and he found no Opposition in all his prosperous Course — in the mean time the Royal Army was not idle, which was compos'd of Men very well disciplin'd, and conducted by several Princes, and Men of great Quality and Conduct. But as it is not the Business of this little History to treat of War, but altogether Love; leaving those rougher Relations to the Chronicles and Historiographers of those Times, I will only hint on such things in this Enterprize as are most proper for my purpose, and tell you that *Cesario* omitted nothing for the carrying on his great Design; he dispers'd his Scandals all over *France*, 'tho' they met with an Obstruction at *Paris*, and were immediately suppress'd, it being proclaim'd Death for any Person to keep one in their Houses; and if any should by Chance come to their

their Hands, they were on this Penalty to carry them to the Secretary of State; and after the Punishment had pass'd on two or three Offenders, it deterr'd the rest from meddling with those edge Tools: I must tell you also, that the Title of King, which *Cesar* had taken so early upon him, was much against his Inclinations; and he desir'd to see himself at the Head of a more satisfactory Army, before he would take on him a Title he found (in the Condition he was in) he should not defend; but those about him insinuated to him, that it was the Title that would not only make him more Venerable, but would make his Cause appear more just and awful; and beget him a perfect Adoration with those People who liv'd remote from Courts, and had never seen that glorious thing call'd a King. So that believing it would give Nerves to the Cause, he unhappily took upon him that which ruin'd him; for he had often sworn to the greatest part of those of any Quality, of his Interest, That his Design was Liberty only, and that his End was the publick good, so infinitely above his own private Interest, that he desir'd only the Honour of being the Champion for the oppress'd *Parisians* and People of *France*; that if they would allow him to lead their Armies, to fight and spend his dearest Blood for them, 'twas all the Glory he aim'd at: 'Twas this pretended Humility in a Person of his high Rank that cajol'd the *Mobile*, who look'd on him as their God, their Deliverer, and all that was sacred and dear to them; but the wiser sort regarded him only as one that had most Power and Pretension to turn the whole Affairs of *France*, which they disliking, were willing, at any Price, to reduce to their own Conditions and to what they desir'd; not imagining he would have laid a Claim to the Crown, which many of them fancy'd themselves as capable of as himself, rather that he would perhaps have set up the King of *Navarre*. This *Cesar* knew; and understanding their Sentiments, was unwilling to hinder their joining
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with him, by such a Declaration which he knew would be a means to turn abundance of Hearts against him, as indeed it fell out; and he found himself Master of some few Towns, only with an Army of fifteen or sixteen thousand Peasants, ill Arm'd, unus'd to War, Watchings, and very ill Lodging in the Field, very badly victuall'd, and worse paid. For, from *Paris* no Aids of any kind could be brought him; the Roads all along being so well guarded and secur'd by the Royal Forces, and wanting some great Persons to espouse his Quarrel, made him not only despair of Success, but highly resent it of those who had given him so large Promises of Aid. Many, as I said, and most were disgusted with his Title of King; but some waited the Success of his first Battel, which was every Day expected, tho' *Cesar* kept himself as clear of the Royal Army as he could a long time, marching away as soon as they drew near, hoping by these means, not only to tire them out, and watch an Advantage when to engage, but gather still more Numbers. So that the greatest Mischief he did was teasing the Royal Army, who could never tell where to have him, so dextrous he was in marching off. They often came so near as to have Skirmishes with one another by small Parties, where some few Men would fall on both sides: And to say truth, *Cesar* in this Expedition shew'd much more of a Soldier than the Politician: His Skill was great, his Conduct good, expert in Advantages, and indefatigable in Toils. And I have heard it from the Mouth of a Gentleman, who in all that Undertaking never was from him, that in seven or eight Weeks that he was in Arms, he never absolutely undrest himself, and hardly slept an Hour in the four and twenty; and that sometimes he was on his Horse's Back, in a Chariot, or on the Ground, suffering even with the meanest of his Soldiers all the Fatigues of the Enterprize: This Gentleman told me he would, in those Hours he should sleep, and wherein he was not taking Measures and Coun-

Councils (which were always held in the Night) that he would be eternally speaking to him of *Hermione*; and that with the softest Concern 'twas possible for Love and tenderest Passion to express. That he being the only Friend he could repose so great a Weakness in, and who sooth'd him to the degree he wish'd, the Prince was so well pleas'd with him, as to establish him a Colonel of Horse, for no other Merit than that of having once serv'd *Hermoine*, and now would flatter his Disease agreeably: And tho' he did so, he protested he was asham'd to hear how this poor fond Concern render'd this great Man, and he has often pity'd what should have been else admir'd; but who can tell the force of Love, back'd by Charms supernatural? And who is it that will not sigh at the Fate of so Illustrious a young Man, whom Love had render'd the most miserable of all those Numbers he led?

But now the Royal Army, as if they had purposely suffer'd him to take his Tour about the Countrey, to ensnare him, with the more Facility, had at last, by new Forces that came to their Assistance daily, so compass'd him, that it was impossible for him to avoid any longer giving them Battel; however he had the benefit of posting himself the most advantagiously that he could wish; he had the rising Grounds to place his Canon, and all things concurr'd to give him Success; his Numbers exceeding those of the Royal Army: Not but he would have avoided a set Battel, if it had been possible, 'till he had made himself Master of some Places of stronger Hold; for yet, as I said, he had only subdu'd some inconsiderable Places, which were not able to make Defence; and which, as soon as he was march'd out, surrender'd again to their Lawful Prince; and pulling down his Proclamation; put up those of the King: But he was on all sides so embarrass'd, he could not come even to parly with any Town of Note; so that, as I said, at last, being as it were block'd up, though the Royal Army did not offer him

him Battel: Three Nights they lay thus in view of each other; the first Night the Prince sent out his Scouts, who brought him Intelligence, that the Enemy was not so well prepar'd for Battel, as they fear'd they might be if they imagin'd the Prince would engage 'em, but he had so often given them the slip, that they believ'd he had no mind to put the Fortune of the Day to the push; and they were glad of these Delays, that new Forces might advance. When the Scouts return'd with this News, the Prince was impatient to fall upon the Enemy; but *Fergusano*, who was continually taking Counsel of his Charms, and looking into his black Book of Fate, for every Sally and Step they made, perswaded his Highness to have a little Patience; positively assuring him his Fortune depended on a Critical Minute, which was not yet come; and that if he offer'd to give Battel before the Change of the Moon, he was inevitably lost, and that the Attendance of that fortunate Moment would be the beginning of those of his whole Life: With such like positive Persuasions he gain'd upon the Prince, and overcame his Impatience of engaging for that Night, all which he past in Council, without being perswaded to take any Rest, often blaming the Nicety of their Art and his Stars; and often asking if they lost that Opportunity that Fortune had now given 'em, whether all their Arts, or Stars, or Devils, could retrieve it? And nothing would that Night appease him, or dispossess the Sorcerers of this Opinion.

The next Day they receiv'd certain Intelligence, that a considerable Supply would re-inforce the Royal Army, under the Conduct of a Prince of the Blood; which were every Moment expected: This News made the Prince rave, and he broke out into all the Rage imaginable against the Wizards, who defended themselves with all the reasons of their Art, but it was all in vain, and he vow'd he would that Night engage the Enemy; if he find but one faithful Friend to second him,

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tho' he dy'd in the Attempt; that he has worn out with the Toils he had undergone; harass'd almost to Death, and would wait no longer the Approach of his lazy Fate, but boldly advancing, meet it, what Face so e'er it bore. They besought him on their Knees, he would not overthrow the Glorious Design so long in bringing to Perfection, just in the very Minute of happy Projection; but to wait those certain Fates, that would bring him Glory and Honour on their Wings; and who, if slighted, would abandon him to Destruction; it was but some few Hours more, and then they were his own, to be commanded by him: 'Twas thus they drill'd and delay'd him on till Night; when again he sent out his Scouts to discover the Posture of the Enemy; and himself in the mean time went to Council. *Philander* fail'd not to be sent for thither, who sometimes feign'd Excuses to keep away, and when he did come, he sat unconcern'd, neither giving or receiving any Advice. This was taken Notice of by all, but *Cesario*, who look'd upon it as being over-watch'd, and fatigu'd with the Toils of the Day. His Sullenness did not pass so in the Opinion of the rest; they saw, or at least thought they saw some other Marks of Discontent in his fine Eyes, which Love so much better became. One of the Prince's Officers and Captain of his Guard, who was an old hereditary Rogue, and whose Father had suffer'd in Rebellion before; a Fellow rough and daring, comes boldly to the Prince when the Council rose, and ask'd him if he were resolv'd to engage? He told him he was. *Then*, said he, *give me leave to shoot Philander in the Head.* This blunt Proposition given, without any manner of Reason or Circumstance, made the Prince start back a step or two, and ask him his Meaning of what he said. *Sir*, reply'd the Captain, *if you will be safe, Philander must die; for however it appear to your Highness, to all the Camp he shows the Traitor, and 'tis more than doubted he and the King of France understand one another but too well. Therefore* if

if you would be Victor, let him be dispatch'd, and I myself will undertake it. Hold, said the Prince, if I could believe what you say to be true, I should not take so base a Revenge; I would fight like a Soldier, and he should be treated like a Man of Honour: Sir, said Vaneur, for that was the Captain's Name; do not, in the Circumstances we are now in, talk of treating (with those that would betray us) like Men of Honour; we cannot stand upon Decency in killing, who have so many to dispatch; we came not into France to fight Duels, and stand on nice Punctilio's: I say, we must make quick work, and I have a good Pistol charg'd with two handsome Bullets, that shall, as soon as he appears amongst us on Horse-back, do his Business as genteely as can be, and rid you of one of the most powerful of your Enemies. To this the Prince would by no means agree; not believing one Syllable of the Accusation. Vaneur swore then that he would not draw a Sword for his Service, while Philander was suffer'd to live; and he was as good as his Word: He said, in going out, that he would obey the Prince, but he begg'd his Pardon, if he did not lift a Hand on his side; and in an Hour after sent him his Commission, and waited on him, and was with him almost till the last, in all the Danger, but would not fight, having made a solemn Vow. Several others were of Vaneur's Opinion, but the Prince believ'd nothing of it; Philander being indeed, as he said, weary of the Design and Party, and regarded them as his Ruiners, who with fair Pretences drew him into a bad Cause; which his Youth had not then consider'd, and from which he could not untangle himself.

By this time the Scout was come back, who inform'd the Prince that now was the best time in the World to attack the Enemy, who all lay supinely in their Tents, and did not expect a Surprize; that the very Out-guards were slender, and that it would not be hard to put 'em to a great deal of Confusion. The Prince, who was enough impatient before, now was all

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Fire and Spirit, and 'twas not in the Power of Magick to with-hold him; but hasting immediately to Horse, with as much speed as possible, he got at the Head of his Men; and marching on directly to the Enemy, put them into so great a Surprize, that it may be admir'd how they got themselves into a Condition of Defence; and to make short of a Business that was not long in acting, I may avow nothing but the immediate Hand of the Almighty, (who favours the juster side, and is always ready for the Support of those who approach so near his own Divinity; sacred and appointed Heads) could have turn'd the Fortune of the Battel to the Royal side: It was prodigious to consider the unequal Numbers, and the Advantage all on the Prince's Part; it was miraculous to behold the Order on his side, and Surprize on the other, which of it self had been sufficient to have confounded them; yet notwithstanding all this Unpreparedness on this side, and the Watchfulness and Care on the other; so well the General and Officers of the Royal Army manag'd their scant'd Time, so bravely disciplin'd and experienc'd the Soldiers were, so resolute and brave, and all so well mounted and arm'd, that, as I said, to a Miracle they fought, and 'twas a Miracle they won the Field: That fatal Night *Cesar* did in his own Person Wonders; and when his Horse was kill'd under him, he took a *Partizan*, and as a common Soldier, at the Head of his Foot acted the *Hero* with as much Courage and Bravery as ever *Cesar* himself could boast; yet all this avail'd him nothing: He saw himself abandon'd on all sides, and then under the Covert of the Night he retir'd from the Battel, with his Sword in his Hand, with only one Page, who fought by his side: A thousand times he was about to fall on his own Sword, and like *Brutus* have finish'd a Life he could no longer sustain with Glory: But Love, that Coward of the Mind, and the Image of Divine *Hermione*, as he esteem'd her, still gave him love to Life; and

and while he could remember she yet liv'd to charm him, he could even look with Contempt on the Loss of all his Glory; at which if he repin'd, it was for her sake, who expected to behold him return cover'd o'er with Laurels. In these sad Thoughts he wander'd as long as his weary'd Legs would bear him into a low Forest, far from the Camp; where, over-press'd with Toil all over Pain, and a Royal Heart even breaking with Anxiety, he laid him down under the shelter of a Tree, and found but his Length of Earth left to support him now, who not many Hours before beheld himself the greatest Monarch, as he imagin'd, in the World. Oh who, that had seen him thus; which of his most mortal Enemies, that had view'd the Royal Youth, adorn'd with all the Charms of Beauty Heav'n ever distributed to Man; born great, and now ador'd by all the crouding World with Hat and Knee; now abandon'd by all, but one kind trembling Boy weeping by his side, while the Illustrious Hero lay gazing with melancholy weeping Eyes, at those Stars that had lately been so cruel to him; sighing out his great Soul to the Winds that whistled round his uncover'd Head; breathing his Griefs as silently as the sad fatal Night past away; where nothing in Nature seem'd to pity him, but the poor wretched Youth that kneel'd by him, and the sighing Air: I say, who that beheld this, would not have scorn'd the World and all its fickle Worshippers? Have curst the Flatterers of vain Ambition, and pris'd a Cottage far above a Throne? A Garland wreath'd by some fair innocent Hand, before the restless Glories of a Crown?

Some Authors in the Relation of this Battel affirm That *Philander* quitted his Post as soon as the Charge was given, and sheer'd off from that Wing he commanded; but all Historians agree in this Point, that he did, it was not for want of Courage; for in a thousand Encounters he has given sufficient Proofs of as much Bravery as a Man can be capable of: But he

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dislik'd the Cause, disapprov'd of all their Pretensions, and look'd upon the whole Affair and Proceeding to be most unjust and ungenerous; and all the Fault his greatest Enemies could charge him with was, That he did not deal so gratefully with a Prince that lov'd him and trusted him; and that he ought frankly to have told him, he would not serve him in this Design; and that it had been more Gallant to have quitted him that way, than this; but there are so many Reasons to be given for this more politick and safe Decelt, than are needful in this place, and 'tis most certain as it is the most justifiable to Heav'n and Man, to one born a Subject of *France*, and having sworn Allegiance to his proper King, to abandon any other Interest; so let the Enemies of this great Man say what they please, if a Man be oblig'd to be false to this or that Interest, I think no Body of common Honesty, Sense and Honour, will dispute which he ought to abandon; and this is most certain, that he did not forsake him because Fortune did so, as this one Instance may make appear. When *Cesar* was first proclaim'd King, and had all the Reason in the World to believe that Fortune would have been wholly partial to him, he offer'd *Philander* his Choice of any Principality and Government in *France*, and to have made him of the Order of *Saint Esprit*; all which he refus'd, tho' he knew his great Fortune was lost and already distributed to Favourites at Court, and himself proscribed and convicted as a Traitor to *France*. Yet all these Refusals did not open the Eyes of this credulous great young Man who still believ'd it the Sullenness and Generosity of his Temper.

No sooner did the Day discover to the World the horrid Business of the preceding Night, but a diligent Search was made among the infinite Number of Dead, that cover'd the Face of the Earth, for the Body of the Prince, or new King, as they call'd him: But

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when they could not find him among the Deau, they sent out Parties all ways to search the Woods, the Forests and the Plains; nor was it long they sought in vain, for he who had laid himself, as I said under the Shelter of a Tree, had not for any Consideration remov'd him; but finding himself seiz'd by a common Hand, suffer'd himself, without Resistance, to be detain'd by one single Man till more advanc'd, when he could as easily have kill'd the Rustick as speak or move; an Action so below the Character of this truly brave Man, that there is no Reason to be given to excuse his easie Submission but this, That he was stupify'd with long Watching, Grief, and the Fatigues of his daily Toil for so many Weeks before: For it is not to be imagin'd it was Carelessness, or little Regard for Life; for if it had been so he would doubtless have lost it nobly with the Victory, and never have retreated while there had been one Sword left advanc'd against him; or if he had disdain'd the Enemy should have had the Advantage and Glory of so great a Conquest, at least when his Sword had been yet left him, he should have dy'd like a *Roman*, and have scorn'd to have added to the Triumph of the Enemy. But Love had unman'd his great Soul, and *Hermione* pleaded within for Life at any Price, even that of all his Glory; the Thought of her alone blacken'd this last Scene of his Life, and for which all his past Triumphs could never atone nor excuse.

Thus taken, he suffer'd himself to be led away tamely by common Hands without Resistance: A Victim now even fallen to the Pity of the *Mobile* as he past, and so little imagin'd by the better Sort who saw him not, they would not give a Credit to it, every one affirming and laying Wagers he would die like a *Heroe*, and never surrender with Life to the Conqueror. But this Submission was but too true for the Repose of all his Abbettors; nor was his
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mean Surrender all, but he shew'd a Dejection all the way they were bringing him to *Paris*, so extreamly unworthy of his Character, that 'tis hardly to be credited so great a Change could have been possible. And to shew that he had lost all his Spirit and Courage with the Victory, and that the great Strings of his Heart were broke, the Captain who had the Charge of him, and commanded that little Squadron that conducted him to *Paris*, related to me this remarkable Passage in the Journey; he said, That they lodg'd in an Inn, where he believ'd both the Master, and a great many Strangers who that Night lodg'd there, were *Hugonots*, and great Lovers of the Prince, which the Captain did not know, 'till after the Lodgings were taken: However he order'd a File of Musqueteers to guard the Door; and himself only remain'd in the Chamber with the Prince, while Supper was getting ready: The Captain being extreamly weary with Watching and Toiling, for a long time together, laid himself down on a Bench behind a great long Table, that was fasten'd to the Floor, and had unadvisedly laid his Pistols on the Table; and tho' he durst not sleep, he thought there to stretch himself into a little Ease, who had not quitted his Horse-back in a great while: The Prince who was walking with his Arms a-cross about the Room, musing in a very dejected Posture; often casting his Eyes to the Door, at last advances to the Table, and takes up the Captain's Pistols; the while he who saw him advance, fear'd in that Moment, what the Prince was going to do; he thought, if he should rise and snatch at the Pistols, and miss of 'em, it would express so great a Distrust of the Prince, it might provoke him to do, what by his generous submitting of 'em, might make him escape; and therefore, since it was too late, he suffer'd the Prince to arm himself with two Pistols; who before was disarm'd of even his little Pen-knife. He was, he said, a thousand times about to call out to

the Guards; but then he thought before they could enter to his Relief, he was sure to be shot dead, and it was possible the Prince might make his Party good with four or five common Soldiers, who perhaps lov'd the Prince as well as any, and might rather assist than hinder his Flight; all this he thought in an Instant, and at the same time seeing the Prince stand still, in a kind of Consideration what to do, looking, turning and viewing of the Pistols, he doubted not but his Thought would determine with his Life, and tho' he had been in the Heat of all the Battel, and had look'd Death in the Face, when it appear'd most horrid, he protested he knew not how to fear till this Moment, and that now he trembled with the Apprehension of Unavoidable Ruin; he curs'd a thousand times his unadvisedness, now it was too late; he saw the Prince, after he had view'd and review'd the Pistols, walk in a great Thoughtfulness again about the Chamber, and at last, as if he had determin'd what to do, came back and laid them again on the Table; at which the Captain snatch'd 'em up, resolving never to commit so great an Over-sight more. He did not doubt, he said, but the Prince, in taking them up, had some Design of making his Escape; and most certainly if he had but had Courage to have attempted it, it had not been hard to have been accomplish'd: At worst he could but have dy'd: But there is a Fate that over-rules the most lucky Minutes of the greatest Men in the World, and turns even all Advantages offer'd to Misfortunes, when it designs their Ruin.

While they were on their way to *Paris*, he gave some more Signs, that the Misfortunes he had suffer'd had lessen'd his Heart and Courage: He writ several the most submissive Letters in the World, to the King, and to the Queen-Mother of *France*; wherein he strove to mitigate his Treason, with the poorest Arguments imaginable, and, as if his good Sense had declin'd with his Fortune, his Style was alter'd and debas'd to that
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of a common Man or rather a School-Boy, filled with Tautologies and Stuff of no Coherence; in which he neither shew'd the Majesty of a Prince, nor Sense of a Gentleman; as I could make appear by exposing those Copies, which I leave to History; all which must be imputed to the Disorder his Head and Heart were in, for want of that Natural Rest he never after found. When he came to *Paris*, he fell at the Feet of his Majesty, to whom they brought him, and with a Shower of Tears bedewing his Shoes, as he lay prostrate, besought his Pardon, and ask'd his Life; perhaps one of his greatest Weaknesses to imagine, he could hope for Mercy after so many Pardons for the same Fault; and which, if he had had but one grain of that Bravery left him, he was wont to be Master of, he could not have expected; nor have had the Confidence to have implor'd; and he was a poor Spectacle of Pity to all that once ador'd him; to see how he petition'd in vain for Life; which if it had been granted, had been of no other use to him, but to have past in some Corner of the Earth with *Hermione*, despis'd by all the rest: And tho' he fetch'd Tears of Pity from the Eyes of the best and most merciful of Kings, he could not gain on his first Resolution; which was never to forgive him that scurrilous Declaration he had dispers'd at his first Landing in *France*; that he took upon him the Title of King, he could forgive; that he had been the Cause of so much Bloodshed, he could forgive; but never that unworthy Scandal on his unspotted Fame; of which he was much more nice, than of his Crown or Life; and left him (as he told him this) prostrate on the Earth, when the Guards took him up and convey'd him to the *Bastille*: As he came out of the *Louvre*, 'tis said, he look'd with his wonted Grace, only a Languishment sat there in greater Beauty, than possible all his gayer Looks ever put on, at least in his Circumstances all that beheld him imagin'd so; all the *Parisians* were crouded in vast Numbers to see him: And oh, see what Fortune is,
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those that had vow'd him Allegiance in their Hearts, and were upon all Occasions ready to rise in mutiny for his least Interest, now saw him, and suffer'd him to be carry'd to the *Bastile* with a small Company of Guards, and never offer'd to rescue the Royal Unfortunate from the Hands of Justice, while he view'd 'em all around with scorning dying Eyes.

While he remain'd in the *Bastile*, he was visit'd by several of the Ministers of State, and Cardinals, and Men of the Church, who urg'd him to some Discoveries, but could not prevail with him: He spoke, he thought, he dreamt of nothing but *Hermione*; and when they talk'd of Heav'n, he ran on some Discourse of that Beauty, something of her Praise; and so continu'd to his last Moment, even on the Scaffold, where he was urg'd to excuse, as a good Christian ought, his Invasion, his Bloodshed and his unnatural War, he set himself to justify his Passion to *Hermione*, endeavouring to render the Life he had led with her, Innocent and Blameless in the sight of Heaven; and all the Churchmen could persuade, could make him speak of very little else. Just before he laid himself down on the Block, he call'd to one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, and taking out the Enchanted Tooth-pick Case, he whisper'd him in the Ear, and commanded him to bear it from him to *Hermione*; and laying himself down, suffer'd the Justice of the Law, and dy'd more pity'd than lamented; so that it became a Proverb, If I have an Enemy, I wish he may live like—— and die like *Cesario*: So ended the Race of this Glorious Youth, who was in his time the greatest Man of a Subject in the World, and the greatest Favourite of his Prince, happy indeed above a Monarch, if Ambition and the Inspiration of Knaves and Fools had not led him to Destruction, and from a glorious Life brought him to a shameful Death.

This deplorable News was not long in coming to *Hermione*, who must receive this due, That when she heard

heard her *Hero* was dead, (and with him all her dearer Greatness gone,) she betook her self to her Bed, and made a Vow she would never rise nor eat more; and she was as good as her Word, she lay in that melancholy Estate about ten Days, making the most piteous Moan for her dead Lover that e'er was heard, drowning her Pillow in Tears, and sighing out her Soul. She call'd on him in vain as long as she could speak, at last she fell into a Lethargy and dream'd of him, 'till she could dream no more; an everlasting Sleep clos'd her fair Eyes, and the last Word she sigh'd was *Cesario*.

Brilliard had the good Fortune the Night of the Battel to get away under the Covert of the Night, and posted to *Flanders*, where he found *Sylvia* in the Arms of the young *Spaniard*, and of whom they made so considerable Advantages, that in a short time they ruin'd the Fortune of that young Nobleman, and became the Talk of the Town, insomuch that the Governor not permitting her Stay there, she was forc'd to remove for new Prey, and daily makes considerable Conquests where-e'er she shews the Charmer. *Fergusano* escap'd, which was to the last Moment of the Prince's Life the greatest Affliction of his Mind; and he would often say in great Rage, That if that Villain had been brought to *Paris*, and that he could have had the Satisfaction of seeing him broken on a Wheel before he had died, he should have resign'd his Life with Joy. But his time was not yet come.

Philander lay some time in the *Bastile*, visited by all the Persons of great Quality about the Court; he behav'd himself very Gallantly all the way he came, after his being taken, and to the last Minute of his Imprisonment; and was at last pardon'd, kiss'd the King's Hand, and came to Court in as much Splendor as ever, being very well understood by all good Men.

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